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Contents.

Editorials	1
President's Emerson's Lecture, "Responsibility"	3
Relation of the Perfective Laws of Art to the Novel, <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	8
Relation of the Emerson to the Kindergarten System of Education. <i>Edith Carol Pinneo</i>	10
Relation of Our College Work to Life. <i>F. T.</i>	12
Mountain-Mother to Her Son (poetry). <i>Georgia Hodgkins</i>	14
Poise. <i>Lilia Smith</i>	14
Address of Welcome. <i>President Emerson</i>	15
Summer Schools: Cottage City, In Virginia, The Harvard Summer School.	19
College News: Senior Class Meeting, Post-graduates Entertained by Mrs. Puffer, "Emerson Day" with Mrs. Kidder, The Emerson College Aid Association, Teachers in Convention, Mrs. Southwick at Steiart Hall, "The Soul Singer," Oratory Is Life, "God's Hand Beckoned," The Children's Class, Emerson Debating Society, Seniors at Home to the Freshmen, "Our Oldest Subscriber," Dewey Day at Norwich University,	21
Personals	26
Alumni Notes	26

Nothing can be as it has been before;
Better, so call it, only not the same.
To draw one beauty into our hearts' core,
And keep it changeless! such our claim;
So answered,— Never more!

Simple? Why this is the old woe o' the world;
Tune to whose rise and fall we live and die.
Rise with it then! Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!

—Robert Browning.

"From Change to Change—"

THE new management of the magazine, in a spirit of hearty comradeship, extends a hand to old student and to new

alike, and solicits in return that same good fellowship from you. Once again have we come together in a common purpose,—to "follow the gleam" of inspiration which radiates from the heart of the Alma Mater. We find the same warm welcome, the same unselfish devotion to our highest welfare, the same—*is anything quite the same? Does the history of one year ever repeat itself in a second?*

If change brings sadness, it brings strength no less. Change marks growth. We are slow to learn the lesson that Emerson teaches,

"When the half-gods go
The gods arrive."

We are slow to grasp the truth that every form, every experience, has fulfilled its mission when it has flashed its beauty into our lives. Let us seize the inspiration of the moment and be content to let the symbol pass. Let us build a new structure this year—this twentieth anniversary of our College—upon the successes and failures of the past, and pass "from change to change unceasingly—"



To the Old Student.

The business manager will tell you that we need your subscription. May we add that we need no less your constant co-operation in maintaining the high literary and educational standard of the magazine during the coming year? If you have once been a part of the life of the College you are no less a part of it now. The magazine, then, as one department of the college life, has a well-founded claim upon *you*. It is *yours*, and the management cannot hope to

make it all they would if you withhold your support. To the member of the Alumni, especially, we would say, We need practical suggestions from *you* who are out in the world. You have faced the same problems which will confront us; tell us how you met them. Perhaps you have found weaknesses in the magazine — tell us wherein we have come short of that ideal we all are striving to attain. We all seek truth — let us share what we have found. Do not withhold your suggestions. Do not wait for us to solicit an article from you — we may not know you personally. Keep in touch with your Alma Mater and your brothers and sisters through the college magazine, whether you are a graduate or not. Help us to make this volume of the magazine eminently practical and educational. Help us to go “from change to change unceasingly —”



Frontispiece.

We are glad to bring to you the faces of the two to whom is due in a large measure the high success of the late volume of the magazine. Our readers have felt Miss Dithridge's personality through her facile pen, and will like to know that her heart is still with the magazine, and we shall hear from her from time to time.

We who know Miss Dithridge more than superficially feel our powerlessness to suggest the high purpose, the exquisite quality, of her life and work. We thank Miss Dithridge and Mr. Daghistanian for their faithful, efficient service, and it is with humility that we succeed to the place which they, with their predecessors, have made possible for us.



Some Special Features.

Through the unfailing generosity of Dr. Emerson, we are privileged to give our readers one of the Saturday noon

lectures in each number of the coming volume, as has been the custom in the past. We shall give you from time to time some of the most practical lectures delivered by members of the advanced classes, bearing directly upon various phases of education. A series of analytical, interpretative studies of masterpieces of verse will be contributed by such authorities as Mrs. Southwick, Professor Tripp, Professor Ward, and, we hope, Mr. Malloy and Miss Smith. An early number is to be devoted to “Our Work in Colleges,” and we have promise of much practical assistance from experienced graduates who are teaching in universities and colleges. We hope to bring you as much of the college news as reflects our college life.



Greeting.

A hearty and sincere good wish to you every one under whose eye these lines may fall! Our magazine has entered upon its eighth year of existence, and by the united effort of all let us take another step forward in the sphere of usefulness.

Certainly you who have regularly read and daily practised the truths found in previous volumes cannot but be better and therefore happier in consequence.

In order that the greatest good may come to the greatest number, we urge particularly all students and graduates to help us. First show your interest by sending us one dollar for your own subscription, and in addition bring the matter to the notice of your friends and acquaintances who you think are interested in our work.

Let us work together, one and all, for a large subscription-list, that the more good may come through the mediumship of *our* magazine.

Yours for one thousand new subscriptions,

ARTHUR E. CARPENTER,
Business Manager.

Responsibility.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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DID you ever know a person to succeed in this world without the sense of responsibility? Until we study this matter carefully we cannot realize how dependent we are upon this guiding and this balancing sense of responsibility. Take that away and equilibrium is lost; the powers run riot. The question naturally arises in the minds of those who are just entering the College, "What are we here for? Are we let loose from responsibility?" No; you have added new responsibilities. Now that you are away from home, away from parents and friends, you should feel an added sense of responsibility, because you stand for your home, for your parents, and for your friends. They are looking with solicitude as you enter upon this work. For you to fail, to come short of what they hope and expect for you, would be to substitute disappointment for hope. Children, no matter of what age, can never fully realize the solicitude which their parents feel for them. If they could fully realize it, it would give a continuous sense of responsibility, and thereby give an equilibrium that nothing else could possibly give.

Every great warrior inspires his followers with a sense of responsibility. At the battle of Trafalgar the great Nelson wished to inspire his soldiers with a sense of personal responsibility; so he said to them, "England expects every man to do his duty." In response every soldier felt inspired to fight for the honor of his native land. During Napoleon's campaign in Egypt he wished to awaken his soldiers more fully to their responsibility

for France; so on the eve of battle he called to his men and, pointing to the pyramids, said, "From those pyramids forty centuries look down upon your work to-day."

The sense of responsibility not only gives balance, but it gives *power*. When a man feels a sense of responsibility a secret spring of power within his own organism is touched, which springs up within him to do and to be. He would never realize his possession of this power had not his sense of responsibility been awakened. That secret spring of responsibility touches mines of power in the human constitution. No man ever *did* know, no man ever *can* know, what his powers really are, in their might, until he is awake to the sense of responsibility. It has made heroes out of common minds; it has given intellect to the dullard; it has made the statesman; it has made the warrior; it has made the philosopher; it has made and is making the orator. The sense of responsibility lies within the springs and sources of power.

Parents justly feel anxious about their children when they come into a great city like Boston, where they are surrounded by all kinds of people and all kinds of influences, and very naturally they wish they could be with them. If, however, the son or the daughter has developed within himself or herself the abiding sense of noble responsibility to home,—to what mother will think, to what father will think; to what mother would choose, to what father would choose,—it is not quite necessary that

they should be with them, for if that sense of responsibility is deep enough it will guide them. Throw that off and I might say all is lost. What does mother wish me to do? It is with me to-day. The time will never *pass* when that sense of responsibility can be laid aside. No matter if father and mother have long since passed to the better world; there they are looking down upon us and our work. Our parents stand next to God, and when we say, What would God have me do? it embraces the whole.

We should feel a deep and abiding sense of responsibility to our *highest* self. Every individual seems to have two selves. It is certainly suggestively true, if not scientifically true. One self is weak; is influenced merely by gratification of low ambitions, false pride, vanity, and the lower forms of passion. The other self, which is in each one of us, seems to stand up above all, and looks down over all. When you have looked into your deepest consciousness you have felt it,—that deepest self that arises out of the lower self like the blaze of a candle rising out of a candlestick and sending its radiance afar. There is within us, rising at every moment, that higher, that better, self; that self that has in it more of the Infinite than the finite; that self that has in it more of wisdom than of ignorance; that self which knows no limitation; that self which is ever reaching upward and outward; that self which is so large it can take in other selves; that self which reaches out not only for the benefit of that little self abiding beneath it, but reaches out for the benefit of other selves. Oh that other self, that other self! Other self, let me know that thou art present! Other self, shine down upon me! Other self, light the path before me! Nobler, higher self, self that is one with the Over-Soul, be my guide and never let me forget to be re-

sponsible to thee! In the noonday thou art near, in the midnight thou art never far away, thou constant, abiding, overshadowing *Other Self*.

We have a semblance called "self" that resembles the real self; but it is the real self that is everlasting, calling for us on the heights. The real self is ever saying, "Come up higher; climb to greater heights and reach out for vaster dominions."

You find that other self is in harmony with all that is good, and that it can commune with the Infinite. We are not mere scintillations flung off from the great power of Creation, but we are great and everlasting forces; we are embodiments of that which is above. What do we know of God? Only what has been brought to us in the higher service of his inspired ones. All reformations come from them. They are to us precept and example, and are our constant inspiration. When looking for guidance, you are looking to this higher self. It is not only guidance, but power and might. Through that, you join the Universal. If a person could be flung off from the Universal, flung off from association with others, flung off from noble influences, purposes, and aims, how quickly he would perish intellectually, morally, and spiritually! Like a torch that has been lighted at an altar, how soon it would fall into darkness when removed from the source of its light! No; it is through this better self that we join hands with the omnipotent forces of the universe.

This sense of responsibility of which I have been speaking involves responsibility for the *system of education which you are studying*. If you will study the history of this institution from the time of its organization to the present hour, if you will follow the careers of the individuals who have been graduated here during the past twenty years, you will

find that the success of both has been due to the blessings which the graduates have carried to mankind. Almost every day some one asks me why it is that this institution has grown so large. In answer to all such questions, I point to the success of our graduates. The demand which they have created for the work has led others to seek its instructions; so in consequence hundreds come to us every year. It is this which pushes forward the work. As you are entering the College, I want you to feel the responsibility of preparing yourselves for this work. It is an opportunity such as never came to your lives before; and an opportunity such as never will come to your lives again. You stand in a road which has guided hundreds before you to success, to success in the public and private walks of life. What a sense of responsibility should rest upon you as you are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses! "Let us lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before us." How full of meaning, how full of significance! There is a race set before every man and every woman. You are preparing to run a race which shall fit you for public usefulness; which shall fit you for doing more good; which shall fit you for carrying wisdom to mankind. Oh, what a responsibility! This is a day when we should harness ourselves to legitimate work and legitimate purposes.

This responsibility of carrying the work to others involves responsibility to the institution. The College is not merely a business enterprise, but it is an enterprise embodying the new philosophy of education in oratory. The College is new in purpose. Formerly, people only thought of studying oratory as a kind of embellishment, as a kind of polish which they could put on to make them shine a little brighter. Finally the veneering was spread on so thin that everybody

began to see that it *was* veneering. You cannot cheat human nature very long. The study of oratory in this institution is based upon an entirely new purpose,—the purpose of developing the individual, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, so that he or she may become a benefit to mankind. This purpose is the main spring, the centre and life of our work.

If we looked out upon the great canvas of history,—the history of the human race, the history of those men and women whose names will go down the ages,—we wonder that everybody has not realized that the chief end of life is to be a benefit to the human race. God put us into this world for no other purpose than that of blessing others. It was the desire to embody this idea in a system of education that gave me the inspiration to found this institution. I have called it a school of oratory, because, if you look deep enough into the nature of oratory, you will find that there is no other system of education that one can study that means so much. It includes the culture of the whole man, and the realization of his greatest possibilities. If oratory merely meant learning to speak pieces, or learning to play a part in some theatrical performance; if it merely meant entertaining an audience and getting applause; if it merely meant being hired for an evening or a succession of evenings, for public entertainment, it would be something quite other than what it is. Imagine an individual whose powers are grander than even poets dream—for who can tell what the natural inborn power of man is? Then realize that all these powers are potential in every man and every woman. The mightiest characters in history did not possess a single power which is not common to the human race; the difference lies in the direction, concentration, and development of those

powers. When you think of the mighty orators who have blessed the world, you are thinking of persons just like yourselves, so far as their potentialities are concerned.

Every time you stand before your fellow students to speak to them you are called upon to exert an influence on their minds. The teachers are constantly urging you to "speak to the minds of your audience." You are then responsible for their thoughts while you are speaking. Out of the thoughts which you awaken grow their affections; you are then responsible for their affections. Out of their thoughts grow their purposes; you are responsible for their purposes. Out of their purposes grow their actions; you are then responsible for their actions. The orator's responsibilities are tremendous. His success in life depends upon his faithful discharge of these responsibilities. No man ever became great because he flashed out once or twice on certain occasions; but he who shines with a steady light becomes a power in this world. The most brilliant and successful graduates have not always been those who were distinguished for brilliancy at the beginning of their course. As the days went by, they proved themselves to be reliable, always maintaining a sense of responsibility. They did not look around among their fellow students to see if some one else was more brilliant than they, but they began at once to help each and all. Almighty God organized the human race so that an individual can grow only as he tries to help the race to progress. What then are you doing for your class? You are responsible for all the members of your class. What made you responsible? Your own nature made you responsible. Ambition says, "Let me go forward." Nature says, "That is right. You can go forward, but you must carry on your shoulders the success

of others." No man ever grew to be great except by attempting to benefit others. I have no hope that a student will realize his ambitions until I see his mind watching for an opportunity to spring to the aid of others. Such a person is sure to succeed. I see it in his eye. I see him looking out, as much as to say, "What can I do for you this morning?" Eloquence waits on such a soul.

Every time you read in the classroom your teacher is looking to see what you are doing for those to whom you speak. If you are told that you have not succeeded in any particular lesson, it means that you have not succeeded in working for those in the class. The moment I see by the flash of your eye or the poise of your body or the tones of your voice that you are determined to work for the members of your class, success has already come,—its crown is on your brow. In shining letters I read it—*Success, Success, Success.* The moment I see the mind of the student filled with desire to impart to others; the moment I see the mind of the student filled with desire to awaken the minds of others to thought, to purpose, to beauty, to health;—oh, it is then I see the crown shining on his brow, the golden crown of success. If you could know the solicitude with which I watch you from day to day! I have not watched those who have read before me with any anxiety as to the quality of their voices. I know when that winged messenger of love for mankind comes to the student it will bring a voice with it, a voice like unto the voice that was heard in heaven, centuries ago, by the apostle on the Isle of Patmos: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with man." I do not listen so much to find out whether you are speaking with a pure tone or an orotund; I am listening to find out whether there is in your voice the determination to awaken

your fellow students with the thoughts which you are presenting. If I see this I see the herald of your coming day.

The wonderful Demosthenes was determined to be an orator. When he was a boy he went to listen to a great orator, and when he had spoken the Athenians not only cheered him, but they put a crown of laurel on his brow and carried him in triumph through the streets. Demosthenes said, "When I grow up I want to be worthy of such honors. I will study oratory." He built for himself a subterranean room, where he could make all the noise he wished. Days, months, years, went on; the boy grew. In order to strengthen his voice, which was somewhat weak, he would practise while on the seashore, so that his voice might rise clear and strong above the roar of the waves. In order that he might perfect his enunciation, he practised with pebbles in his mouth. When he had become master of all the technicalities of speech he thought he was an orator. One day he essayed to go before the people and speak, but the people did not receive him well. They even treated him with derision. He was so ashamed that he drew his mantle over his face and started for home — attracting attention to himself by his very effort to avoid attracting it. An old friend met him and said, "You seem to be very sad." "Oh," replied Demosthenes, "I have made a failure. I want to be an orator; I have tried, but failed. I have studied hard for years, but have met with failure." This friend suggested to him that he had not been working in the right way. At last it came into the mind of Demosthenes that all great orators were earnest advocates of persons and principles. By and by there came a time when a fellow Athenian was in trouble, was accused of some mis-

demeanor before the law of Athens, and there was nobody to plead his cause. The poor man had no money with which to employ a lawyer. Demosthenes's pity was touched. He did not think so much about shining, himself, but if he could only go before the people and plead with them so that they would finally exonerate the man it would be joy unspeakable to him. The young man plead his friend's cause and succeeded in clearing him before the law. From that hour he was no longer Demosthenes the unknown, but Demosthenes the orator. Later the fate of Greece hung upon him, hung on those same lips, and the fate of Greece was shaped by that same mighty man who saved his first client. For twenty centuries there has been added new praise and new honor to Demosthenes. Where did you get your power, Demosthenes? I fancy I hear Demosthenes saying, "I got it by working with all my might for this first client, then for other clients, then for all Athens; then for the states of Greece against Philip,— I forgot self, forgot everything, and worked for others." In this way his potential power became actual and he walked forth a giant among men. It all sprung out of his determination to help that one man. Do not wait to begin your advocacy till you have become graduated from the College. Your clients are here. Tuesday morning, when you come before your class to read, I want you to realize that the one who is to read next after you is your client, and what he will do will depend much on what you awaken in him before he reads. Every teacher knows full well the truth of this. Perhaps there sits next you in that class a timid young woman, wishing she could read well; wishing she could do something worthy of herself; wishing she might realize the hopes of parents and friends who are assisting her to come here. A re-

sponsibility rests upon you to awaken the mind of that trembling student with the thoughts of the author whom you are presenting; if these thoughts take possession of her she will read better than she ever read before.

If you will pursue this course the eloquence that is in your soul waiting to be born will spring to life, regal, glorious. There is the gate of gold, which opens out upon a field of opportunities. Watch each individual as he comes and tries to unlock this gate. The still small voice whispers in the ear of each, "If you will try to open this gate, not for yourself, but for your fellow students, you will succeed." One young man says, "Oh, that is all very fine sentiment, but I have something to do besides waiting on sentiment; I must become an orator." He tries the key; the gate will not open. Again the still small voice whispers, "Try another key, — the key of purpose, the key of consecration to the welfare of your fellow students; that key will turn in the lock, for it is oiled with the grace of God." He tries it, — the bolt slips back, the gate opens, and he walks forth the conquering orator. There is no other way. You cannot climb over this gate; you cannot crawl under it. I am saying this not merely as a student of religion; I am saying this not merely as one who wishes his fellowmen well, but as a teacher of oratory. The secret of your success in

this study lies right here. It is for you to accept this secret and use it; there is nothing to hinder.

Oh, this responsibility to others! We fulfil our responsibility to ourselves through fulfilling our responsibility to others. On next Tuesday morning I believe I shall see in this new class a determination, and shall feel *one concentrated purpose*. Out of the eloquent listener is born the eloquent speaker; out of the sympathetic hearer is born the mighty orator. I see it now in your faces, and Tuesday morning you will speak back to me. There is no need for you to say now you like or dislike my speech. You will tell me Tuesday morning. If you see a truth in it, as I hope you do, that truth is yours forever. If you do not see a truth in it, the time is coming when you will. This band of my co-workers will join with me for the purpose of working for the welfare of these students, and they are not going to work in vain. The wheels will move slowly at first, but they will certainly move, and you are sure to rise to the heights. This class, which is the successor to a large number of classes who have lifted their class banners on high, will exalt its banner, — the banner of helping others. Under this banner we march forward to our own development. Together we will climb the mountain heights, and together we will rejoice in the triumph of self-conquest.

Relation of the Perfective Laws of Art to the Novel.*

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

THE novel is said to be the most popular form of art. It is the outcome of our civilization and is an acknowledged factor in education. If the novel is a form of art, it is an appeal to the imagination, and, moreover, it may be judged

by the same criteria that we apply to other forms of art.

To consider art as educational is not to regard it as didactic. Didacticism is a cold *form* of teaching, robbed of the living spirit. Any influence is educa-

* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class, '99.

tional which tends to develop the individual along normal lines. True art is both ethical and æsthetic; that is, it awakens in the mind images of truth and beauty. Art teaches indirectly and, as it were, unconsciously, but none the less surely and powerfully.

Art cultivates and is founded upon taste. This is pre-eminently true of the novel. Who reads novels except for delight? An occasional student of literature, perhaps, but few others. The majority read fiction for pleasure and recreation, and they choose those novels which they like.

What is the general tendency in novel-writing at the present day? This may be determined by considering the general characteristics of the more popular novels. There seem to be two main streams in novel-writing: the romantic and the realistic. The romance writers are idealistic; the writers of realism are materialistic to the extent of inanity or even impurity.

Realistic fiction is pessimistic. If your belief in the goodness of God and the divinity of man is shaken by any author, shun his books and their kind henceforward. Do not let a false intellectual curiosity tempt you to read a book which has a doubtful reputation, merely because it is popular.

It is a sad comment on the intellectual life of the American people that the books of Sienkiewicz, of Thomas Hardy, and Sarah Grand become "the rage" among us. We would scarcely choose as friends people as colorless in character as "Katherine Lauderdale" or as impure as "Tess," yet we associate freely with them in books, and their influence is a strong though silent power. The inane and the commonplace are nearly as demoralizing to the mind as is the vicious; both spring from and produce only weakness.

We are compelled to meet enough of

the evil and commonplace in life; we do not seek them in art. We want nothing of an art which does not bring more light and sweetness and strength into life. It is the service of the imagination to lift the mind to higher activities. "Vitiate the imagination and you destroy character." This is the reason that we insist that the streams which feed the imagination should be crystal clear. Frances Willard says, "Never forget that the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible is *character*."

To be sure, it is not to be supposed that one impure book will leave an ineradicable stain upon a pure mind. But who stops at one? The trouble is that the taste is gradually perverted and the capacity for the good is killed.

But, you will say, human nature is not all good; must not an artist portray life as he sees it, and does not that involve the consideration of evil? Yes, but our objection is to such novels as have evil as the "main source of their fascination." "To set good and evil over against each other in art, preserving their true ethical relations and comparing them without prejudice," is the legitimate office of the novel. But—"ethics requires that every scene of art shall have its focus in a cleanly and wholesome truth."

This leads us to the other more enduring element in fiction,—the sane, the true, the ennobling; in a word, the romantic. This is the inspiration and the crowning characteristic of the literature of power in all ages. It is the subtle atmosphere which we feel in "The Canterbury Tales," in "Hamlet," in "Ivanhoe," and in "The Princess." If realism is pessimistic, the literature of romance is grandly optimistic. The sweet breath of nature and the charm of human love and sorrow in "The Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath;" the quaint Scotch stories from Barrie and Crockett and Ian

Maclaren; the breezy tales of the gentle and manly Stevenson; — all these and many more are permeated with the wholesome atmosphere of romance.

The lack of the realists seems to be want of appreciation of the vital principle in art and consequent disbelief in right life ideals; and absence of just criteria. You who are familiar with the *Perfective Laws of Art* will see how a thorough understanding and application of these universal principles would meet their needs. Books have, in our day, become so much marketable property. What readers demand will be supplied. Let us see that we increase the demand only for the sane and pure, the strong and vital, in fiction. We have not only ourselves to consider in this matter. In

reading books which have "evil as the main source" of their fascination we are lowering the literary tone of the age. Whenever art is degraded by a people, right conduct of life is soon forsaken; for, on the other hand, "the deepest reach of art is to establish a right moral bias."

The American novel is yet in its infancy. Before it

"The future lies like a world new-born,
All steeped in sunshine and mists of morn."

A novel which shall not lose the strength of the best realism, but which shall also breathe a spirit of wholesome life and upward aspiration, shall be ours as surely as "progress is the law of life."

Relation of the Emerson to the Kindergarten System of Education.*

EDITH CAROL PINNEO.

EMERSON and kindergarten are systems of education, parts of the great whole of education. Before we can determine the relation of these two, we must question the meaning of education. There have been about as many definitions of education as of life or of love. Every one has some idea of it, uttered or unexpressed. A definite expression of our ideas often causes us to raise our standard.

Susan Blow, one of the ablest students of Froebel's philosophy in this country, states, "The aim of education should be to insure correspondence between the individual and his spiritual environment, and to fit him for participation in the universal life." Taking the meaning of education and culture to be one, Hamilton Mabie makes their aims to be, "the nice adaptation of the individual to his environment." Froebel, in strong oppo-

sition to the thought of his time, declared that education depends on the expression of impressions; that the soul must speak in order to grow. He founded his whole system of education with that thought uppermost in his mind.

The gifts, occupations, games, stories, and songs of the kindergarten were all planned by Froebel that the child might have sufficient impressions of the good, the true, and the beautiful and a chance to express his own impressions of them.

Dr. Emerson of our own time and school says, "Expression is necessary to evolution." Through the studies of oratory, the drama, physical and voice culture, he gives us a chance to evolve for ourselves a higher physical, mental, and spiritual being, in such a way that we may have the power to do for others what has been done for us. The good work does not stop with them, but reaches

*Lecture delivered before the Senior Class, '99.

out its long lines of truth indefinitely to souls and bodies far beyond our ken. "Influence has no nights and keeps no Sabbaths."

Christ, the greatest educator of mankind, whose life is the primal inspiration of all true educators, taught men the art of true living, by precept and example. Then is not education the teaching of the art of true living?

Emerson and kindergarten are parts of this whole of education, for their aim, along somewhat different lines, is the same. Emerson is the grown folks' kindergarten. Its aim is the making of men and women who shall be inspirers of manhood and womanhood in whatever sphere of life they may enter.

The aim of the kindergarten is the making of potential men and women, the laying of the foundations of the noblest character, the gaining of the first understandings of life, its relationships, responsibilities, and possibilities for self and fellow man. It is the wee ones' Emerson.

Frederick Froebel lived in an age when evolution was a thing unheard of. Spencer and Darwin had not yet expressed their impressions of the development of man and the race. Yet Froebel showed his understanding of the principle of evolution in his system of education for little children. His first "gift" to the child is the ball or sphere in which form all things begin. It is a symbol to the child of complete unity,—the whole. This "gift" is followed by sphere, cube, and cylinder,—diverse forms and yet united, the flat and curved surfaces of the cylinder forming the connecting links between sphere and cube. Then comes the divided cube, where every part is like the whole and like every other part. By degrees, we learn the solid form and go to the planes. We pass from planes to lines and from lines to points; i. e., things without dimensions. Thus is the child

led from the concrete to the abstract, from the material to the spiritual. Froebel says in "The Education of Man," "From every point, from every object in nature and life, there is a way to God."

The children in the kindergarten always sit in a circle, to emphasize the unity of the human family. The finger play of the family emphasizes the parts of their home circle and their relation to it and to each other:—

"This is the mother, so kind and dear;
This is the father, so full of cheer;
This is the brother, so strong and tall;
This is the sister, who loves them all;
And this is the baby, the pet of all—
Just see this good family, great and small."

In games with and without "gifts," the children imitate the forms of life and occupations of those about them. The object of this play is that they may understand them better and come into closer sympathy with nature and their fellow-men.

The best kindergartners try to teach some form of physical culture to the children, giving it either as abstract exercises or trying to introduce it into the games. The physical education of kindergarten, however, is not yet systematic or complete.

The training of the kindergarten child is intended to be through earnest, energetic play,—play that is real to him and through which he lives the lives and characters of others, the ideal always being presented. What is needed in kindergarten physical culture is the Emerson system adapted to games whose thought shall be the real meaning of each movement. The Emerson voice culture should be treated in the same way.

The relation of the two systems of education is very close. They are one in thought and purpose, even that of the great Teacher,—the realization of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Relation of Our College Work to Life.*

As man is more than circumstances of environment, occupation, sphere,—as these are but incidental to that inner life which constitutes the personality of man,—I have chosen to speak of our college work in its relation to life and its inner meaning. True, we awaken daily to fresh revelations of its power in cultivating adaptability along special lines of work. All art is one; the same principles underlie all forms. We have been shown how the musician is dependent upon our philosophy; how the man of letters must conform to its principles, whether consciously or no, if he would produce any work that by reason of its unity, purity, and virility shall endure.

But after we have applied every line of our college work to any one walk in life, we feel that back of all we have said remains a far weightier influence, — a subtle, inherent power, which, though seemingly intangible, is a greater reality than any of the things we can so easily specify. What is this mighty power but the force that builds *character*? It is by reason of what we are, rather than of what we know, that we succeed in any vocation. And here we touch upon the vital, central truth which was a part of the gospel of One who taught men eighteen hundred years ago, and which in these later days has been realized in a very full and significant sense by one who has learned of that first Great Teacher.

It is not that Dr. Emerson is alone in holding that character is the end of education. The educational world to-day grants that as a philosophical fact; but do our schools aim *primarily* at character-building? Understand me; I do not say that many of them do not succeed in a marked degree in the de-

velopment of the young souls entrusted to them. The normal, healthy young mind demands activity, and its natural growth is toward the light. I would rather place a girl in college during her most impressionable years, under the direction of instructors of superior intellect and often of noble character, and in close association with other bright, inquiring young minds, than to deprive her of these influences to seclude her in the most consecrated Christian home.

But why should it be a matter of chance at all? If character is the essential thing, why not in our curricula avowedly aim at increase of quantity and refinement of quality of being? Why not recognize that no subject is of value unless it relates to this, which represents the *whole* in education?

It is not, then, that our college work fits us for any one specialty so much as that it develops men and women of breadth and clearness of vision to enable them to command a comprehensive view of whatever field stretches before them, of sympathies broad enough to cover the field, and of force of will sufficient to conquer and to hold it.

We go out from this College, if we are true to its spirit while here, first of all, as all-round men and women, consecrated to service, and only secondly as specialists. It is no less than an insult to our great leader not to recognize this as in the nature of things. Nay, more; — even our specialty will fail of its mission unless we realize, with Emerson, that "the hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."

Then the career will shape itself. Each will deliver his own message to the world in his own way. Thoreau

* Lecture given before the Senior Class, '99.

says, "No man ever followed his genius till it misled him." The life-work, I said, will be incidental to the life itself—ah, but it will never be accidental! It will be the highest outward expression of the inner man. How does it matter what form it assume? The hindrances having been removed, if you are allowing your nature to fulfil itself in its highest service, then be assured that in the light of the "Evolution of Expression" and the "Perfective Laws of Art," life cannot be commonplace. If you find it so you have not "caught the gleam." You have learned only the letter, which, without the spirit, killeth; and there remains for you only to begin anew,—to follow once more the beaten track which is as nearly a "royal road" as you will ever trace in this life.

Do you wonder why I say a *royal road*? Do you realize that the one great thing you do while here is after all the simplest, the most rational thing that could be required of you?—to assume and maintain a receptive, responsive attitude of mind while beautiful ideals are held before you.

Dr. Emerson has recognized that the study of oratory, as one form of the soul's expression, deals with the quickening and refinement of the life essence in the individual as truly as with facilitating its expression by freeing the channels. Therefore our practical training here is a learning to live. We are not taught grand universal truths as abstract principles. What could be more beautiful than the subtle, sympathetic guidance by means of which our daily drill work is made an unfailing stepping-stone to higher and ever higher planes of living? I need not dwell upon the discipline it affords the intellect. Discriminating thought is the basis on which we build, first, last, and always—indeed, perhaps some of us

found we never really learned to think until we came and were inspired to think for others.

But does the development stop with the intellect? Who shall measure the degree of will-power cultivated under this judicious leading by loving and discerning minds? For each time we hold our minds receptive to the new and beautiful object of thought, to the end of responding to it in true and adequate expression, we are commanding the requisite concentration by sheer force of the will. We are learning to command ourselves, to lift ourselves above ourselves, through obedience to truth. Need I emphasize the discipline to the emotional nature? Students of psychology need not be told that the discipline of the intellect involves that—"we needs must love the highest when we see it."

But above all, does any one deem our daily drill a light culture of the spiritual perceptions? Is the truth that the only realities are the realities of the spirit an abstract truth to us? Does not the success of every recitation from the time we enter depend upon our recognition of it, until, in spite of whatever materialism we may have brought with us, we are fairly compelled to grasp that truth as our only salvation if we hope to enter the realm of art? On what basis, indeed, other than a spiritual, dare a school of art build?

And so if along this "royal road" we have attained any marked degree of excellence in our art, it has been by the straight way. We have been at the same time learning the highest lessons of life; we have learned the secret of what some one calls "magnetizing the conditions;" we have learned what Thoreau meant when he said "to affect the quality of the day; that is the highest of arts."

F. T.

Mountain-Mother to Her Son.

GEORGIANA HODGKINS.

I.

Voice of mountain-mother calling to her son!
 Steady —
 Under the dusk of tropic skies
 His ships sail on,
 And through the darkness — far
 As stoops the falling star —
 Voice of mountain-mother calling to her son.
 Up springs the dawn,
 Ready!
 Now — at the word —
 The deed is done;
 And all the world has heard —
 And for a moment struck with mute surprise
 before the thought-swift plan,
 Breathless it waits and dumb.
 Then, how it shouts! No race — no nation then,
 But one in voice — a world of men
 One — honoring a man.
 But he,
 The man of destiny,
 In glad May-day as in the Orient night,
 Hears underneath the might
 Of nation clamor, the low tone
 Of motherhood rejoicing. Out of the many voices
 — one
 He hears, in deathless undertone —
 Voice of mountain-mother calling to her son.

II.

Bring here your homage, nations, proud and
 hoary,
 Incense and treasure from your priceless best.
 Pore vainly o'er your past, to match the glory
 Of this new hero from the untaught West.
 And seek ye whence are born
 These qualities of manhood new,
 Which deeds have wrought, and victories won
 Foremost of all the world yet holds in view.
 'T is bone and sinew
 Of mountain-mother builded in her son.
 Nor can ye keep him long,
 Nation most potent, with your meed of song
 And all your clustering honors, from the spot
 Where runs his eager heart.
 For there apart,
 All unforgot
 In her far North,
 Brave old Vermont,
 Sitting among her glory-circled hills,
 With tear-wet eyes and smiling front,
 Awaits him. And far forth —
 As thrills no other voice in welcome — thrills
 Through all the swelling din her strenuous tone,
 Voice of mountain-mother calling to her son.

Poise.

LILIA SMITH.

THE ideal man is he who has attained
 Physical and moral poise.

Physical poise means a complete adjustment to physical environment, — the freedom of every part of the body, yet each acting with every other in relation to a common centre, toward a common end; namely, movement without friction, in obedience to natural law.

Moral poise means harmonious adjustment to moral environment; power of choice, rightly exerted; every moral faculty acting in unison, from a divine centre of impulse, toward a common end of helpfulness, in obedience to spiritual law.

A new meaning and added dignity is given to physical exercise, as we realize the likeness which exists between physical and moral development, and that the practice of physical culture is the working-out on the physical plane of that which corresponds to the highest ideal of the spirit.

Poise is not to be gained at once, but is the result of repeated efforts, experience, and growth. The truth of this statement becomes evident upon beginning a course of physical training; one attempts to stand well poised, but fails.

The various parts of the body must first be freed, wrong habits overcome,

etc., before the attempt meets with any degree of success. Next, all parts of the body must be trained to act in relation to a common centre, which they can do only as they serve each other. It follows, then, that the entire Emerson System of Physical Culture must be mastered before poise is attained. Physical culture is a religious exercise. The wise workman selects good tools, that his work may not be clumsily done; so should we look to it that the soul possess, in the body, an instrument, the best of its kind for doing the world's work, lest the task be imperfectly wrought.

Every bit of nature is perfect in its way; it is not too mean for God to expend his thought upon, for it is himself in visible expression. Shall we fail to follow his example in the one bit entrusted to our care, which is ourself in visible expression? Surely the body has been given us as one of the "few things" over which to be faithful. If we rule well that kingdom we prove our power for grander dominion, and then shall we realize the meaning of the Master's words: "I will make you ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Address of Welcome

BY PRESIDENT EMERSON TO THE STUDENTS OF EMERSON COLLEGE.

[Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]

I AM very glad to welcome you all. I have been in the college halls a few times since you went away last May, always feeling as though I should see them full of students, and there has come a sense of disappointment when I have found them empty. It does not seem quite natural yet, for many who were here last year are gone. The members of the Postgraduate class have gone out into their various fields of work. We welcome those who have come in to visit us this morning. It warms the hearts of all the teachers to meet all these students again, because you are not students in any abstract sense, but each of you is a member of our family. You bring with you the atmosphere of the family and what is best in many families. Home is the altar, and it is the sweetest altar at which humanity ever knelt. You can all be exponents, in your spirit, of the homes in which you have dwelt. The home influence is the sweetest and strongest influence, and we cannot help carrying it with us wherever we go. It

relates us to all above us and about us. It has been said a good many times that there never was a great man who was an only child. This may not be strictly true, but it suggests the benefits which grow out of the home life. When the world is redeemed it will be redeemed by the influence of the home spirit. The end of all education is the development of the individual that he may become a better member of the human family.

We welcome you one and all to the studies upon which you are entering. We speak especially to the Freshman class,— we welcome you! You have already felt the spirit of welcome from the teachers and from the students in the advanced classes. I venture to say you have never had a warmer welcome extended you from a body of students than from those who have greeted you this morning. It is their life to help each other. One of the mottoes of this College is "Helpfulness." You may acquire a knowledge of facts; but there is only one way to win the power of beauty,

truth, and good, and that is by doing good to others. What you *try* to do for others you *actually* do for yourselves. You educate yourselves by trying to educate others. In this College is developed the power of oratory in the individual through his attempt to awaken the perception of truth in other minds.

Oratory is the study of the most perfect method of exerting influence upon others for their own highest good, and there is no power exerted by mankind that can be compared in greatness to it. Oratory is a much greater thing than we at first apprehend. It does not consist merely in being able to make a beautiful speech or give a brilliant recitation or a sparkling address. There is no one definition that can sufficiently cover the ground; I can only suggest to your minds some of the aspects of the subject. Men influence others by no other means so powerfully as by the influence of speech. A person who merely utters words cannot be called an orator; he himself must be in his words; his words must be the incarnate man. A person may speak to your ears and yet not speak to your mind. A thousand things thunder in people's ears which do not reach their minds. After you have listened to a great orator — an orator who puts himself into every word he speaks — you are never the same person you were before. He has lifted your thoughts into the realms of beauty, truth, and good, and you can never fully drop from that height. Dynamic power has been added to your brain. It used to be taught that if a man were once soundly converted he might fall foully but never finally. Whomsoever the orator has truly elevated may fall, but he can never go back to where he was before. He is borne up by powers as strong as the powers of angels; he is carried forward by the powers that are universal. When you

really speak to the minds of others you open the sesame of power to them.

Oratory is the greatest thing you can possibly study. For many years I have studied the history of the evolution of the human race in its relation to oratory, and I am prepared to say that the power of the orator is unequalled. How mighty is the man who is crowned king upon the throne! The commanders of armies obey him. Whom is the king obeying? The orators! The orator is king of kings, emperor of emperors. Cæsar controlled the civilized world, and yet he yielded to the power of Cicero's oratory. Cæsar himself was a celebrated orator; he influenced his armies more by the power of his oratory than by any other power. One day, while he was first consul of Rome, he heard that Cicero was to speak in the Senate; was to plead for the life of a man whom he had condemned. Cæsar had not heard Cicero for a number of years, so he decided, just for the sake of being entertained, to hear Cicero on that occasion, saying to himself, however, "He will not influence me at all. My mind is made up to have the man executed." As he listened, every moment he became more and more interested. At first he was entertained by the beauty of that wonderful orator's speech. After a little he became so deeply interested in the argument which Cicero was making, and so moved by his appeal, that he began to tremble, the papers which he held in his hand falling to the floor. When the speech was over, Cæsar, changing his determined purpose, resolved to acquit the man whom an hour before he had determined to execute. The great mind, the great will, of Cæsar had yielded to the eloquence of Cicero's speech, not because of Cicero's exquisitely modulated tones, not because his use of the Latin language was more perfect

than that of other speakers in Rome, but because Cicero's thought had entered the mind of Cæsar; the mystical power of the orator had touched the centres of thought in Cæsar's mind, making true what he afterwards said: "I was not persuaded by Cicero; I simply yielded to my own thought. I looked the case over and saw it from a new point of view." Ah, but who furnished the occasion for this new aspect of the subject? The orator, Cicero!

A few years ago I met a very interesting old gentleman, who was full of reminiscences. He had been on the jury a good many times when Choate had plead for his client, but said the old man, "Choate never influenced me any. He influenced others, but I had my own opinion. I always decide on the law and the evidence, regardless of the lawyer's plea." I said, "Did you ever decide contrary to that lawyer?" "Well, no; because it always happened that he was on the right side." In thinking of the orator's power over a jury I am reminded of the words of Holy Writ: "I will make them willing in the day of my power." The orator changes the will of people by giving them right objects of thought. The orator stands for power.

You are entering, then, upon the study of sources of power; to-morrow you will enter upon the exercise of that power, because when you read the lines of the selections which have been announced to you, you will be expected by your speech to influence the minds of all your fellow students. You do not appear on the platform for the teacher to say, "This is right and that is wrong; you gave the right gesture here and the wrong one there." You read for the purpose of influencing your fellow students concerning certain truths.

This line of development will be followed in all the studies which will be presented to you; whether it be

psychology, rhetoric, literature, reading, anatomy, or physical culture, whatever it may be called, the end of it all is to help you to favorably influence your fellow beings. The world wants those who can influence it for good. Why is it that our graduates are commanding such strong positions all over the United States and in the British Provinces? Because their course of study in this institution enabled them to develop powers by which they could influence others for their good. The Almighty has so arranged the constitution of man that he can be more easily and more powerfully influenced towards that which is for his good than toward that which is for his harm. What a grievous thing it is to see a man influencing others to drink intoxicating liquors; and yet was there ever a man who was able to influence as many people *toward* drinking as John B. Gough was able to influence them *against* drinking? No sublimer truth was ever uttered than this: "Heaven has kindly given our blood a moral flow." He who works with the tides commands the tides, but he who works against the tides is conquered by them. He who works with the stars hitches his wagon to every star. Whosoever purposes influencing others for their good has the stars to help him by night, the sun to help him by day, and he has the revolving forces of nature for his chariot-wheels. Nature never works against the race, but always for it. Whoever undertakes, for what he vainly imagines is his own good, to injure others has commenced a battle with the Omnipotent power that controls the rising and the setting sun, that turns the planets in their orbits. Omnipotence is against him, but Omnipotence is for those who work for mankind. How feeble was the arm that at one time drew the saw! How mighty is the arm that, directed

by the skill of the intellect, joins with the flowing river and with the lightning! The lightning works with him, the flowing river turns the wheel; he seemingly does nothing. All of nature's processes are working toward altruism; are influencing mankind for benevolence, for sympathy, for wisdom, for intellect.

I welcome you to a course of study which will enable you to join hands with nature. Let what you do be natural. *Be* the thing you would say. From that "being" emanates power over your hearers. The orator as he stands before the audience can only unfold what is within himself. His hearers are the interpreters of his inner life. The orator stands at the very centre of influence. If you would not be influenced for good, do not come into the presence of orators. There are gifted talkers—people listen to them and pass on; but real orators influence people by appealing to conscience, to truth, to benevolence. Study the speeches of Demosthenes, the greatest orator except the One "who spake as never man spake," and his inspired disciples. What is the secret of thy power, Demosthenes? The heralds of history have brought it down the centuries to us. Why was it that none could stand before thee? King Philip of Macedon trembled before thy power. Read Demosthenes's mighty "Oration on the Crown;" then ask if oratory is on the wane. It seems to be beyond human thought. When it was known that Demosthenes was to deliver this famous oration, that he was to recount his services to the State of Athens and to Greece in response to the accusations of Æschines, the corrupt tool of Philip of Macedon, a vast concourse of people assembled. The then civilized world was looking on, and listening. That was two thousand years ago. All the scholars since that time have been listening to that mightiest speech of the

mighty orator as he defended his accused friend before the world. What was the secret of his power? Was it wholly due to his splendid rhetoric? No! Behind his elegantly polished sentences was the devotion of the speaker to truth and right; was his appeal to conscience. Through this devotion and this appeal he swayed the multitude and left a lasting impression on mankind.

In welcoming you to the study of oratory I am in reality welcoming you to the study of the highest power. Youth loves power. You cannot love it too much. You should love it so much that you will study its secrets. The study of those secrets will lead you to the highest attainments. Youth loves beauty. You cannot love it too much. The study of beauty leads toward the perfect, the ideal. There is one other principle of the universe that joins with truth and beauty, and that is the principle of goodness. It is a member of this trinity, co-dependent and co-equal. I can welcome you to no better fraternity than the fraternity of those who have joined the glorious company of orators— orators in the ratio that they are governed by beauty, truth, and good. Working in obedience to these divine principles develops eloquence and wins success.

You will begin your regular class-work to-morrow morning. Our first effort will be to develop what has already been suggested by our noble secretary, "promptness." This is the first step the successful man takes in his career. At nine o'clock to-morrow every teacher, and, we trust, every pupil, will be here, ready to begin work. We come here not to be dilatory, but to "run"—I like that word "run"—"with patience the race that is set before us," looking toward the divine ideals that are set before us.

So in the name and from the hearts of all the Faculty I rejoice in saying, Welcome, children; welcome, and God bless you!

Summer Schools.

Cottage City.

THE summer session at Martha's Vineyard this year was one of special significance. The announcement that Dr. Emerson would be present and would take part in the teaching was like a trumpet-call to all Emersonians. Many were too far away to respond save in spirit, but those who could possibly be present were glad to receive new inspiration from the great teacher who has revealed so much of truth to so many souls.

To most graduates, busy with their own work, close alliance with the College has been impossible; but the summer school this year carried us back to the old days, when, under the inspiring teaching of a great soul, we first awoke to a realization of our higher possibilities.

After teaching a number of years, we are led to wonder what is the cause of the great success of certain movements in education. We have satisfied ourselves that no other person could ever have made an Emerson College of Oratory. What is the secret? We look in vain for it in books and magazines. It is not in any philosophy. No, it is in the man: it is the man. We have an additional proof of this in the fact that the pupils of Dr. Emerson who have made the greatest success are those who caught most of his spirit. They learned from him not so much of theory as of practice; not so much of philosophy as of personality. They followed their teacher in making character their motive in education.

Whatever else one may have learned at Cottage City, all were brought face to face with a living example of the power of personality. In Dr. Emerson's classes pupils are touched as by living fire, and

they spring up into new consciousness of life. Once awakened to a realization of personal power, each student becomes in turn an active part in an endless chain of influence which had its origin in the brain and heart of a great teacher.

BLANCHE C. MARTIN.

In Virginia.

Professor and Mrs. Southwick conducted a large and successful summer session in connection with the Virginia School of Methods, at Roanoke, Va., during the past season. The school was the largest yet held in Virginia. Classes in Physical and Voice Culture, Evolution of Expression, and Shakespeare were held daily.

The Harvard Summer School.

It is interesting to note the point of view of educated men and women concerning the Emerson System of Education, when it is brought to their notice; and it is most encouraging to consider the extent to which scholarly people will recognize the truth of its principles in only a few days of study. We are pleased to be able to give you a few brief letters from pupils of Miss King's class of the Harvard Summer School. They are of interest as showing that whatever is truly educational, founded upon psychological laws, will appeal to educators wherever it may be found, and whatever may be its manifestation.

MISS KING AT HARVARD.

The five weeks that I was a member of Miss King's class in voice work at the Harvard Summer School were full of profit as well as pleasure. The absence from the system of all affectation was, to me, one of its strongest points. Not once were we told that we were studying elocution. The pupil was called upon

to read a selection in the most natural way possible. He was impressed with the idea of making the words of the author his own, and he was so inspired with the subject that his hearers shared his enthusiasm. The physical exercises which were given to the class, though few in number, as must necessarily be the case in so limited a course, were most rational and strengthening. The brief glimpse we had into the Emerson System of Physical Culture was calculated to give one a desire to investigate the system more thoroughly, and to become more familiar with its many valuable features.

CHARLOTTE G. PARMELEE,
Instructor in Gymnastics,

Granger Place School, Canandaigua, N.Y.

THE EMERSON SYSTEM OF ORATORY AT HARVARD.

As a member of the Harvard Summer School and a pupil in Miss King's class in voice training, I wish to say a few words regarding the work done in this line the past term. With the limited time at her disposal, it could hardly be expected that a teacher would accomplish a great deal in any particular line, and especially when so many of the pupils are occupied with other work. The voice class seemed an exception to the rule. Miss King possesses the rare faculty of presenting her subject in a way that appeals to the higher sense of her pupils, and makes each seek to attain this higher thought and action found potentially in himself; and it at once becomes inspiring, elevating, and instructive. The class is at once interested in the work, and she holds each one spell-bound during the entire recitation, in which he is led to see not only his own mistakes, but the mistakes of others, and is shown an easy and natural way to correct them. The marked improvement in so many of the pupils, including the writer, has been very gratifying indeed to all who have watched the work. The physical exercises taken in connection with the voice work appeal to me as being the most reasonable that could be given. The whole system of work

given by Miss King is, in my opinion, the most pedagogical, psychological, and hygienic system I have ever seen. Besides being a teacher, Miss King showed, in a public entertainment before the class in physical training, that she was a reader as well. The grace and ease with which she conducted herself was very pleasing to her entire audience. In her rendering of the court scene from Shakespeare and other minor productions, she gave added admiration both to the reader and to the system she represents.

EDGAR STINSON,
*Principal Martin Academy,
Kennett Square, Pa.*

FROM A PHYSICIAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

It was my privilege to be a pupil of Miss King's during the Summer School of Physical Training at Harvard University this summer. The Emerson System of Voice Culture, as presented by her, appeals to me as the true one, for it is nature's method. From a practical standpoint, it stood the test; for although our time was so short, its good results were very palpable. Not only was the course helpful suggestively in many directions, but we each received a remarkable amount of practical individual drill—remarkable, considering the little time which was ours. It was clearly demonstrated that the exercises had been wisely devised to develop that freedom without which there is no health—neither physical, nor mental, nor spiritual. I am sure we were all led a little way back to nature, and some of us were lifted out of old bad habits in a way which seemed miraculous to us. I, for one, was very grateful to find that I was beginning to "get out of my own way" somewhat. We got this thought: that forgetfulness of self, a readiness to give out to others, is one secret of good reading; and as Miss King's teaching tended to develop in us something of this altruistic spirit, so we gained in some measure the animation and poise which one must have to "interest the audience."

MARGARET S. POTTER, M.D.
Washington, D. C.



"OUR OLDEST SUBSCRIBER."

College News.

Senior Class Meeting.

A class meeting of the Seniors was called Thursday, October 19. After a most earnest and helpful talk by the president, Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, important matters of business were acted upon, the first of which was the election of officers for the ensuing year. Miss Southwell was unanimously elected to fill the responsible position of class president. The class of 1900 will find in Miss Southwell the representative they desire, of the sincerity, earnestness, and helpfulness they have in their own souls to express. Miss Ford as vice-president, and Miss Butler as secretary, were as cordially welcomed to their respective places of honor and trust.

Mr. Purdy, having given such satisfaction preceding years, was chosen as class photographer.

One of the decisions of present interest was that a reception be tendered to the Freshman class the evening of November 6. It is hoped that all the new students will accept this proffered hospitality, that they may become better acquainted with their older sisters and brothers, who most heartily welcome them as co-workers.

C. C. A.

Postgraduates Entertained by Mrs. Puffer.

When Mrs. Puffer bade the members of the Postgraduate class come and lunch with her at her home in West Somerville, after the excitement of Commencement week was over, there were few who did not respond to the invitation. So, with all care for the present and anxiety for the future cast aside, the class gave themselves up to the freedom of social intercourse.

Mrs. Puffer's gracious cordiality and

ease of manner were quickly felt by all, and pleasure ruled the hours.

The well-appointed dining-room proved to be just the right size for the class, and there an hour or two was spent in enjoyment of a feast of souls, — and of viands, — after which the guests gathered in the drawing-room to take part in a game which tested their geographical knowledge.

Reading and music followed, and then came the last farewells. Each guest carried away in his heart a bright memory of this happy ending of the many meetings of the class.

H. A. H.

"Emerson Day" with Mrs. Kidder.

The divine injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give," is not often followed in sincerity. Mrs. Henry A. Kidder is one of the exceptions. This motto is writ large over her hospitable door, 17 Addison Street, Arlington. She little appreciates what the "Emerson Day" in each week has meant to her many college friends during the past few years. The company she honored on Friday, May 12, will never forget the delights of that day.

The group consisted largely of graduates and postgraduates who had been members of the class of '98, at one time during their course. The friendship and fellowship were deeper and more touching because of the fact that they had "met to say good-bye."

The day was perfect. There was boating on Spy Pond, a walk to the Twin Oaks in Menotomy Rocks Park, and a drive. Luncheon was served at one o'clock. The tables and the rooms were beautifully decorated in purple and gold, the class and the college colors. Two huge — and delicious — cakes in proper colors, one for '98, the other for

'99, figured prominently—at first—among the other “good things.” Mrs. Kidder was assisted in serving by Miss Boynton, Mrs. F. B. Moors, and Miss Isabelle Brooks, while her sons, Herbert and Henry, were courteous and efficient lieutenants.

After music, there was an informal reception to Dr. and Mrs. Emerson. Each of the guests was presented with a fine photograph of the Twin Oaks, tastefully mounted and decorated, and the backs of the photographs were soon covered with autographs. A number of group pictures were attempted as the evening shadows brought the day too soon to a close.

It was all such a treat! The varied and individual enjoyment everywhere manifested must have been a source of rich gratification to the kind hostess. The guests will never forget this “Golden Day.” Their motto shall be: “Go thou and do likewise.” Those present were:—

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Emerson.
Mr. John Townsend Trowbridge.
Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick.
Prof. Charles W. Kidder.
Miss Estelle Barnes.
Miss Lillias J. Lougheed.
Miss Mary A. Johnson.
Miss Louise Downer.
Miss Collins.
Miss Etta Collins.
Miss Eleanor Barrett.
Mr. W. J. H. Strong.
Miss Isabelle Brooks.
Miss Bertha J. Boynton.
Mr. H. Toros Daghistanian.
Miss Madine C. Nichols.
Mrs. Hyland Rice.
Mr. Walter B. Swift.
Mrs. J. B. Moors.
Mr. J. Clifton Merrill.
Miss Fannie Luscomb.
Mrs. Priscilla Puffer.
Miss Nellie Louise Cotton.
Miss Alice Howell.
Miss Laura V. C. Stewart.
Miss Flora Whittaker.

W. J. H. S.

The Emerson College Aid Association.

“Help ye one another”—that is the secret of the subtle, silent force that makes Emerson College a powerful influence in true education, and it is not alone in spiritual uplift that we are privileged to be of assistance to each other.

In this institution are many students with so intense a craving for an education that no obstacle, however great, deters them from their grand purpose. These students work, struggle, and practise daily absolute self-abnegation, with no one to know, no one to aid.

It is the purpose of this organization to discover such students, to assist them with money, and that too with no sacrifice of their self-respect. We purpose lending money to any student of this College, asking no interest, and waiting the student's convenience, in a month, or a year, or even years, to return the loan.

The good that the organization has done in its short career is seen from the treasurer's report:—

From February 18 to May 17, 1899.

Cash receipts,	\$96.50
Gifts to worthy students,	39.50
Loans and outstanding accts.,	55.00

Total expenditure,	\$94.50
May, 17, '99, Balance in treasury,	2.00

That so noble a purpose be perpetuated, it is necessary that the association become of vital interest to every student of Emerson College. To those secure in their opportunity for the whole course, it is a rare chance to share the responsibility of the more needy students. Those not so favored by fortune, too, may contribute their “mite,” and feel that not only by silent acquiescence, but by direct action as well, are they living one of the strong life principles of our Alma Mater.

We ask the co-operation of Freshman, Junior, Senior, and Postgraduate. We

ask that you join the Aid Association and signify your willingness to do all in your power to further its cause.

The only qualifications requisite for membership are, first, a weekly fee of five cents; second, that one be a student of Emerson College.

L. S.

Teachers in Convention.

At the Seventieth Annual Convention of the Essex County Teachers' Association, which convened at Haverhill, Mass., October 20, Dr. Emerson addressed an assembly of fifteen hundred teachers. The theme of his discourse was "The Teacher." Dr. Tucker, president of Dartmouth College, and other eminent educators addressed the convention. Much hope for a more scientific, systematic development of our youth lies in these earnest conferences of zealous men and women, sincere in their search for truth.

Mrs. Southwick at Steinert Hall.

Lovers of the drama and of literary art are looking forward with eagerness to a course of lecture-recitals, to be given by Mrs. Southwick, in Steinert Hall, November 28, and December 1, 5, and 8. The themes as announced for the course are as follows:—

"The Drama and Human Life," "Macbeth," and "The Merchant of Venice." The lectures will be dramatic in nature, illustrated by extracts from the dramas, and orchestral and other music of a high grade will be a feature of each evening. The closing program will be a varied one, given by the Jessie Eldridge Southwick Concert Company.

"The Soul Singer."

It was given us one morning of the opening week to realize the power of oratory through song as we have rarely been permitted to realize it. The evangelist singer, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, gave us

a few moments of his busy life and the benediction of his presence while he sang his message into our hearts. Thirty years of service, directed toward the inspiration of souls, has marvellously perfected Mr. Mitchell's voice, and to-day he stands as a living confirmation of Dr. Emerson's theory, that the *only* way of attaining the highest degree of perfection in the voice is by using it in the service of humanity. Mr. Mitchell graphically expressed a great fundamental truth when he said, "We try too much to *do* things instead of trusting that they will do themselves. . . . If I think of a song as an artistic performance, I fall short of my highest possibility in the rendering. . . . After your body is freed, through training, get out of the way and let God speak through you!"

Oratory Is Life.

On Thursday, October 26, we enjoyed the rare treat of listening to Miss Sara Wray, of London, England. Miss Wray was conducting meetings in the city for the Evangelistic Association of New England, and through their intercession she came to us. She gave by request her experience from the time she consecrated her life to the Master's service. Her address was full of thrilling incidents, especially as she portrayed the time spent in the White Chapel district of London.

Miss Wray's personality, enriched by years of service of the unfortunate, manifested itself in the truest eloquence. We were not ashamed of our tears, neither do we regret having been brought in close touch with some of the sadder phases of humanity. Miss Wray will probably never know what an object-lesson in *oratory* she was to us; neither can she realize how far she has aided in expanding our spiritual horizon.

E.

"God's Hand Beckoned."

The class of '99 have held dear the memory of three strong young souls who began the course valiantly with us and who, one by one, outsped us in the race and came into a larger comprehension of the mystery of Life and the perfection of its laws. Since we parted after Commencement, God has again "made all things new" to a member of the class, and one of our youngest sisters, Lottie Lewis, has traced "the perfect round" from the "broken arc" of a few short years of loving, aspiring service. We who knew her best have fewest words for idle regret; rather would we seek to give expression to our gratitude that we were privileged to call her friend. Miss Lewis was with us to the end of the course and was faithful to the last in the smallest duty. She died May 25, at her home in Somerville, Mass., after several days of suffering from typhoid fever. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the father and mother—we feel that we have a part in their sorrow. T.

The Children's Class.

An interesting feature of the Saturday work this year is the children's class, in charge of Miss Tinker and Miss Lamprell. Happy are the little ones who can supplement their public or private school training with the discipline involved in a continual evolution of their powers of expression.

Emerson Debating Society.

The Emerson Debating Society held its first meeting of the year Wednesday evening, October 25. No program was offered, but instead, introductions and hand-shakings were in order until all felt at home and our new members became somewhat acquainted. This having been accomplished, the president of last term called the society to order, and the elec-

tion of officers was taken up, which resulted in the election of Mr. Geo. R. Lourde as president, with Miss Nan Pinneo as secretary. Mr. Lourde took the chair and at once entered upon his duties as one who expected success, and this expectation proved true—in that the meeting a week later gave an excellent program to an audience of ninety-eight.

A. E. C.

Seniors At Home to the Freshmen.

The evening of Monday, November 6, was made memorable as one of social enjoyment to the Seniors and Freshmen, the occasion being a reception given by the former to the new students.

Early in the evening the students began to gather, and after an hour and a half of introductions and social chat, a short program was rendered, the first number being a solo by Mrs. Farnsworth, with Miss Ford as accompanist. Then followed a humorous reading well in keeping with the hour, by Miss King, entitled "Just Like Other Folks;" a solo by Mr. Strong, accompanied by Miss Eddy; and then a few words of encouragement and love by Mrs. Southwick, after which she gave us "The Daffodils" and "The Cloud," which concluded the literary program. Light refreshments were then served, and soon followed a happy good-night. It was a special pleasure to have Dr. and Mrs. Emerson with us during a part of the evening.

C.

"Our Oldest Subscriber."

An inquiry comes from a distant land, "May one not a student at Emerson College subscribe for the college magazine?" In response to this and similar queries, we introduce to you a representative of a class of subscribers who have never been students in the College, but who value the magazine as a reflection in part of the life-work of a great



NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

teacher, and an exponent of his philosophy. The one whose face we bring you is a profound scholar, one thoroughly conversant with the best literature,—one who for many years was actively engaged in journalism. At eighty-seven years of age he sends Dr. Emerson a portrait of himself with the EMERSON MAGAZINE in his hand, because the magazine represents to him the man who has been the greatest influence in his life.

Dewey Day at Norwich University.

Dr. and Mrs. Emerson bring us a pleasant report of their recent visit to Norwich University, at Northfield, Vt., the occasion being the laying of the corner-stone of Dewey Hall, participated in by Admiral Dewey, the guest of honor. Dr. Emerson is one of the trustees of the University, which claims the honor of being the Alma Mater of the great admiral.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Emerson, we are privileged to give you a view of the University, as seen on the day of the celebration, October 13. The address by the orator of the day, Dr. Chauncey Depew, appealed to Dr. Emerson as a masterpiece of oratory, altogether worthy, in conception and in expression, of the day and its hero.

Dr. Emerson saw in Admiral Dewey, not a *fighter*, in the common significance of the term, but a man the sources of whose power spring from a deep and wide benevolence,—from a humanitarian and a home-keeping spirit. He found in the nation's hero that union of tenderness and simplicity which has always characterized the world's great.

We are also indebted to Mrs. Emerson for the stirring ode by Miss Hodgkins, a cousin of Dr. Emerson. We need hardly say that Miss Hodgkins is a daughter of Vermont. For beauty of conception and vigor of treatment, the poem seems to us remarkable.

Personals.

Miss Alya O'Neill is teaching in the Dalton Female Seminary, Dalton, Ga.

Miss Eliza Moore Burnett is teaching drawing, singing, physical culture, and primary methods in a Normal School in Regina, N. W. T., Canada.

Prof. Walter Bradley Tripp has taken charge of the Department of Oratory in Boston College, and has entered upon a busy year in that institution. Professor Tripp has also plans for extensive literary and platform work during the coming season.

We are sorry to record the illness of Miss Powers during these opening weeks of school. We earnestly pray that she may soon regain that abundance of health and vitality that we associate with her, and so return to the place that is waiting for her in the hearts of all her pupils.

Miss Pearl Godbold and Mr. P. Henry were united in marriage June 8, 1899, in Dallas, Tex., where they are now at home to their friends. Students of the winter of '96-7 will remember Miss Godbold's helpful presence and work in the Freshman class, and will unite with us in an expression of cordial greeting and congratulation.

Miss Blalock has been appointed State Superintendent of Physical Culture (in clubs) for the W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts,—a position which brings with it wide opportunities for usefulness. Miss Blalock comes to her classes this year more ardently consecrated than ever to the cause of liberating fettered bodies to the end that they may become free servants of the souls within. She has extended the courses of physical education in her department, and has introduced a thoroughly practical graded course of normal work in the postgraduate class. The postgraduates are at present endeavoring to "become as lit-

tle children," and are learning to adapt the Emerson System of Physical Culture to the needs of the kindergarten.

The class of 1900 is happy to welcome into its ranks Mrs. W. G. Moody, known to the class of '99 as Miss Anetta Robinson, of Plattville, Wis. Since the marriage, which occurred June 21, Mr. and Mrs. Moody have made their home in Boston. We rejoice with them in their new-found happiness.

Miss Catharine Tinker has been called to a position on the faculty, and her personality is making itself felt in the Department of Oratory. She comes to us from the Chair of Oratory in the State Normal School at Moorhead, Minn., where her efficient service has won for itself wide recognition, and where her ardent zeal and consecration to service have endeared her to many whom she has inspired toward loftier planes of

living and thinking. A warm welcome awaited Miss Tinker in returning to her Alma Mater, and her place in our hearts is already assured.

Miss Maude Masson goes from us this year to enter a new field of work in her native land. She is principal of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution, in Toronto, Canada, where she has able assistants from the Emerson College Alumni. We miss Miss Masson's presence, but we rejoice that she is in a position to carry Dr. Emerson's message to many whom it has not yet reached, and we bid her godspeed in her mission of love and service.

To complete volumes of the College Magazine for our library we are in need of one copy each of Vol. I., Nos. 1 and 2; Vol. IV., No. 1; and of Vol. V., No. 6. Any one having one or more of these numbers will receive grateful acknowledgment by sending them to the Business Manager.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Romaine Billingsly is teaching in Beaver College, Beaver, Pa.

Miss Mary Margaret Thiele, '99, is teaching at St. Mary's, Ind.

Miss Annie Morse, '96, is teaching in Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Miss Emma Moor, '97, is teaching in Stephen's College, Columbia, Mo.

Miss Lillias Loughheed, '98, is teaching in Whitford College, Mississippi.

Miss Edith May Root, '98, has been called to Columbia College, S. C.

Miss Marion Sherman, '97, is teaching in Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Miss Maude Andrews, '99, is teaching oratory and singing in the Gorham (Me.) State Normal School.

Miss Helen Gilmore, '98, is teaching in Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa.

Miss Nelle Florence Fox, '99, is teaching in Add-Ran University, Waco, Tex.

Miss Harriet Piper, '99, is teaching in Kent's Hill Academy, Kent's Hill, Me.

Miss Anna M. Blythe, '99, is teaching oratory and singing in Clearfield College, Pennsylvania.

Miss Ida Page, '96, is teaching in Weatherford Seminary, Weatherford, Tex.

Miss Elsie Lattimer, '96, remains this year in the Geneva Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y.

Miss Alice M. Hutchinson, '96, is Junior Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Rachel Lewis Dithridge, '99, has charge of the English and elocution classes in the Norwich, N. Y., High School.

Miss Edith M. McDuffee, '99, is teaching in Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. She succeeds Mrs. L. D. Pinney, who has been called to fill a position in Montana.

Miss Ellen M. Andrews, '95, is in charge of the Department of Oratory in Bethel College, Hopkinsville, Ky. She also teaches literature and English branches.

Miss Mary Maud Barnes, '98, has accepted a position in the Hinshaw Conservatory of Dramatic Art, Chicago. She also occupies the Chair of Oratory in one of the law schools of that city.

Mr. A. C. Lindsey will be associated for another season with the Empire Bureau of Syracuse, N. Y., under whose auspices he will appear as reader in a number of entertainment courses.

Miss May Robson, '99, and Mrs. Inez L. Cutter, '98, are teaching in the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution, Toronto, Canada, the assistants of Miss Maude Masson, '98, who has charge of the school.

Miss Mabel Harlowe, '97, succeeds Miss Susan Walker as teacher of oratory, literature, English, and physical culture in Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, Vt. Miss Walker has been called to Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

Mr. Geo. M. McKie, '98, is teaching in the State University of North Carolina, situated at Chapel Hill. Mr. McKie was called to the university last spring to take charge of work in preparation for Commencement, and a permanent position has since been tendered him.

Miss Helen Sanborn, '89, has been called to take charge of the Physical Culture Department in the Oneonta, N. Y., Normal School, in which Miss Winchell Lee Collom, '96, holds the Department of Oratory. Miss Sanborn came in contact with the Normal through substituting for Miss Collom, and her work was

so satisfactory that the new department was created for her.

Mr. Everett P. Johnson, '99, is teaching music in the public schools of Elyria, O. He is also director of a large chorus in one of the churches of that city, and is in charge of classes in oratory and physical culture.

Of the alumni who will take post-graduate work this year, the following are already with us: Miss Eleanor Barnes, '99, Miss Margaret Bidwell, '99, Miss Minnie Bradford, '99, Miss Ada Brooks, '99, Miss Marilla Curtis, '99, Miss Ethelwyn Drew, '99, Miss Grace Davis, '99, Miss Jennie E. Eddy, '99, Miss Claire de Lano, '98, Miss Jennie McDonald, '99, Miss Linda Belle Marsh, '99, Mrs. Anna Delony Martin, '99, Mrs. Jennie F. Morrill, Miss Edith C. Pinneo, '99, Miss Margaret Randall, '98, Mr. Wm. J. H. Strong, '99, Miss Frances Tobey, '99, Miss Anetta Bruce, '99, Miss Ruth Jean Vose, '98, Miss Gertrude Trufant, '99, Miss L. Etta Rannells, '99, Miss Hattie E. Hubbard, '99.

THE DAUGHTER OF '98.

Class of '98, E. C. O., takes pleasure in announcing the advent of a daughter. A far western paper dated Aug. 25, 1899, prints the following: "Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pfeiffer, *née* Frances Holbrook, a twelve-pound daughter." So far as we know, this is the first and only heiress possessed by the class, and, as one would expect, she already begins to exhibit a remarkable precocity. For instance, she responds to her name, Alice Phillips Pfeiffer, very knowingly and promptly, and practises faithfully several times a day such exercises of the Emerson System of Psycho-Physical Culture as are adapted to her development. She also shows a marked interest in German, due, in part, to her father's careful training in Harvard. She sends a fond "*Ich liebe dich*" to all Emersonians. L. P.

Miss Harriet S. Cousens, '98, is teaching in the Ithaca, N. Y., High School.

Miss Lucile Hamlet, '99, succeeds Miss Sara Neill in her studio work in Germantown, Pa.

Miss Laura Ruff, '99, is teaching in the Bloomsburg State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Miss Bernice W. Griffith, '99, is teaching in East Greenwich Academy, East Greenwich, R. I.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith, '99, is teaching in the Academy of Notre Dame, Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Agnes Persson, '98, has accepted a position in the Buxton Female Seminary, Buxton, Me.

Miss Bertha Juniata Boynton, '99, is associated as reader with the Parker Concert Company.

Miss Madine C. Nichols, '97, is engaged in private teaching and reading at her home in Barre, Vt.

Miss Luella Phillips, '98, continues her work in Miss Rounds's School for Girls, in Brooklyn, this year.

News comes to us of the serious illness of Miss Lucile Hamlet, '99, at her home in Pamplin, Va.

Miss Ethelynd Gould, '98, is teaching oratory and physical culture in the South Royalton, Vt., schools.

Miss Frances Waterhouse, '99, has opened a studio in Seattle, Wash., and receives private pupils.

Miss Louise Allyn, '97, is conducting large and successful classes at her home in New London, Conn.

Miss E. L. Downer, '98, teaches another year in the Quincy Mansion School, Wollaston, Mass.

Miss Mabel H. Drought, '98, is teaching reading in Mrs. May Wright Sewall's Classical School for Girls, Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Bertha A. Smith, '99, has charge of the reading classes in the Winsted, Conn., Grammar Schools.

Miss Alice M. Osden is teaching in the Higbee School, a large private school for girls, in Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Clara E. Robbins, '98, is teaching reading and physical culture in the Wellesley, Mass., High School.

Mrs. Minerva Messer, '98, is beginning a busy season of reading and lecturing in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Virginia Lyons, '99, and C. W. Paul, '97, are studying in the Boston Sloyd Manual Training-School.

Miss Margaret Golden Cox, '99, is teaching in the Sisters of St. Francis Convent School, Winona, Minn.

Miss A. Louise Minchin teaches physical culture in the S. S. Still College of Osteopathy, Des Moines, Io.

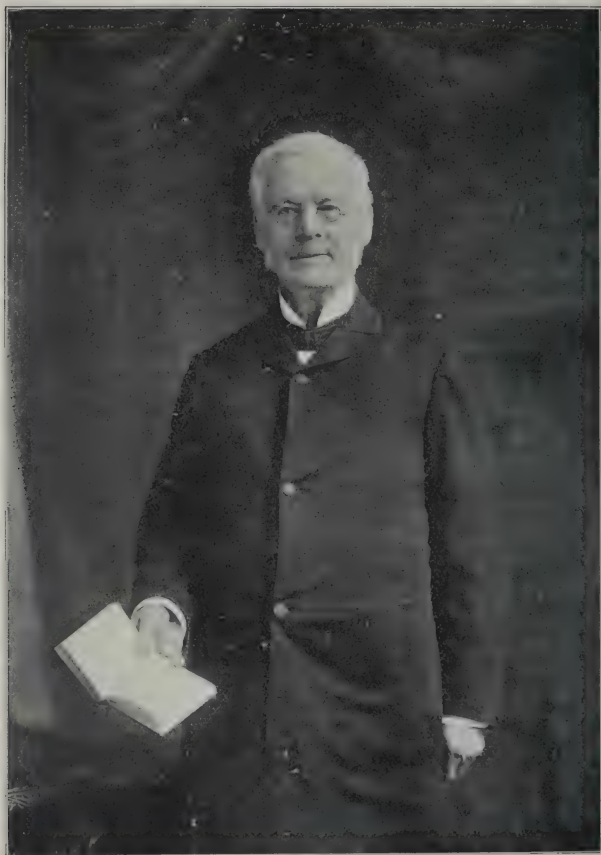
Miss Blanch Keating, '96, returns to Grove City College, Grove City, Pa., after a very successful year in that institution.

Miss Pernal Dewey, '98, is taking a course in the State Normal School at Salem, and is a regular Saturday visitor at the College.

Miss Eleanor Barrett, '98, who has served as secretary in the college office during the summer, remains with us this year as assistant secretary.

Miss Ada Evelyn Lewis, '99, is teaching in the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga.,—an institution to which belongs the honor of being the oldest chartered college for women in the world.

Miss Harriet Howard Jessup, '99, is teaching oratory and English in the Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J. Among other classes, she enjoys the privilege of instructing an interesting class of Spanish-Americans from Cuba and Porto Rico.



Yours very truly
Charles Mallory

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Contents.	
Editorials	29
President Emerson's Lecture, "Education by Communication"	31
Public Speaking in the Colleges. <i>Frederick Mason Blanchard</i>	38
The Deserted Homestead (poetry). <i>R. L. Dithridge</i>	41
Oratory in Colleges:— <i>Frederic A. Metcalf</i>	41
<i>A. M. Harris</i>	45
<i>Elizabeth L. Randall</i>	47
A Fragment from Emerson. <i>Charles Malloy</i>	49
College News: Mrs. Southwick in Steinert Hall, The Freshmen at Robinwood, The Chorus, Miss Dyer, Emerson Debating Society, Dr. Gordon, Mother Goose Carnival, The Southwick Literary Society, Booker T. Washington, Personals	50
Alumni Notes	54
The Optimist (poetry). <i>George Reginald Lourde</i>	56

Emerson in Colleges.

As Emerson College is essentially a school of pedagogy, and as the vast majority of its students go out as teachers, whatever may have been their motive in entering, we feel that a general survey of our system in colleges, from the point of view of graduates in the field, cannot fail to be of value to our readers.

It is a significant fact that Dr. Emerson's philosophy of education, when it gains a hearing, will make its truth felt

in an institution like the University of Chicago. It means something that, when it was introduced into the Harvard Summer School, a Harvard professor, James Lee Love, who was a member of Miss King's class during the session, said, "The method of instruction was so simple, direct, and sensible, both for developing the voice and for acquiring true and effective expression of thought; the enthusiasm and skill of the teacher so stimulating and encouraging; the spirit of the class so fine, that the hours seemed all too short, so pleasantly did we learn, and so much was there to be learned."

It is interesting to note that while some of our contributors are more optimistic than others in regard to the foothold that oratory is gaining in our colleges to-day, not one wavers for an instant in his conviction that the Emerson Philosophy of Expression is bound to live and command wide recognition as a mighty force in education. Earnest men and women do not devote their lives to advocacy of that which is uneducational—soon or later they tire of that which is not absolutely true.

Notwithstanding the truth of these things, we can sympathize with Mr. Harris in his earnest appeal to Emerson students. It may seem a narrow view that he takes, and, indeed, he means to emphasize the narrower phase for the moment. He doubtless does not dream that any intelligent reader will make the mistake of attaching any significance to a bachelor's or a master's degree, *per se*. In his earnest desire that we should place ourselves in a position to make it possible that we enroll the principles

we advocate where their influence may be widest, most pervasive, he has perhaps seemed to overemphasize the relative importance of an "A.M." or a "Ph.D." as compared with a broad personal culture which may or may not be accompanied by the magic letters. Every true Emersonian is with Mr. Harris in jealously guarding the honor of the Alma Mater. We can hardly conceive of a true disciple of Dr. Emerson who is not broadly educated in the highest sense of the term. Neither can we conceive of an Emerson graduate who will ever cease to be a student of the deepest and the highest things in life, in letters, and in art.



Frontispiece.

Mr. Malloy, whose face we are privileged to bring you this month, needs no introduction to Emersonians, nor indeed to scholars at large. A personal friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a life-long student of his thought, he has probably a deeper insight into the heart of the philosopher-poet than has any other man of letters living to-day. Mr. Malloy is a favorite lecturer before colleges and clubs in New England, and his scholarly writings are eagerly received by readers of *The Arena*, *The Coming Age*, and other leading journals.

Mr. Malloy's face and voice reflect the singular beauty and simplicity of his life and thought. No one is more welcome at the College than he, nor does any one address us from greater heights. We are glad to give our readers something from his pen, and we rely upon his generosity for future favors.



Do the Alumni Read the Magazine?

We receive letters daily from graduates of the College who are unanimous in their expression regarding the scope and practical value of the magazine.

"I could not do without it;" "It is a breath of inspiration from Emerson;" "I would not miss *one* of Dr. Emerson's lectures." Time and space do not suffice us here to quote in full from any of the numerous expressions which reach us from day to day. We suggest them here merely as a background for what follows.

A statement came the other day, in response to an inquiry as to why some of the alumni are not subscribers of the magazine, a statement which seems to demand an answer, coming as it does from some one evidently not familiar with the scope of our journal. This is the statement: "The alumni have already much of the material over and over again; that which is new seems special to the students, rather than of general interest."

Now, were the first statement true, we would reply, The alumni cannot "have the material over and over" *too many times*; cannot have too many different presentations of the principles which they advocate. But unless they have sounded the depths of the mind which has evolved and formulated the philosophy upon which their work is based; unless they have measured the depths and the heights and the breadths of that intellect, and compassed that heart which is the life of Emerson College;—they will be able to find something new in the magazine which represents their Alma Mater.

A system of education that is based upon truth is evolved continually toward perfection. The college magazine is, in its way, an exponent of Dr. Emerson's philosophy and its relation to the general field of education, and a reflection of our college life. We do not understand how any graduate could lack the desire to keep in touch with the Alma Mater through that most direct avenue of communication, the college magazine.

Education by Communication.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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My subject at this hour is "Education by Communication;" in other words, the development of one's powers through communication with others. There are a great many new ideas advanced every year, and especially every generation, yet no one believes that a thing is good simply because it is new or novel. Novelty should never be sought as an end. He who looks deepest into the old finds the new. Some twenty years ago, or more it seemed to me that there was a demand for a new philosophy of education. I do not mean that there was a demand for a system of education which should stand in contrast with the old, for the new is not something entirely opposed to what is old; had there been no old there could have been no new. The real new is that which has been evolved from the past; it comes not, like the French Revolution, to obliterate all the past, but it grows out of the past as the blade grows out of the seed, as the flower grows out of the bud, and as the fruit grows out of the flower. If you love the new you certainly love the old out of which the new has grown. True progress does not consist in forgetting the past; it rather consists in grasping the past and uniting it with the future. The past is having its fulfilment in the present, and the present will have its fulfilment in the future. The race is steadily evolving; is steadily blossoming into something richer, deeper, and better.

What has the past brought us in education? It has brought us a rich experience; it has brought us purposes and

ends which have come from the efforts and endeavors of the past. In all ages there have been a few great men who have interested themselves in vital questions of education; they have been spiritually tall enough to cast their shadows down the centuries, and our methods of education to-day are the realization of their highest perceptions. It has been said that in this world God has never been without a witness; it is equally true that education has never been without a witness.

Everything that has any power has sprung from an impulse that has come from within. If a man succeeds in getting an education there must be some impulse to drive him along true methods. Study the statue of Mercury, as he stands perfectly poised on one foot, his whole attitude suggesting upwardness and onwardness. What gives Mercury this impulse? The springy, elastic part of one of his feet rests over the breath that is proceeding from the mouth of a god. He is giving Mercury the impulse by which he soars to the skies and wings his way among the blazing orbs. If education is to have an added power, it must start with an impulse, an inspiration, — a God-given inspiration, a God-given impulse. What is God? The question has been asked through the ages, but never truly answered but once; all future ages will verify that answer, for it is the grandest inspiration for worship that was ever formulated. Christ brought the revelation that *God is Love*, or Love is God. What do you mean by love? A desire for the welfare of others irrespec-

tive of their personal relation to you. What should be the impulse in education? Let Mercury teach us again. He is sent out by the breath of a god—to what end? To *serve* the gods; to *serve* his fellows. He is a winged messenger, carrying messages of truth, love, and beauty from the gods to each other and to men. That which I call the New Philosophy of Education is the philosophy concerning systems and methods of study from the impulse of love—not love of others for what they may give us, but love of the welfare, of the health, of the moral being, of the happiness, *of others*. Every one will agree with me that this idea is desirable, that it is a fine sentiment which has existed in the world for hundreds of years. If this is a fine sentiment by which to live in private or in public, it seemed to me there should be a *philosophical system of education* based upon these principles, and for the last twenty years I have rested all my teaching upon this philosophy. The question is not so much what you study as to what end you study. You are not on the road of true education unless you study to the end of serving others by your education. He who wishes an education wholly for his own sake will never be most grandly educated. He who wishes to be wise that he alone may enjoy the benefits of his wisdom will never be truly wise. He who would be broadly educated merely for the sake of the benefits that education will bring him will never be broadly educated. If such education is ever called liberal, it is a misnomer, for a liberal education is that which develops and deepens man's powers and turns them in the direction of service.

My theory in regard to the New Philosophy of Education is that every subject which is taught in any institution of learning should be taught in direct reference to its service to others. If you are studying one of the foreign languages

you will learn to speak it much more rapidly if you try to communicate a beneficial thought to another in that language. Oh, the unceasing grind of studying Greek and Latin in the way it was once taught!—studying it merely for the sake of knowing it. Can we have no nobler impulse in its study? Yes; if you study Greek for the purpose of comprehending the thought upon the written page, and then communicate those thoughts to another in that language for the sake of helping and inspiring him, you will outstrip all those who work in any other way. I know this from experience. He who studies a thing for himself alone is a poor, bony, scrawny pupil. You know him by his emaciation of thought; there is no flesh on his bones; in his frame there is no beating, throbbing heart. If any system of education is at fault, it is due to the fact that it lacks the right purpose; it lacks the natural impulse,—that impulse of service which leads man to the fulfilment of his highest destiny.

When a child is born into this world he finds himself surrounded by visible things and by invisible forces. In process of time he learns that he is related to the things which are nearest to him,—to father and mother, to brother and sister, to the house in which he lives, and to the other children with whom he associates. He learns that he is affected by all these things and that he in turn affects them; and as his mental powers develop he learns that he is not only related to things which are close to him, but he is related just as vitally to things which are remote. As he watches the tide ebbing and flowing under the soft, silvery influence of the moon, a quarter of a million miles away, he learns that he is affected by it—and not by the moon alone, but by the sun also, which is almost a hundred million miles away. Sublime relationship!—and yet how

much more vitally related does man stand to his fellow-man! Everything which affects humanity in any clime or condition affects his brother man.

"Where is thy brother?"—what a searching question! Long years ago the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" was raised by the first murderer, and ever since that hour selfish people have been repeating Cain's words. In conduct they are saying, "I am not my brother's keeper. I am not responsible for his conduct." It makes my heart rejoice with joy unspeakable that so much is being done by the rich for the amelioration of the suffering of the poor. The Christ spirit is finding practical illustrations in more lives to-day than at any previous age in the world's history; and yet, I never see a man rolling along in his splendid equipage, which suggests a moving palace, without hearing a voice, which seems to come from the One who sits at the right hand of the Father, calling to him, "Where is thy brother?" Does this man of wealth see in a barren room that mother trying to kindle into a flame the few dying embers, to warm the hands of her little one, on this freezing December day? The mother is hungry—her child is hungry, and this is a thousand times worse than being hungry herself. She does not know where the next meal is to come from. A few dollars dropped into her hands would relieve the suffering of two human beings, and would react in tender blessings upon the giver. Oh, sir, hear the voice crying in your ear, "*Where is thy brother?*"

Woman in thy silks and loaded with emblems of wealth and position, where is thy sister? She misunderstands me, and thinks I mean a woman of her own set, one who is dressed as grandly and wears as many diamonds as herself. Oh no, woman, I do not mean that one. She is indeed your sister, but not be-

cause she is rich. She is thy sister because she was brought into this world by the same Parent, the Great Father. Where is thy sister,—thy poor, starving, down-trodden sister?

What are you in the world for? To what end? Some one answers, "I am here for growth, for the development of my own powers." By what method do you expect to attain that development? There is but one method that is infallible, and that is the method of assisting others. If you have become proficient in any science or art you have attained that proficiency by having put the knowledge you possess to the service of others. Wisdom never came on any other road than the hard, well-beaten path of service. The wise men of Greece gained their wisdom for the service of their fellow Greeks. What gave to Demosthenes his eloquent tongue? In the beginning of his career his tongue was just like other peoples' tongues. How did he develop that tongue of flesh into what is called the silver tongue of eloquence? By giving that tongue of flesh to the service of others, it grew to silver; continuing to use it thus, it grew to gold. All the great orators of history, as I have told you before, developed their magic powers by using their knowledge and their eloquence for the service of others. This only will develop eloquence; this only will develop the orator.

This principle of *Service* is the basis of all true education. This principle obtains in the kindergarten because a great man stands behind it, illustrating the truth of what Emerson has said,—that an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. The basis of kindergarten work as formulated by Froebel is love. The kindergarten has become a great factor in education, for no other reason than that the knowledge possessed by each child is communicated to others. It is a social affair. Let us not be contented until the

divine principle of love and service which inspires the child in his study in the kindergarten becomes organized as an active principle in every school and college in this broad land.

It has been my aim and my inspiration to formulate a system of education which should turn upon this idea as a pivot, and this forms the basis of what I term "The New Philosophy of Education." Take this measure, which to my mind is a divine measure, — and cannot be gainsaid, because it is divine, — and with it measure everything you study here. In this way you will perceive the purpose and the end of every study which is presented in the curriculum.

Begin with the study of *voice*. What is the underlying purpose in your study of voice? It is to communicate truth, good, and beauty to others' minds. The voice should not be studied as an abstraction; it should not be studied as a master, nor as an end — but as a means of service. He who uses his voice wholly in the service of others will develop its best qualities most rapidly. The intrinsic value of any voice depends upon its quality, and its quality springs from its service. That person's voice revives fading hopes; is it not the voice of service? Another person's voice carries new life to all who hear it; it suggests light springing out of darkness; — is it not the voice of service? Is that voice which is as harsh as a nutmeg-grater, which rasps and scrapes, not only the speaker's throat, but the hearer's ears, the voice of service? If so, every person will beg to be relieved of such a servant. Does the speaker's voice help anybody; does it share anybody's sorrows; does it make anybody happier; does it revive anybody's hopes; does it give courage to the faint-hearted; does it give resolve to those who are weak in will? — these are proper criteria. Unless your voice is of service to the audience, you have no

right to use it. Service should be the only criterion of criticism for the voice.

Why is science making more rapid strides to-day than it did a hundred years ago? Simply because people are finding out that science is of use to man. Science will draw his carriages; it will carry his messages; it will do his ploughing; it will do his chopping; it will do his sewing; it will weave his cloth. Science, then, is progressing so rapidly because it is being put to use. What an abstraction electricity once was! Scientists tried to bottle it for the sake of having it. At the present time more is learned concerning electricity in three years than could be learned in ten times that period fifty years ago — and this is putting it very modestly. Why is this true? Because to-day electricity is studied from the standpoint of use. When we see the lightning flashing in the sky our sole thought is to keep out of its path; but when the lightning can be harnessed to our vehicles to carry us swiftly along the streets, when the lightning can be made to serve the legs of the weary man, then we study it.

"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." In what way shall a man "ask of God" so as to insure an answer to his prayers? It is fully suggested in this expression: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." How many could bear this test; how many are willing to be *forgiven as they forgive*?

This law of measure is omnipotent and reigns supreme, not only in the spiritual world, but also in the educational

world. Teach me, O God, as I would teach others. Try to give wisdom and you will get wisdom. This principle should be fully carried out in all our educational institutions. Children will learn to read very rapidly if they are taught in obedience to this principle. Perhaps you as a teacher have labored faithfully with some boy, trying, according to the accepted methods, to teach him to read. You have done the best you knew,—you have talked to him, you have whipped him, you have kept him in after school, and yet he does not seem to make any progress, he does not get along. Teacher, let me whisper a secret in your ear: if you will inspire that dull boy with a desire to teach the other boys, if you will inspire him with a desire to make the other boys happy with something he has found in his reading-book, he will pronounce his words better, and he will read his lesson in a bright and animated way. Nature has so fixed her laws that you can get only what you *try to give*.

In the old days when I used to attend the district school and studied Webster's blue-backed spelling-book, the pupils, in turn, were called upon to recite their lessons to the teacher. We knew the teacher did not need what was in that lesson, yet we must recite it because the teacher told us we must do so. We would get a black mark in her book, if we were lucky enough not to get it on our backs, unless we recited the lesson. What a difference there would have been had the teacher only inspired us by telling us that our fellow students needed what we could tell them! How much more rapidly would we have acquired knowledge! Proceeding on this principle, let us examine the different branches of study which are taught in this institution. We call them "branches of study," but they are parts of one whole. In this institution the curriculum of study is ar-

ranged in a way to minister to the rounded development of the individual, all of the studies being so related to each other as to constitute a vital organism for educational development. In the great universities, where many courses are presented, the student should be careful to select those studies which are vitally related to each other, and which minister to the development of unity in mental action and power.

To continue in the application of this principle of service to the study of the voice, I would say that the voice cannot be developed by dull, abstract rules and processes; it can be developed only in obedience to the impulse or purpose of communicating something desirable to others. I studied very earnestly to find out the secret of Jenny Lind's transcendent success, and I have discovered that she always sang for the purpose of bestowing blessings upon others. She often gave her services wholly free for the poor and destitute; and it was told that upon these occasions she outsang herself. A singing-teacher in this city once said, "Young man, when you sing, sing to God." By this he meant, sing to help others. God will love that kind of singing and will inspire your voice.

Let me next apply this idea of education by communication to your study of physical culture. When you are taking the exercises which constitute the Emerson system of physical culture you are practising *expressive* physical culture; you are studying means of communication through the physical agents. Your teachers are constantly asking you to lift up the crown of the head and the centre of the chest. What should be the impulse which leads you to lift them up? The purpose of communicating to others your belief that truth, wisdom, health, and power come from on high and you desire to reach into the heights for them. If you lift yourself up for the purpose of

communicating a noble sentiment to another your chest will rise higher than it would rise from any other impulse. The muscles will work harmoniously to this end. In their origin and creation they were shaped to this impulse. I cannot take up the application of this principle to all the details of physical culture, but let this be the test of the merit of any and every exercise: does the exercise in its nature and in its practice enable one to communicate something to others that is for their benefit? If you take exercises merely for the sake of showing others how well you do them, or of showing what an acrobat you are, it is a feeble kind of inspiration; it dies right speedily; but if you take exercises for the purpose of helping somebody to live that which the exercises suggest, the inspiration lives and grows forever. Wordsworth wrote through middle life and through old age for the purpose of communicating to his readers a love for the fingers that garnish the heavens, and for all the things God has made. His imagination remained brilliant to the last. In his old age, just before death came, he wrote at his best. The swan is said to sing its sweetest song the last evening of its existence; so old age sometimes does its best work near the time when it lays off the silver crown of age for the purpose of having angels replace it with the golden crown of Immortality. Who are they who shine brightest for ever and ever? Those who have written for the sake of helping others. There is no other way. One says, "I will get it some other way." Try it! You will fall into the pit.

As a part of your education in physical culture, you are required to make a careful study of anatomy and physiology. How does the idea of "education by communication" apply to these studies? To most people anatomy is but the study of dry bones; but when the imagination of the student is kindled with enthusi-

asm for the subject, when he is inspired with a desire to communicate to others the marvellous revelations which have come to him concerning the human organism, like the prophet of old he speaks, and the dry bones *live*.

How does this principle apply to the study of *psychology*? What does psychology mean, and why have I introduced it into the curriculum of this College? It means the science of the soul, and it is taught here because you as teachers will deal with the human mind, and you should understand its laws; and as orators you should study it in order that you may be able to fit your discourses to the nature of mankind. In every exercise in reading the pupil is guided in his expression by a knowledge of the laws of the human mind; he is asked to speak to the mental activities of his audience, and all his instruction is conducted with reference to this idea.

How does this principle of education by communication apply to your study of *rhetoric*? To some the subject is a dull one; but it is most interesting when the student perceives that it is of value in aiding him to influence other minds. A knowledge of rhetoric involves a knowledge of the right use of language. Use of language to what end? To the end of "*communication*." A technical knowledge of words merely is of little value; language becomes significant when used by a mighty personality for the sake of influencing other minds to noble ends. The study of rhetoric is based upon psychology; for words are signs of ideas, they are signs of mental states, and an intelligent study of the construction and use of language requires a knowledge of the mental states themselves. When you are studying rhetoric, therefore, you are developing your powers of communication.

Again, let us see how this principle is

obeyed in your study of *literature*. It is valuable to study the works of the great masters who have touched human souls through the medium of the written word. Too often the student of literature has no other thought in his study than that it is a nice thing to do and a nice thing to have people know. It should be studied to the end of acquiring the same power the writer possessed. No one knows literature until he communicates it to another, and every lesson which is given in this College is a lesson in literature, a lesson in communication. Shakespeare wrote to affect the minds of those who would read and hear his plays. People like to be affected; they go to the theatre for no other purpose than to be affected by the players. If you are a minister of the Gospel and lack a congregation, it is because you fail to affect the minds of those who do come. Did you have three persons present to hear your first sermon? If you affected them, the next time you will have three more, and the next time you will have twenty more. Mr. Beecher said his first congregation consisted of twenty, nineteen of whom were women. What did you do with those twenty, Mr. Beecher? I fed them with the bread of life and more hungry ones came, until the twenty multiplied into three thousand. A great discussion was held about doubling the size of Plymouth Church. His friends said, "No; he is speaking to three thousand now; but if you double the size of the building six thousand will come and the effort to speak to such a vast audience will kill the man." Mr. Beecher said, "Give me the church that will seat six thousand. If there were twice as many who needed me you know that I could make them hear by the way I am speaking now." You have the right idea, Mr. Beecher; your love made you serve mankind, and your voice was

made to serve as many as came within the radius of its vibrating force. When you had three thousand people to speak to you made them hear; double that number and the demand is doubled; and God Almighty would enable you to use your voice in a way to make as many hear you as needed to hear.

The great orator is the great teacher. Pedagogy is the method by which one mind teaches another mind to act. Oratory is the method by which one mind teaches other minds to act. The time is coming when pedagogy and oratory will be spelled just alike. Every time you read we ask you to teach your classmates something. In just the ratio you do it you are an orator, a pedagogue. O thou pedagogue, O thou orator, in the last analysis thou art one.

In closing, let me recapitulate,—by the principle of communication for the development of the powers of the soul we teach voice to the end of service; physical culture to the end of service; anatomy and physiology to the end of service; psychology—the knowledge of the human mind—to the end of service; rhetoric to the end of service; literature to the end of service; oratory or pedagogy to the end of service. Service is the great watchword.

Every day service marshals forth the sun in the heavens,—service to the earth, service to vegetation, service to animals, service to man, service to all the other planets. Every person who understands astronomy knows that if a planet should fail to serve it would be blotted out. The leaf that fails to serve withers and dies. The soul that fails to serve withers and dies. The soul *lives* in just the ratio that it serves, and the soul that will continue to serve will continue to live forever; and so out of *Service* will grow *Immortality*.

Public Speaking in the Colleges.

FREDERICK MASON BLANCHARD.

FELLOW EMERSONIANS:—

It is with pleasure that I accept the invitation of your editor to discuss the subject of oratory as a force in higher education. I shall put aside formality and speak with all possible directness, sincerely desiring to share with you the results of an experience that has been of great value to me.

To understand the situation in the modern college and university it is necessary to study the college of fifty years ago. You will observe that our immediate ancestors had their prescribed and stereotyped courses in languages, mathematics, and philosophy, with a smattering of literature, natural sciences, and arts. You will remember that a comparatively short time ago very few elective courses were allowed, and that the chance for the introduction of new lines of work was limited. But the young giant Science has at last broken from the clutches of his classical guardians, and has smashed the educational moulds of our fathers. Henceforth no child is to be thrust into a bottle and made to conform to a prescribed pattern. Some freedom is now allowed to all, and entire freedom to many. In most colleges, however, the classics hold on with the clutch of a drowning man. The end of their reign is near, but they prefer to be beheaded rather than abdicate. Science is now dictating terms. A new régime is here.

With the ascension of science as the leading spirit in education, a new danger confronts us,—the danger of considering man merely as intellect. The thirst for new and undiscovered truth which leads men and women into the laboratories, there with crucible and retort to delve in the secrets of nature, is very

likely to lead them to forget that the acquisition of knowledge is not all of education. Science so fascinates the mind, and so leads its devotee on and on into the wonders of nature and the mysteries of life, that a well-rounded development is nearly impossible. The student is in danger of neglecting himself as a man, while he crowds his brain with information that may serve only himself—and him poorly. It is right here, friends, that our work in the making of the whole man, intellectual, emotional, and volitional, comes in as a necessary corrective of the too narrow application of the scientific spirit in education.

The spirit of the times is with us. The old Elocution is dead. Some few of his nearer relatives bend sadly over the grave and supplicate for a resurrection, but it is in vain: the old liar has gone to his everlasting punishment. Oratory as a man-maker is now recognized and welcomed, and we sincerely trust that, standing for character development, for power to think, to feel, and to lead others into active co-operation with us in service of humanity, we may do something for the cause of education that shall not be without a blessing from the future.

We have an opening in college and university, but you must know that our place is as yet small, owing to the great amount of varied work done in a college course. In the institution where I am, public speaking is given a very high place. Three months' work is required of all students, and elective courses may be taken to an extent equal to that in any other department. In addition to putting the work on the same basis as other and older branches, the University of Chicago offers each year about three

thousand dollars in scholarships and prizes to those doing superior work in public speaking. The money is furnished by friends who believe in the value of the work.

With a firm footing in the higher institutions of learning, the time will shortly come when our work will be introduced into high schools and academies. There will come a change from the present long-circuit method,—in at the ear and eye and out at the pen-point,—and we shall have pupils expressing their thoughts and feelings by means of the voice. It is too late after they come to college. Eight or ten years of suppression and silence, of brain-packing without reaction, of swallowing without digesting, of continual receiving with no chance to give, have made bright boys and girls as helpless and unnatural as circumstances outside the school would permit. We must have oral expression of thinking, throughout the whole educational career of the student; then we may hope to have as a result something more than reservoirs of knowledge: we may hope for powerful and natural men and women.

At present, little work being done in expression in the secondary schools, all must be accomplished in the colleges. The great mass of students, desiring to specialize in some other department, will find it possible to take only the required course. So, my friends, you will be confronted with the task of making orators, out of high-school graduates, in sixty lessons. Let us see you do it! In a university the problem is somewhat more complicated than in a college, because of the many departments; but the students in the Graduate School, the Divinity School, and the Law School can be attended to if there are teachers enough. The great difficulty will be found in the undergraduate college classes.

What do we find there? Let us see. Many of you who have not had experi-

ence in teaching college classes will think that a Freshman class at Emerson College will serve as an example. You are quite wrong. Emerson students are usually possessed of special talent, many of them having been readers or teachers of much experience. This is sometimes a disadvantage; but however poor their previous training may have been, it has served to break the ice and bring them to the surface. Regular college men and women, however, have done little or nothing to give them freedom or confidence in the presence of an audience. Fear, self-consciousness, and indifference will all confront you in the first recitation, and will require your utmost endeavor or will remain with you to the end of the course.

Many plans have been tried in the attempt to solve the problem of college elocution. I will present the one in operation at present at this university. Our work lies with the masses rather than with special students. We train no wonders. If a great and shining light comes among us we are glad, but he needs little help, and so our labor is still with mediocrity. Students come to us in October and in January, in groups of two hundred each time. We form classes of about thirty each, and meet them twice a week for lessons of an hour in length. These classes run through twenty-four weeks. There are no upper classes present to lend enthusiasm and sympathy. The teacher has it all his own way, and it lies entirely with him what shall happen and what shall be the final result.

The teacher's success will come not alone from the abundance of things that he knoweth, but from his ability to adapt what he knows to his environment. He will need quick perception, sound judgment, ready wits, broad sympathy, unlimited tact, and power to manage with loose rein people not accustomed

to the freedom necessary for expression.

It will not be difficult to see that in the limited time at our disposal public speaking must be taught as a whole. We can take no special hours for physical culture, for voice, or responsive work; they must all go together. We call the pupil to the floor at the first meeting, and every time thereafter, and with voice and spur urge him to his utmost endeavor. All possible encouragement to make the body speak should be given at the very first. If pupils once get the notion that they can avoid the use of gesture they are very hard to move. Gesture is an absolute necessity—the only language that never deceives. It can be avoided only in death. If the student understands this at the first, if he sees that he can take his choice between a gesture that supports him and one that contradicts him, he will be very willing to let go his rock of supposed repose and go to work. A clear, ringing, and responsive voice can be developed through the adequate expression of good oratorical literature. But I need not remind Emersonians of these truths; an hour with Dr. Emerson and the Freshmen will tell you the whole story. My remarks are intended merely to suggest to inexperienced teachers that not everything done in four years at Emerson College can be accomplished elsewhere in forty-eight lessons. A fairly bright person who has mastered the Emerson work can adapt that work to the needs of any people; but a hair-splitting stickler for "just such a way" of doing things may easily fail in the best school on earth, and bring discredit upon the whole system which he *misrepresents*.

In a class of thirty one must work rapidly. The plan of class-work at Emerson College cannot be improved. The only suggestion I would make is that a "Demosthenes departure" be

made at each meeting. Students will work very hard when they come to believe in you. Criticism should be encouraging, but always true. Flattery or fabulous praise, while it may make one student happy, will breed distrust in the other twenty-nine and put a stone in the way of all progress. College students are very critical and very acute; one must be perfectly direct, earnest, and absolutely frank with them. Don't be afraid of letting a college student know just what you are working for. If you leave him in the dark he will stay there. He demands clearness. He is not afraid of his faults, but will strive to overcome them in your positive way when once he learns what you desire him to do.

In the regular college course there is no time to make readers, actors, or teachers; all of that work must be left to the school of oratory. College students should be trained in practical public speaking, through the study of oratorical masterpieces, and eventually through the presentation of their own thoughts on topics of the day. A combination of declamation and original work is probably better than the exclusive use of either. The program may be varied by an occasional lesson in extempore speaking or debating. Only a foundation can be laid in this required course. All perfective work must be left for the elective courses, or for general practice in debates and contests.

We have at Chicago a student and Faculty organization called The Oratorical Association. It has control of inter-collegiate debates, oratorical contests, home contests, and general practice classes. A great amount of good work is done without money and without price. Such an association could be organized in any college, and it would be found to be of great help to the general cause.

Finally, let me say that a great work

invites you. It is the only work in college that deals directly with the making of the man. Why, I have had students come to me who had mastered six or seven languages, but who could not speak their mother tongue intelligibly in the presence of an audience. Is that an educated man? I have had the most brilliant mathematicians enter my classes and be at first unable to present the simplest thoughts to their classmates. Is that the full result of college work? I say no! The student is not educated

until he can present what he knows; until he can stand on his feet in the presence of a public audience and share with them his thoughts, feelings, and purposes. The world needs not only men and women who know, but men and women who can feel and do. Come, O ye Emersonians, and fill the earth with such people. Places are hungry for you. You have only to make ready by a broad education as well as by special training, and your labor shall meet with reward.

University of Chicago, Nov. 20, 1899.

The Deserted Homestead.

R. L. DITHRIDGE.

AMONG the meadows green, upon yon sloping hill,
Stands the deserted homestead, empty now and still.

Within the garden and above the sunken door
Roses, grown wild and free, whisper of days of yore.

Across that threshold in the days long past
A young wife gladly stepped, nor one look backward cast.

Within those walls, worn now in age and grey,
She labored lovingly for many a day.

She watched her husband plough the broad rich land,

Or gather in the harvests—ever her willing hand
Outstretched in ministry to every need.
Together by the door they sowed the seed;

They trained the red June rose with tender care.
Sweet were the summer days and passing fair!
Young life was everywhere; the children played
About the gateway, and afar the white lambs strayed.

But all are gone now. Swift across the dusky hill
Twilight steps softly down! Yet listen!—still
I hear the echo of a childish laugh ring sweet,
A mother's cradle-song, and homeward hastening feet.

Oratory in Colleges.

FREDERIC A. METCALF.*

IN these days of progressiveness and of thoughtful application of scientific principles to methods of teaching, it is both interesting and profitable to consider the estimation in which educators hold the teaching of oratory in the schools and colleges of the land, and some of the means by which we, as the votaries of this great art, may attain success, and in the highest degree inspire our pupils toward

beautiful and effective expression. If in some measure, however slight, the writer shall be helpful to those already in the field, or to those about to enter upon the work of teaching, then will the mission of this paper be accomplished. The suggestions herein contained grow out of a somewhat extensive and varied experience of twelve years.

At the present time prominent edu-

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cators are investigating along this line more than ever before, and the result is that much interest in oratorical training in schools and colleges has been awakened. The demand for good teachers, well fitted for their profession, is wider each year, and chairs of oratory are being established in all the best educational institutions in the country.

To be sure, many educators are even yet prejudiced against "elocution," on the ground that it is mechanical and uneducational and has no place in the curriculum of progressive institutions. No doubt the old, fossilized, imitative, childish method formerly in vogue, and even now taught by many would-be teachers, is open to these and many other severe criticisms. No one is more willing to acknowledge this than the modern progressive teacher. It cannot be denied, however, that a system meeting the conditions of psychological and pedagogical law, and in accord with recent scientific research, must occupy a valuable place in the plan of any institution in which honest thinking, free expression, and the upbuilding of true character—the ends of all true education—are the ideals. If we can prove to educators that these are the things for which our teaching stands, no fear need be felt that the value of our work will be underestimated. When any study is shown to be the means of making nobler, purer, sweeter lives, when it is proved that it evolves that kind of personal power which makes for the highest success in life and the welfare of humanity, then no lack of interest will be evinced in its progress and development. Nothing short of this can assure permanent success.

The first thing to be done, especially in pioneer work, is to arouse a general interest in your department, not only among the students and Faculty of the institution, but also in the community at large; and of some of the means toward

this community interest let me here speak briefly.

First, study the conditions, ideals, and general characteristics of the people; observe their manners, peculiarities of dress, and the language they use; in short, learn by observation and conversation all you can of the standpoint from which they look upon life and its significance. Having done this,—not in a cold, critical way, do all you can, without losing your self-respect, or sacrificing any principles, to adapt yourself to your surroundings. Mix with the people in various conditions; study their needs, and honestly strive, so far as in you lies, to help each to higher ideals and a better life. Find all the common points of meeting possible, and deal with the differences as kindly and as honestly as you can. By this means you will call out toward yourself and your work sympathy, toleration, and a willingness to learn.

You will find it necessary, in the very beginning, to rise above all forms of small personal gossip and petty political and religious prejudices. Free yourself from these, and you will not be likely to feel their force directed toward you. Listen kindly, and try to see things as others do; then reason carefully, and act with frankness and honesty toward all. You will call out in others what you have within yourself.

Become acquainted with all the different people you can in the various clubs, societies, etc. In all matters of public interest, that is, of interest to the community at large, be generous in giving your services. Strive to interest the educators, professional men, and other persons in public service, in the value of your work, as through them you reach many others.

After a time, when you are fully prepared to do so, and there is a demand for it, give a recital, the highest grade you can present, such as the best minds

will heartily approve; and from time to time, not too frequently, continue to give them, always keeping to the highest standard. Do not attempt anything in which you do not feel perfectly sure of yourself, and in this way you will soon have a reputation for artistic work, which will be of great value to you as a means of enlisting confidence.

So much for the general interest of the community. Now let us turn to your college relations. In order that we may speak intelligently of this, we must understand at the outset the general conditions likely to be encountered in the institution. College courses usually include something like the following divisions:—

1. CLASS WORK.—The classes meet from one to five days per week, one period each day, and drill work is taken in physical culture, voice culture, and rendering. The periods are usually about forty-five minutes long.

2. PUBLIC SPEAKING.—This includes practice before the whole school in reciting declamations and original productions, and these exercises are usually held in the chapel or a large hall. Where I am now teaching we require each third-year student to appear twice in declamation during the year, and each fourth-year student to appear once in an original part. All this, including correction of papers, rehearsal for appearance, etc., is in charge of the Oratorical Department.

3. SOCIETY EXHIBITIONS.—In this institution each of the literary societies (four in number) gives an annual exhibition, consisting of literary, musical, and dramatic selections, and the preparation of all the literary and dramatic parts falls to the Oratorical Department.

4. CLASS DAY.—In all colleges the Senior class has a special program once a year, and you will be expected to assist in the preparation.

5. CONTESTS.—In many colleges there are oratorical and dramatic contests, in preparation for intercollegiate and interstate contests, for which the participants must be prepared.

6. SOCIETY WORK.—In addition to the above, it is expected that the teacher of oratory will frequently visit the literary societies, and by precept and example be as helpful as possible.

You will find varying types of students in college,—some bright, some dull; some interested, some indifferent; but nearly all earnest, intelligent, and with sterling worth. Perhaps at first many will be indifferent regarding your work; but as soon as they see some of its results, and begin to feel growth in the use of their own powers, they will become your friends and hearty supporters.

The great question for you as a teacher is how to meet the peculiar conditions of college life; and upon your personality and the method employed by you in so doing will depend, almost entirely, your success with the student body. The first personal requisite of the successful teacher is *nobility of purpose*. You must have an ideal, and a high one. Your thought must ever be directed toward the attainment of the best in yourself, and you must always look, not at what your pupil is, but at what he may become. A recognition of this by the pupils as a living truth embodied in your life will enlist for you the confidence and support of the student body. Be a living inspiration to your pupils toward the higher life.

Be steadfast and positive in the advancement of what you honestly believe to be right, never turning aside on account of adverse criticism or misunderstanding on the part of others. In your teaching, do not speculate, but present only that of which you are reasonably sure, and which you can prove. In regard to that which you think is right, but of

which you do not feel quite sure — let it go until it has become truth to you. Then teach it with all the certainty you can summon.

You must cultivate your intuitive insight into the conditions and needs of your pupils. Trust to your inner impulse, and learn to perceive it. This comes by practice, and by responding to what you *feel* in regard to the pupil, and in time will become your surest and safest guide. Do not stop to ask what any one else would do under the same circumstances. Trust *yourself*, and what has grown into you will come to the front and assist you. By this means you will become an independent power, and your own individuality, which is your divine birthright, will assert itself and create the means to accomplish the ends. Trust intuition first, and reason it out afterwards.

The teacher must be resourceful. Remember that temperament and capacities differ widely, and cultivate tact and adaptability. Do not lay your work out on a cast-iron, geometrical plan from which you cannot swerve, but observe closely the peculiarities and natural tendencies of your student, and adapt your method to them. A very small thing often reveals much, and you must "take advantage of every wind that blows," and reach your pupils by the shortest cut, — method or no method, — only being certain that you are awakening the mind of the student to the truth. The shortest road to the truth is the best.

In order that you may the more perfectly understand your students, you must cultivate an intense love for your work, so that your best self goes into each lesson. Also, probably the greatest influence you can exert over your pupil will grow out of your sympathetic interest in his highest advancement. If he feels this he will do his best to please you and to merit the estimate you have

placed upon his possibilities. Be magnanimous toward your class, collectively and individually. Allow all the freedom compatible with general good order and good taste. Encourage brief but free discussions on doubtful points, and if you make any mistakes, always acknowledge them. Lead your pupils to think for themselves, the only condition being that they shall be able logically to prove their assertions. Always be willing to give a good reason for what you do or say, and never try to compel any one to believe as you do. Allow them the privilege of differing from you, as you yourself claim the right to differ from them.

In drilling and teaching, allow perfect freedom in bodily expression. Encourage the student to do whatever seems necessary in order to give a clear idea of what he has in his mind; and with this as a basis, you can carefully guide him to better and more perfect expression. The pupil's individuality — not his eccentricities — must, at all hazards, be preserved.

Study most carefully the class of students you have, and take every possible opportunity to show the relation of your teaching to their special conditions and needs, and its practical value in their daily occupations, and in the life for which they are preparing.

Observe the other departments of the institution, that you may not become narrow and one-sided, and that you may properly relate your department to the whole of which it is a component part.

Remember that he is greatest who serves best. Service is the highest test of value. Does your work serve the welfare and highest possibilities of your pupils and of the institution? Is it of benefit to humanity at large? Are the minds and souls of those devoted to its practice unfolding to higher, nobler, truer expression? Character is the end of education, and if you have not developed this you have mistaken your call-

ing, and the trial is not worth the making. No matter what degree of technical skill your pupils may acquire, if you have failed, through your teaching, to produce a reflex on the mind and heart, to the end of better manhood and womanhood, your teaching has been a miserable failure. But if you can honestly answer "Yes" to these questions, then, in the name of truth and right, go on, and let nothing stop you, in the full assurance that the Divine Spirit is upholding you, and that your success and reward are certain.

Oratory is the most universally practised of all arts, from infancy to old age, in all walks and conditions of life. It is the greatest working-force in building the history of communities, states, and nations. The great issues which con-

front us to-day,—municipal, state, and national,—the vital scientific, philosophical, and, especially, religious and social questions now commanding public attention, demand men and women who can think, and who have not only the moral courage, but also the use of language in oral expression with which to tell the world the truth. Upon the teacher of oratory depends in great measure the destiny of the state and nation. Within his hand lies the means of unfolding the activities of mind, and developing the power of truthful and effective speech, so that those who come under such training may have full use of their God-given faculties in maintaining that freedom, independence, and progressiveness toward truth which should characterize the citizens of our noble land.

A. M. HARRIS.*

TO THOSE STUDENTS WHO INTEND TO TEACH ORATORY:—

You have often heard why the study of elocution has been in disfavor with educators in the past, and you have probably made up your minds, as I did, to alter that condition of affairs. You and I believe that the study of oratory as we present it means the quickening and unfolding of man's powers, physical, mental, and spiritual, and, as such, is a mighty educational force. One of the most prominent educators in the United States, a man whose name is familiar to you all, said to me while visiting here a year ago, "You have one of the most important chairs in the institution. Its importance is not generally recognized by the leading colleges and universities as yet, but will be inside of twenty years. We have been trying for four years to get the department on its feet in my university, but the students will not take it."

Here we have food for thought. The importance of oratory as a part of the

regular curriculum is not as yet generally recognized, and in one great university, where it was recognized, the course could not be made successful. Now, ask yourself this question, How many are there in the present Senior class whom President Emerson could unhesitatingly recommend for such an important place?

Many of you intend to teach. Where? What position are you fitting yourself to fill? Are you going to open a studio and give lessons in reading to any one who may apply, and who is probably taking the study simply for an accomplishment, and never intends to teach it as a profession? Such an ambition is certainly commendable, and you will do much good and be a blessing to the world.

But some of you are looking for a position in an academy or college, where you may exert a wider influence over many earnest young souls. I, for one, am anxious to have you take a position among the educators of our country by being able to get outside of your specialty and

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wield an influence on education in general.

In most of our larger colleges and universities the Faculty is graded. There are the professors, associate professors, assistant professors, instructors, tutors, and assistants. Now take the catalogue of any large institution and notice the rank of the teachers of elocution. You will find a few who are in the first grade; i. e., professors or associate professors. You will also find that those men possess at least a master's degree from some classical institution. But the great body of college and university teachers of oratory are ranked as instructors. Notice the professor of geology, "Charles Gordon Smith, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.;" the professor of English literature, "James Dean Robinson, A.M., Ph.D., Litt.D." That means that these men are specialists in those departments, but acquainted with the work and requirements of every other department, and the relation of their own to it. They have been studying for years. They did not begin their special work until they had the highest general education possible. That is the reason they are head professors while you and I are instructors. That is the reason they rule the university while you and I would have little to say.

I am deeply in earnest when I say that I want to see an Emerson graduate occupying the chair of oratory in one of our greatest universities, and ranking with the highest officers on the Faculty. To do this he must pay the price: he must be as broadly educated as his fellows. Then his department will be on an equal footing with the others.

Now I know that not all of you can make this preparation, but many of you can. Some of you already hold your bachelor's or master's degree; and with such an education in oratory and such an all-round personal culture as Emerson

College affords, you ought to obtain and fill a chair in a university. Do it.

I myself am on a leave of absence this year, and am studying for an A.B. degree, with an A.M. to follow. I must do it in order to be eligible to a head professorship should opportunity occur, and at any rate to be better able to hold my own with my companions on the Faculty.

Every one of you, whether or not you can obtain a classical education, can wonderfully broaden your literary vision by a thorough course of reading and study. Do not disappoint your teachers by graduating as a specialist in the interpretation of masterpieces of English composition, at the same time being very vaguely acquainted with the compositions themselves, to say nothing of the authors of them. Strive to measure up to the mark of the true specialist,—one who knows something about everything and everything about something. Relate your work to all departments of education—as, indeed, it naturally relates itself. You who are to stand in the educational world for the harmonious culture of the entire man, do not let slip your opportunity of coming in touch with one educator through inability to command his point of view.

A university professor of course has many calls which a teacher in an academy or smaller school escapes. By virtue of his title he is expected to be an expert in everything pertaining to his department. He must be able to give advice in the subject-matter of a debate or an oration. He must be able to do what the college expects of him as its representative before the people. He may be called upon to dedicate a new high-school building, deliver an anniversary oration, address the State Teachers' Association, or do any of those things usually expected of a college professor. For the honor of your Alma Mater, for the

sake of the cause of education, for the good you can do in the world, will not some of you determine to put yourselves in a position to carry Dr. Emerson's system of education into our most conservative centres of learning, and there win

for it the recognition that it is bound to command? Probably I can never reach very high rank myself, but some of you with a better start and greater natural ability surely can. Do it.

Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Io.

ELIZABETH L. RANDALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF EMERSON COLLEGE
MAGAZINE:

Dear Friend:—Your request for some thoughts pertaining to our work in colleges is at hand, and it gives me great pleasure both to send you bits of my experience along this line, and also to know that there is to be a number of our magazine devoted to this all-important subject, from which, I am sure, we shall all obtain many helpful suggestions.

With your permission, I shall address my thoughts more particularly to the undergraduates, or to those among them who expect sometime to become teachers of the Emerson Philosophy of Expression in some of our various institutions of learning. If any experiences of mine may serve to make the path easier for those who come after me, I shall feel that they have not been recorded in vain.

Being graduated from Emerson in '95, and having more enthusiasm than money, I was anxious to secure a position where I could work off some of the former, while gaining, at the same time, a goodly amount of the latter—and I would suggest to those who may some day find themselves in a similar place, do not wait too long for a position to your liking, for one in that portion of the country which you particularly favor, or for one offering a salary which seems a fair equivalent, at least, for the knowledge you possess, and the amount expended on your education. A teacher must have experience, first of all. It is the first thing considered in any agency, and the *practice* which you are able to

add to your theories is what will bring success in the end; so go to work, somewhere, anywhere. Take the first pupil who offers himself (I mean this in a purely business sense), the first position that opens, be it small or large, lucrative or simply a chance to show the world on how little you can subsist. From this small seed sown will come a bountiful harvest.

My first call was to Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Penn., where I was asked to go and build up the elocutionary department,—which at that time existed hardly more than in name,—create a desire for the work among the students, and show them how necessary it is to a well-rounded college course. I hesitated for a day, for it was not exactly what I had been dreaming of during my stay at Emerson, but I finally packed my trunk, bade a tearful family farewell, and started. I have never regretted it, and I have found so much need for our work in that portion of the country that I doubt if I shall ever find time to go anywhere else. I shall be more likely to call for helpers than to abandon the field, and I doubt not that this has been the experience of many of my classmates.

There can never be too many Emerson *graduates* abroad—I use the word “graduates” advisedly, for the country is full of those who are so anxious to *give* instruction that they have devoted very little time to *getting* it for themselves. Such people, and others whom you will find combining our system with two or three others, as if it were inad-

equate, do great harm. But let us hope that their insufficiency may be the means of turning many to the abundant source, the college proper.

The question is frequently asked, "What is to become of so many Emerson graduates? Is there room for them all?" Get out among men, see the great mass of people eager to learn, and you will find there can never be too many Emerson graduates as long as there remains a sickly person to be made strong, a despondent, self-centred person to be brightened and turned to the needy ones around him, or a brother struggling to give expression to the helpful thoughts within him.

Upon arriving at the scene of my work I found my task was to be by no means an easy one, but I took the first opportunity to give a brief talk in chapel upon the nature of our work, and also to read to the pupils. The first day I had one pupil; the second day, eleven; at the end of two weeks I had twenty-five. So the classes grew, slowly but steadily, and they have continued to do so, until at the present time we have a large and enthusiastic Department of Oratory, which is making itself felt in the college work. We have also organized classes in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Penn., whither many of our pupils go upon completing their Geneva course.

The Seminary work consists chiefly of "The Perfective Laws," which have proved themselves invaluable to these men preparing for the ministry.

I speak of the remarkable growth of our work in this particular school, not to proclaim any special enterprise of my own, but simply to illustrate the epidemic nature of Emerson enthusiasm; for no sooner does one person grasp the purpose of our work than he seems to transmute a portion of his enthusiasm to his neighbor, and so on indefinitely.

College students are particularly susceptible to this influence because of their general desire to make use of any study which will aid them in coming into closer touch with the people among whom they expect to live, and teach, and preach.

Every year is adding to the list of colleges which place oratory in their curriculum; but yet in a great many it is still an "extra," so called, and the size and importance of the department will depend entirely upon the instructor. I believe it rests with Emerson graduates alone as to whether or no, ten years from now, oratory will be considered a necessary part of a college course, and classed as such in the various catalogues.

A teacher finding herself in such a position as I have mentioned, where the work is outside the regular line, must make herself felt in the college community. Talk of your work, write it up for the college magazine, if there be one, give readings, interest yourself in the college societies, and help the students in the arrangement of their programs for the society meetings. Select pupils who seem to you to have special ability, and help them with selections. Advertise your physical culture by the way in which you carry yourself, and by the abounding good health and good nature which it has brought to you.

Until more time is devoted to our work in colleges a teacher will deal chiefly with our "Evolution of Expression;" but with this introduce scene work, simple farces, afternoons spent with some special author, and in every possible way keep the pupils busy in the work, and urge them to work for others.

Keep in advance of your pupils, and let them see that every endeavor is appreciated. Remember your own struggles in mounting the "steps" which now seem so simple to you, and the patience which was expended upon you.

Of course there will be drawbacks,

discouragements, cases for which you will find no recipes in your many note-books; but have patience, work on, and some day, from the least-expected quarter, will come results to more than pay for your labor. In the meantime, know your "Evolution," be a living example of your physical exercises, have a reason

for the faith that is in you, and some day, in answer to the alumni's call, "Come over and help us," you will go gladly forth, and carry to still greater heights the work which we have only begun.

*Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Penn.,
Sept. 1, 1899.*

A Fragment from Emerson.

CHARLES MALLOY.

"DAY by day, for her darlings, to her much she added more,
In her hundred-gated Thebes every chamber was a door,
A door to something grander, loftier walls, and vaster floor."

These beautiful lines we find in Emerson's poems, in that part of the book called the Appendix, and published after his death. There are many fragments, classified under the head of "The Poet," "Nature," and "Life," as if he might have intended to write poems with these names. Thoughts, rhymes, images, occurring from time to time for such poems, were thus held in reserve. "The Poet" was begun quite early in his life, but he never finished it. And yet these shining points are poems, upon the subjects, respectively, to which they belong. Emerson says, "I value in books only what is transcendental and extraordinary." And what do we value in a poem but the few stars, here and there, which we may collect and remember? We are glad to forget all the rest.

The lines we have selected are under the name of "Nature." The tradition that Thebes had a hundred gates, false or true, gives a fine symbol of nature, and of the mind of man, as well, which is another and a finer nature. Abundant analogies sustain the application when connected with either of these correlative conceptions. In the history of the intellect, every truth leads to another

truth; and in the unfolding and perfection of the character, each new virtue, each new increment of an old virtue, asks another, for an attendant or complement. Beauty demands the same. A fine dress requires, at last, a whole wardrobe, and a new house must have new furniture and decorations, if not an improvement in lawn and garden. We do not know where to stop. And yet, says Browning, in "Rabbi Ben Ezra:"—

"A spark disturbs our clod"—
"This rage is right"—

And Emerson, in "The Sphinx," says the same to—

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best."

and again:—

"To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive."

Truth, Good, and Beauty are infinite. It is our privilege and felicity that we shall never be satisfied. In heaven itself a "divine discontent" will be among its best gifts. The nearest answer to the cry of the soul for more and more and forevermore will be "new heavens."

Let us sing, then, these words, for the soul of man:—

"Day by day, for her darlings, to her much she added more,
In her hundred-gated Thebes every chamber was a door,
A door to something grander, loftier walls, and vaster floor."

College News.

Mrs. Southwick in Steinert Hall.

The greatest dramatic triumph of the recital season thus far—and I doubt if it will be equalled again before the season closes—was accomplished by Jessie Eldridge Southwick, in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, as the opening entertainment in her cycle of dramatic interpretations. The general subject was "The Drama and Human Life," and in an original talk, illustrated with masterpieces by the great writers, she marked out the progress of the drama from ancient Greece, and its relations to life. . . .

It would be impossible to give a just or comprehensive outline of the talk, it was so far-reaching in scope, the ideas so lofty, the thoughts so exquisite, the language in which they were clothed so beautiful. In the illustrations Mrs. Southwick's supreme elocutionary art shone forth at its best. And the polish, the intelligence, the noble finish, of them was not alone the result of her superior attainments as an elocutionist, but of close, intimate, sympathetic, scholarly relations with the authors. Her review of Shakespeare's plays and the excerpts from them were cameo-like masterpieces, combining the whole character of the elaborate plays in a few strongly defined leading lines. Her excerpts included Hamlet's famous soliloquy, the "Sweet Are the Secrets of Adversity" from "Much Ado," and Queen Catherine's plea in "Henry VIII." Every one of them was the work of one who knows her Shakespeare so thoroughly, and loves it so, that it has become a fixture in her mind and heart, and the lines are at her tongue's end without preparation and study. Mrs. Southwick also gave illustrative passages from the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, Shelley's "The Sky Lark" and "Ode to the West Wind;" "The Chambered Nautilus," by Holmes; excerpt from Whittier's "Snowbound," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and Browning's "Evelyn Hope." . . .

On Friday evening Mrs. Southwick gave the principal scenes of "The Merchant of Venice" with equal success. So finished and fine was her work that the scenes and various characters were indelibly pictured to the minds of her listeners with greater and better effect than the usual stage performance affords.—*Boston Times.*

We quote from but one of the many laudatory comments by the critics on Mrs. Southwick's marvellous achievement of the past month, her "Cycle of

Dramatic Interpretations." In this series of lecture-recitals Mrs. Southwick suggested the perfection of art, winning many new laurels for herself and her art, and bringing to her auditors a new conception of the scope and dignity of the drama. The versatility, the range of power that could suggest the ethereal delicacy and beauty of "Ophelia," the ardor of "Juliet," the dignity of "Queen Catherine," the grand malignity of "Shylock,"—one could not but marvel at it.

Mrs. Southwick touched perhaps her highest note in the third recital, "Macbeth," which called for the most sustained effort. The grandeur of Mrs. Southwick's conception of the theme and the characters, as revealed in her powerful interpretation of the play, seems to us entirely adequate,—not to be excelled.

The music, which beautifully and appropriately supplemented Mrs. Southwick's recitals, was supplied by the Boston Festival Orchestra, the Albion Male Quartet; Mr. L. B. Merrill, basso; Miss Glenn Priest, violinist; Mr. W. H. Kenney, baritone; Mr. Ernest Harrison, pianist; and Mr. Richard T. Percy, accompanist.

We give below a portion of the introduction to the first of the recitals, "The Drama and Human Life:"—

In the history of the world the drama and dramatic art have been most potent factors in the education of mankind. From the miracle-play to Richard Wagner's musical epics and Shakespeare's mirror of a thousand lives, and even to the modern drama, with all its powers and trivialities, the people's heart has throbbed responsive to the mimic tragedy and laughter, aye, and mystic symbolism, of the soul's transition through this world of cares and sorrows, joys and conquests, and defeats, and sometimes, too, of purest happiness and peace serene. Aye, through all its tawdry trappings, tinsel shows, and crude pretence, the power of thought and fancy glints, gleams, and sparkles, sometimes blazing forth in shining rev-



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

elations of life and destiny and human weal—and the resistless operation of the Law Divine.

Abstract philosophy is vague to many minds; preaching too often clashes with our self-esteem; the lessons of common experience are wrapped in mists of fearful doubt and clouds of pain and passion; but the contemplation of the woes of others, and the pictured joys we are not jealous of, awakens the vibrations of that chord of sympathy which makes the whole world kin,—the brotherhood of the common heart that beats as one beneath the ebb and flow of changing circumstance. Carried out of self, we achieve with the herd, die bravely with the martyr, are jubilant with the delight of pure innocence, and watch with breathless strain the issue of the conflict between light and darkness in the soul of man; and, stolen unawares from our petty selves and limited concerns, we become one with the life of all, and know through the imagination—that magic servant of the mind and will—the cause, the meaning, and the wherefore of pain and struggles, failure or success.

This is the ideal mission of dramatic art; and of its influence, one with its spirit and intent, are all the literature and art creations which figure forth the gamut of the human soul's experience. The interpreter—one who embodies in his living presence and action the light of meaning buried in the silent tomes of past soul-messages—is the high priest of life's mysteries; the revealer of mankind to man; the radiant witness of the reality of meaning which is locked within the inner chamber of the consciousness of all.

The drama is a mighty force. What is its cause, and what its message to the human race in every age? First of all, the drama of existence is the progressive revelation of soul nature and destiny. This record is preserved in the consciousness of great souls; and these, contemplating the surging life about them, know by the sure light of intuition the secret springs of action and the undercurrents of cause and influence which are hidden from common observation.

The genius of a Shakespeare, which correlates the varied powers of all dramatic writers, reflects the real life of every age and class he contemplates. Had he a *motive* in writing any play? If not, the motive *had him*. And every great work of art is the expression of a necessity moving from within. I wish to emphasize the belief that nothing truly great and lasting is constructed by the intellectual faculties alone. A power lies behind,—understood or not by the individual through whom it works,—and this power is universal. The character and purity of the creation given to the world depends upon how much of the univer-

sal the individual can express, and the grade, or spiritual plane, of the current to which he surrenders his faculties.

The things that live are those which are elementally true—not according to the conventionality of any class or time, but by the indications of nature's ways. The ascending spiral of man's development toward divinity has a sure compass in the heart of every being: that secret aspiration, of which the guardian is conscience.

The right intent will remedy the worst mistakes, and win forgiveness of God and all His children. The spectator, sitting at a play, will often understand what all his experience cannot teach him, and uses a charity of which he seems incapable in common life.

The great drama pictures the operations of the law and the causes and motives at work in life, so that we perceive moral values more clearly than we are able to in the midst of the struggles and emotions of our personal experience. In the drama is seen the proportion of cause and effect, which is not so obvious to the casual observer in the lives of the individuals with whom he is acquainted.

Upon the stage we see epitomized results of causes. These results, by a careful study of life's tendencies, are seen to be inevitable; and we are led to perceive that the occurrences of life are not brought about by fortuitous chance, but are the effects of causes implanted deep within ourselves.

The great drama reveals all this; why are these things so little impressive in our common play-houses? First of all, because the works of real genius are too often passed by for the sensational excitements of meretricious trumpery,—the drama of a day, written for money merely, or for superficial popularity. The crowd are easily diverted by that which is of small significance and great sensation. But they know, notwithstanding, that there is a deeper note.

Another reason for the limited realization of the divine in art is that too many of those who claim the attention of the public cater but to vanity, and are not possessed by consecration to ideals. It is not the purpose of this treatise to condemn, however. 'T is hard to stem the tide of worldly frivolity and selfishness, but we need *faith* to believe that "what is true of us in our private hearts is true of all;" that far beneath the seeming is the real; that, after all, the world is made of souls; and, howsoever bewildered by the shows of things, the soul arises greatly in response to the soul call of heroism, of real, unselfish service, and the magic touch of God-inspired genius.

Is it not true that the real power of art, at last, is in its authoritative vindication of ideals? "Peo-

ple do not want to hear good music," says one. Would Beethoven or Mozart beg for audiences? True, the taste of the people wants cultivation. It is not the *performance* of the messages of masters that the people want, however, but the awakening to life of the original meaning buried there. "We cannot all be Wagners or Shakespeares," you will say. True, but let the interpreter be silent until the same necessity compels him, too, to lift his voice and the same message cries within to be let forth! The interpreter is he who relates the soul of the listener to the soul of the master sleeping within the framework of his phrase.

That which is true of the drama is true of poesy as well: the soul of the prophet lies waiting to be voiced, and tells its message only through that one who is responsive to its secret meaning and who cares more to speak his message than to win applause.

The Freshmen at Robinwood.

On Tuesday evening, December 12, Dr. and Mrs. Emerson received the Freshman class at Robinwood, their beautiful home in Jamaica Plain. Members of former classes know from experience what the evening meant to each one privileged to feel the close personal touch of those who are our friends in the highest sense, and to breathe the atmosphere of the ideal home. The memory of that evening will long linger with each one.

All who remember happy days spent at Elmcroft, in Millis, will be glad to see the little views of various rooms at Robinwood which we bring you this month.

The Chorus.

The College Chorus has been reorganized under the leadership of Mr. Strong, a musician of marked ability and wide experience. Facility in sight-reading, familiarity with good music, and inspiration for all through harmony are the ends sought. All drill is given with direct reference to the exercises of the Emerson System of Voice Culture. The co-operation of all students is solicited. Let each one feel that his voice is needed to complete the harmony.

Miss Dyer.

Of the friends who have visited us during these opening weeks, not the least in our memory is Miss Ellen Dyer, of Philadelphia, well known among scholars as a leader in metaphysical thought and research. Miss Dyer was, years ago, a classmate of Dr. Emerson at the Boston University School of Oratory. We thank her for her inspiring words; we thank her that she brought to us anew the gospel of Love, which alone shall glorify the routine of daily life.

Emerson Debating Society.

It is with pleasure that we note the great enthusiasm and excellent work being done this year by the debating society.

The debate of special interest the past month was on the question, "Resolved, that Hamlet was sane." The usual time limit was doubled and able arguments were presented on both sides, the decision being awarded in favor of the affirmative. At this meeting there were over one hundred present, while the attendance has averaged about ninety. Members of all the classes are interested, and much benefit is being derived from the work. The literary and musical program is a feature of each meeting, and receives much well-deserved commendation.

A. E. C.

Dr. Gordon.

Among our distinguished visitors of this month was the Rev. Dr. Gordon, pastor of the Old South Church. He was so enthusiastically received by the students that he was immediately at home as he talked with us on the most interesting of subjects, — oratory.

When one has gained command of his powers of expression by using them in influencing others toward better living he may claim the name of orator; and we all know Dr. Gordon's right to



GLIMPSES OF ROBINWOOD.

this name. Recognizing this to be the only way by which we may reach the goal of oratory, it is a help and an inspiration to listen to the words of one who has traversed the way before us.

We hope the doctor may become a more frequent visitor at the College.

C. C. A.

Mother Goose Carnival.

On the evenings of November 14 and 15 a number of our students figured prominently in a very successful Mother Goose Carnival given in Lorimer Hall.

The carnival was held in connection with a fair in aid of the "Willard Y," a most commendable "settlement" in Boston under the auspices of the Massachusetts Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Henry A. Kidder, '98, had charge of the carnival, and to her wisdom and ability its success is due.

Miss Grace A. Holmes, '00, and Mr. Bert Foland, '01, were several times called to repeat their duet, "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" "Mistress Mary,"—Miss Margaret Randal, '98,—and her "little maids,"—the Misses Isabelle A. Brooks, '99, Claire M. de Lano, '98, Miriam Hewes, Francis E. Salmson, Jessie Noyes, '01, and May E. Vosberg, '01,—were obliged, by persistent encores, to perform their graceful and beautiful part repeatedly.

W. J. H. S.

The Southwick Literary.

The first meeting of the Southwick Literary Society was held Thursday afternoon, November 16.

With Prof. C. W. Kidder presiding, the following officers were elected: president, Miss Tinker; vice-president, Miss Henderson, '01; secretary, Mr. Skinner, '02; treasurer, Miss Center, '00.

The afternoon's entertainment consisted of an illustrated lecture by Mr. W. Hinton White, a well-known Emersonian, who so delights the audiences

he finds in Berkeley Hall that he is called back each year. This time, by the power of vivid narrative and beautiful scenery on canvas, he carried his appreciative listeners in imagination to the "Islands of the South Sea." Such trips are both instructive and entertaining, and we shall gladly take one every year that we are so fortunate as to have Mr. White for guide.

C. A.

Booker T. Washington.

We hope in our next issue to present portions of that most eloquent address delivered before the College a few days since by Booker T. Washington, the great colored orator of the South. Mr. Washington learned from his reception at Emerson that we are one with him in purpose,—the service of humanity.

Personals.

Professor Kidder is continuing his Wednesday evening work at the Y. M. C. A. this year, where he has a class of thirty-five young men, and is exerting a powerful influence for good.

We are pleased to chronicle another June wedding. Miss Helen King, who was two years with the class of '99, and who spent last year in Vassar, is now Mrs. Wilbur Lynch, and is at home in Chatham, N. Y.

Mrs. Alice Emerson, '97, is with us this year, her gracious, placid nature bringing cheer and strength to all who are associated with her,—whether in the class-room, where she has charge of classes in the Department of Oratory, or in the office, where she assists Dr. Jameson in his varied duties.

We miss Mr. Sherman's genial presence in the college office this year, and we regret to announce that the state of his health makes a rest from the routine of office work imperative. Mr. Sherman

will spend the season on a farm in Maine. Meanwhile, Miss Barrett, as the presiding genius of the office, supplies the wants of every one with characteristic grace and tact.

A very successful operetta, "The Brownies in Fairyland," in which two hundred tiny tots took part, was recently given at Music Hall for the benefit of the Morgan Chapel Day Nursery. Miss Edith Pecker, of the Senior class, as

queen of the fairies, charmed all by the delightful ease and grace with which she took her part, and by the sunny atmosphere which she created. We have wondered at the marvellous ability which Miss Pecker—only a child in years—has shown in her interpretation of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and her work as "Queen Flora" has proved that she can adapt herself as well to a lighter rôle.

B.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Lillias Lougheed, '98, is teaching in Whitworth College, Brookhaven, Miss.

Miss Junia Foster, '98, is a student in the University of Wisconsin, at Madison.

Mr. K. B. Emerson, '98, is at Harvard, where he will make a specialty of mathematics.

Miss Mae E. Stephens, '95, has charge of large classes in Shakespeare, in Seattle, Wash.

Miss Bertha Stevenson, '99, is in Cambridge this year—studying English at Radcliffe.

Miss Mabel Henderson, '97, occasionally visits her Alma Mater, from her home in Cambridge.

Miss Olive May Palmer, '97, is in New York serving as circulation manager of *Public Improvements*.

Miss Whitehead, '94, remains another year in Stoughton Academy. She is an occasional visitor at the College.

Miss Emily Cornish, '98, is teaching in Lewiston, Me., and giving lectures and recitals throughout the State.

Miss Alice M. Gore, '99, who is teaching private classes at her home in South Boston, is an occasional visitor at the College.

Mrs. Belle McDiarmid Ritchie reports a busy season at her home in Cincinnati, where she conducts classes and gives readings.

Mrs. Mary Sherman, '93, continues her association with the Cantabrigia Club of Cambridge, where she has large and enthusiastic classes.

Miss Louise Downer, '98, is teaching in Miss Kimball's School for Girls, in Worcester, having left Franklin, where she was connected with Dean Academy.

Mr. Harry Ross, '97, continues his work in English and oratory in Worcester Academy. Mr. Ross has achieved marked success in his department. His friends at E. C. O. were glad to see him Thanksgiving week.

Miss Eleanor Sullivan, '94, has reading classes in the Washington Allston School of this city, and is very happy in this opportunity to introduce Dr. Emerson's Philosophy of Expression into the public schools of Boston.

"Miss Grace Maud Bronson, a versatile elocutionist and actress of Bridgeport, is not only well known in her home city, but in all the larger cities throughout the State, where she has frequently been heard in readings and recitals. She is

a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston. In addition to her professional readings, which take her over the greater part of Connecticut, Miss Bronson is the director of physical culture in the public schools of South Norwalk, and also in Skelton." — *Bridgeport (Conn.) World*.

Miss May Edwards, '99, is taking a course in the Boston Normal School of Domestic Science. She is supplementing this course with chemistry and bacteriology at the Institute of Technology.

Mr. F. M. Blanchard, '96, is the joint author with Prof. S. H. Clark, both of the University of Chicago, of a unique textbook for colleges and secondary schools, entitled "Practical Public Speaking." The book, which is published by *Scribner's*, and which has met with remarkable success, having been adopted as a text-book by several of the larger universities and many secondary schools, is before us, through the kindness of one of the authors. It contains a varied compilation of masterpieces of oratory, and seems adapted to practical use in the hands of an efficient teacher.

A WORD FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

We take the liberty of quoting from a personal letter by Mr. Geo. M. McKie ('98), of the University of North Carolina, formerly business manager of the magazine: —

The current number is beautiful. . . . Every word in it seems a touch of the helpful hands at Emerson, which I think each of us needs at times "lest we forget" that behind us stands the noble founder of our great system. I have not words to tell what is in my heart concerning him, — and I have no need, because you know him, — but this I will say: make the most of your nearness to him, for there is no other like him. . .

Perhaps you will be interested to know that Miss Caroline Conklin, '97, read here last Saturday evening, and we held an Emerson reunion. To be sure, there were but two of us, but we were not the less enthusiastic in "talking over" our Alma Mater.

Miss Mabel H. Vaughn, '98, teaches classes in oratory and physical culture in Providence, R. I.

The following names were omitted from last month's list of members of the Postgraduate class: Miss Ida M. Page, '96, Miss Harriet Fuller, '98, Miss Mary F. Tice, '98.

Miss Florence Overton, '98, is teaching in the Southwest Virginia Institute, Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia. The *Bristol Tribune* speaks as follows of her first appearance before a Bristol audience: —

"Miss Overton won at once an assured place in the high regard of her audience. Hers is culture of person, voice, and heart. . . . There was the most delicate art, the finest feeling, and eminent grace in all that she did."

The following lines came to Dr. Jameson recently from a member of the class of '99, in response to inquiries concerning her work in a large university for colored people in the South: —

Why do you ask me? Can't you hear,
From my workshop far away,
The cheerful "tink, tink, tink, tink"
Of my black locksmiths gay?

Pray, can't you hear our kettle hum
In the vigor of its race?
Or see across my schoolroom floor
The bold knights ride apace?

Three hundred brooklets chatter on,
Three hundred oceans roll,
Three hundred Spartacuses here
Incite the timid soul.

And from our own experience
Above the world's harsh noise
We speak, with no uncertain sound,
The truth, "Most men want poise!"

Oh, can't you see them lifted high,
A hundred brave black hands,
As if each meant to touch the sky
While still calm-poised she stands?

And though the chest may waver yet,
The gesture still be rude,
The future of a burdened race
Is in that attitude!

The Misses May and Nellie Meyers, '97, are teaching oratory and physical culture in the Young Ladies' Academy, Hartford, and in the Young Ladies' Seminary, Winsted, Conn. In addition to this work they have private classes in both cities and teach in the graded schools of Hartford. They have been very successful in public recitals. It was a pleasure to see the Misses Meyers as visitors at the College not long since.

The meetings of the Emerson Alumni Association for the college year of 1899-1900 will be as follows:—

Thursday evening, Dec. 14, '99, at 7.30, in the college office and library.

Topic for discussion: "How May the Emerson College Work Be Extended Among Public and Private Schools?"

Monday evening, February 19, at 7.30, in the college office and library. Topic for discussion: "What the Public Wants from the Readers." Under this topic is desired a discussion of interpretative readings; illustrated recitals; lecture-recitals; miscellaneous programs, including suggestions as to how to arrange a program. The annual meeting and election of officers will be held Commencement Week, as will also the annual reunion and banquet.

The Optimist.

GEORGE REGINALD LOURDE, '02.

Of him who thinks this old world right,
Who robes life in Hope's raiment bright,
And crowns death with Faith's holy light,
Sing, Muse, of him!

The optimist stands in the van
Of progress. Swift he hurls the ban
Of Truth on that sad ruffian,
The pessimist.

The past, with all its weird array
Of ruins, terrors, fiery fray,
Does not deceive, does not dismay,
The optimist.

For him the Present has no gloom,
The Future points not to a tomb,
He plainly sees the coming doom
Of tyranny.

He clearly hears that hopeful song,
The solemn dirge of dying wrong;
The Truth's tempestuous triumphs throng
Through history.

Fearless of fate, he stands before
Vast problems. With red gore or lore

He solves them, and unlocks the door
Of destiny.

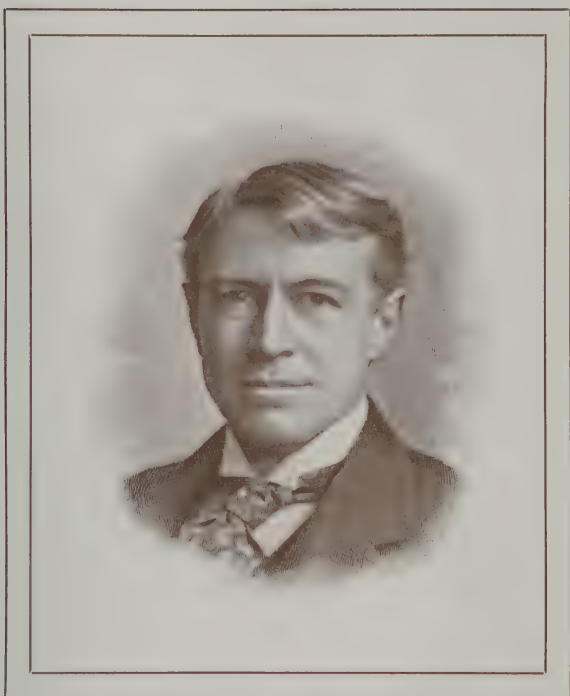
Thus Dewey fights, while wrong is rent,
And Freedom's righteous flag is sent
From Occident to Orient
Invincibly.

Thus Kipling writes, with flaming pen
Consumes the sophistries of men
And kindles fires of truth again
In literature.

Thus Edison makes old laws wane,
Subordinates brute force to brain,
Inaugurates electric reign
Of industry.

And thus all fearless, modern minds,
With that brave truth which Science finds,
Now shatter Superstition's blinds
Of bigotry.

Arise! Advance! ye servile soul!
No longer act a coward's role!
Forever onward toward the goal
Millennial!



Lectures
and
Shaksperian Recitals



Henry Lawrence Southwick
1900

List of Subjects.

Lectures.

- I. A SPLENDID REBEL; OR, LIFE AND TIMES OF PATRICK HENRY.
- II. HAMLET, THE MAN OF WILL.
- III. THE ORATORS AND ORATORY OF SHAKSPERE.
- IV. A LITERARY METEOR; OR, THE LIFE-STORY OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Interpretative Recitals.

- I. THE CARDINAL-KING.
An Interpretation of Bulwer-Lytton's Romantic Drama, "Richelieu."
- II. RICHARD III., A TRAGEDY OF AMBITION.
- III. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
- IV. AS YOU LIKE IT.
- V. TWELFTH NIGHT.
- VI. THE RIVALS—SHERIDAN.
- VII. A YANKEE STORY-TELLER.
Selections from the most popular of the "Fireside Stories" of Harriet Beecher Stowe.
- VIII. AN EVENING OF MISCELLANEOUS READINGS.
Recitals from Sheridan, Murray, Shelley, Lanier, Edwards, and Dickens.

In addition to these lectures and recitals, courses and lectures upon Oratory, the True and the False, Methods of Teaching Reading in the Public Schools, and addresses upon other educational subjects are prepared for teachers' institutes and school organizations.

"His Alma Mater is exceedingly proud of him. His work is literary, artistic, philosophic, profound."

C. W. EMERSON.

"Mr. Southwick held me spellbound."

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

"The 'Richelieu' might have been better done, but I cannot conceive it. It stirred and moved me more than I know how to express. I came away as from a most impressive religious service where you had been the eloquent preacher."

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

"It is unusual to find so much historical ability united with such pronounced oratorical powers as Mr. Southwick possesses."

WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
U. S. Commissioner of Education.

"Mr. Southwick gave a good impression."—*London (England) Echo*.

"Mr. Southwick had the needed note of sympathy."—*Glasgow (Scotland) Citizen*.

"A literary treat."—*Brooklyn (N.Y.) Times*.

"A beautiful piece of character work."—*Toledo (O.) News*.

"Mr. Southwick is a thorough Shaksperian scholar and a superb elocutionist. . . . Lights and shades always harmonize. He has no tricks of delivery, and reads his lines with such delicacy of finish, such

suggestiveness and acute sympathy, that even to those who know their Shakspeare well his interpretations come with a forceful, light-giving power."—*Boston (Mass.) Times*.

"A program second to none of the kind ever given in the city."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*.

"Professor Southwick is a man of delicate, true, and sure intellectual perception, a scholar as well as a student, a judicious expositor, a sound reasoner, and an inspiring teacher. . . . He has a convincing earnestness, a telling directness, and a kindly humanity."—*Boston (Mass.) Courier*.

"A fine voice."—*Madison (Wis.) Democrat*.

"One of the best lectures that have been heard in the city."—*Manchester (N. H.) Mirror*.

"A decided success."—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*.

"Heartily encored."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal*.

"The lecture on 'The Oratory of Shakspeare' was a gem of eloquence, and added new laurels to the brilliancy of Professor Southwick as one of the most powerful orators on the American platform. He held his audience spellbound."—*Salem (Mass.) News*.

"Nature has done much in moulding form, face, and figure, but has been supplemented by high intelligence, close study, and unwearied practice."—*Woman's Journal*.

For large circular and full information address,

Henry Lawrence Southwick,

William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Pa.



"EMERSON'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER."

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Contents.

Editorials	57
President Emerson's Lecture, "How To Read the Bible"	59
Lecture by Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick, "Hamlet the Man of Will"	64
Psycho-Physical Culture Is Based on Universal Laws. <i>Lena D. Harris</i>	76
Why I Believe in the Emerson System of Education. <i>Luverne Elizabeth Hall</i>	78
Address by Booker T. Washington	80
Studies of the Poets: Rossetti's "House of Life," <i>William G. Ward</i> ; "The Blessed Damsel": an Impression, <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	88, 89
The Twilight Hour (poem). <i>H. M. Collins</i>	91
Oratory in the College. <i>Margaret Randall</i>	91
College News: the Southwick Literary, Mr. Archibald, Professor Mowry; Emerson College Calendar; '96 Mourns; Personal	93
Alumni Notes: A Word from the South; Meeting of the Alumni; Emerson College Alumni List	99

"Consider it

(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it like wind,
And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet
Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost:
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up, that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar."

"It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

A Word for the New Year.

A HAPPY New Year to one and all! May the New Year bring to you wealth beyond all that you have known or dreamed of before,—wealth of thought, wealth of love, wealth of being.

There is a form of poverty which hampers and limits us in our usefulness day by day,—poverty in the command of English. We are so poor in words! And, a far sadder fact, we are content in our poverty. The evil of poverty lies not in the poverty itself, but in the being content to be poor. We must have that divine discontent which is better termed aspiration; else we stagnate in our poverty.

We are poor in words, and we do not know our poverty. We are content to draw from our little storehouse of words to-day, in discussing the latest novel, the same terms that yesterday served us in characterizing the "Paradise Lost;" and we are not conscious of any inadequacy in our phrases. If we be of the class to whom the shortcomings of life are the most obvious, we run the gamut of glittering generalities from "shocking!" to "wretched!" If we be kindly disposed to our kind and the world at large, the various gradations between "nice" and "beautiful" fully express the degree of our satisfaction. There are people of average intelligence who hardly add one word a year to their vocabulary, except as one may be fairly thrust upon them to name a new invention for which they have use.

Now, let us be frank with ourselves. If we are not discriminating in our choice of words it is because we are

not discriminating in thought. Are you unable to formulate that thought in clear and forcible expression? Then the thought is not clearly defined in your mind. Would you command a vigorous style in composition? Let your thought be vigorous. Do you covet purity of style? Court clarity of thought.

On the other hand, each time you add a new word to your vocabulary you are richer by a new thought. Does the new word express a subtle shade of meaning that you were not able to define before? Then you are richer by one more subtle discrimination in thought; for you do not command a thought until you can bound it in some definite form of expression.

We believe that one could not find discipline in the use of English more complete than is our training in thought and expression in Emerson College, though not all who run read the lesson. We study only the best models of style; the degree of excellence that we attain in our art is in proportion to the discrimination and vigor of our thought; and a mastery of the Perfective Laws of Art involves a practical knowledge of the criteria of the literary art. Let us seek to relate the universal principles of our art, more intelligently than we have yet done, to our common needs.

In conclusion, may we submit to your consideration a few resolutions for the New Year:—

Resolved, that from this time forth we will seek to employ the right word, the fitting word; and that, lacking this, we will keep silent until we have found it.

Resolved, that we will add to our wealth of thought each day by the acquisition of at least one new word.

Resolved, that we will seek a closer acquaintance with the masters in literature, claiming for ourselves a goodly portion of the wealth which they so lavishly offer.

Frontispiece.

Few students who have been in the College during the past decade have not loving memories associated with the face and presence of Dr. Annie Winslow Kidder, or "Mother Kidder," as the students love to call her. Dr. Kidder, who is the mother of our own Professor Kidder, was graduated with the class of '94. She is now, at the age of eighty, robust and vigorous, and she spends many days in the College, whenever she is in the city. On these occasions she is always glad to take an active part in the class work, and her message never fails to bring cheer and inspiration to our hearts. Her youthful spirit and abounding vitality have been coveted by many who have not attained a third of her years; and Dr. Emerson is wont to introduce her to each entering class as "the youngest child of the College."

Dr. Kidder's wealth of personality is the fruit of a long life of unselfish devotion to the welfare of others. May she long continue to come to us, an object-lesson of the invigorating power of benevolence.



To Our Readers.

We would call particular attention to the announcements in the advertising pages of this issue of *our* magazine. The management dislikes to be obliged to send bills, and hopes that all will promptly respond without such a reminder. We still continue to offer club rates, and we urge that all old students endeavor to introduce the magazine into the communities where their work lies. Educators cannot fail to recognize its value, when it is brought to their notice.

Our subscription list is steadily increasing, but we still want new subscribers. Have *you* done your share to this end? Sincerely,

ARTHUR E. CARPENTER,
Business Manager.

How To Read the Bible.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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OF all the themes which I discuss before you, there is no other that I approach with such hesitancy as my theme of to-day: "How To Read the Bible." There is so much more in the subject than I can think, and so much more that I think than I can say, that I can hope merely to suggest something of the wealth of thought embodied in the theme. We shall have to begin, perhaps, at a somewhat materialistic point in the discussion of this subject, because the mind in considering it thinks of the materialistic side first; otherwise I would not mention that side at all.

How, then, are we to read the Bible? I have gained an idea of what people think on this subject from the questions they ask me. They ask me in what kind of voice the Bible should be read—whether it should be read in a pure tone, an orotund, or an orotund aspirate; and they ask me in regard to gestures—whether it is proper to make gestures in reading the Bible, and with what part of the person one ought to gesture. These questions lead me to think that people, generally, are looking at the matter of Bible-reading from the materialistic point of view rather than from the spiritual side. So I will begin by answering some of these questions.

"Should one make gestures in reading the Bible?" "Should one read the Bible in a different tone, or should he read it as he reads other books?" I will endeavor to answer the last question first; so far as expression of thought, so far as fundamental principle, is concerned,—No. A person in

reading any book should express the thoughts and the feelings that are awakened in his mind while reading that book; but in reading any book other than the Bible the same thoughts and the same feelings will not come to him, therefore he will not read it in the same way. Again, in reading any book the speaker will instinctively show a certain attitude toward the book. He will not do this for form's sake. He will instinctively treat the Bible differently from other books because he believes that it contains the law and the testimony; that it contains authority in the conduct of life; that it contains the confirmation of his theories; that this is the ultimate appeal.

You will notice how a lawyer handles a law-book when he brings it into court. He brings it in as though he were bringing in a treasure of great value. He opens it before the court and before the jury as though he were opening something which contained that from which there is no appeal. If I should ask him why he handles the law-book so reverently he would say he was not conscious of doing so. He was not taught to do so in the law school. I have been through the law school, and I never heard a professor say, "Gentlemen, when you are to plead a case and have a law-book to refer to as the final testimony in settling points of law, you are to bring the law-book very reverently before the court, and lay it down solemnly, and open the pages as if you were opening the book of doom." Why, then, do the lawyers do it? Because

they instinctively feel that they have here an absolute criterion. There is no other time when a lawyer looks so well poised and so well centred as when he is opening that book out of which he is going to read the law. He may handle the testimony with some levity, but not the law-book. After he has read from it you see him laying the book down as reverently on the table before the jury as though he were setting before them a cup of holy water. But this is not part of his theory. It is purely unconscious on his part. If the lawyer is a pettifogger he will not thus read the law-book. Why? Because it is not authority to him. His argument is not in "Thus sayeth the law." The old successful lawyer is not a man of levity. The laws are real things to him; they are eternal principles.

Let us contrast the way in which that lawyer treats his law-book with the way I have seen some ministers treat the Bible. I have seen a young man in the pulpit—and it has not always been a young man—toss the Bible about, pound it with his hand for emphasis, and shake it around as if it were a dice-box. Why does he do it? You might answer, "He has not been taught any better." He does not need to be taught. The old lawyer was not taught. It was instinctive with him. So, gentlemen, I do not say that you are to treat the Bible differently from other books as you open it for devotional exercises. What I say is that you will do this instinctively if you realize what the Book contains. To you and to others it is the book of life. That letter which Theodore Parker wrote to a young lecturer is worth reading and studying. In it he says, "Quote from the Bible always when you can, partly because it has such apt words, and partly because it is the people's book; and for those two reasons it will be more effective." Few

people feel reverence for the Bible. They have a kind of fearful awe concerning it, but this is not reverence. He only reverences it who sees it as the book of life. What do I mean by the book of life? I mean the book of human life, the book that touches the conduct of life; I mean the book that teaches man his relation to man and to his own soul, and the relation of that soul to the Author of his being. These are the principles that make it the book of life.

"Shall I make gestures when I read this Book?" My dear sir, a gesture is a sacred thing. You don't possess the power of "making" gestures. No human being possesses that power any more than he possesses the power of making a coin that shall pass as legal tender. I might take some metal, as brass, and make out of it a coin that would look very much like a piece of gold that came from the United States mint, authorized by the government of the United States; and if I should pass that, even though only for a loaf of bread, I should be arrested by this government and put into prison, and forevermore branded as a counterfeiter. Why have I not a right to make a coin? Because that power belongs to the government of the United States, and no individual may claim such power unless he be delegated by the highest authority in the nation. Now when a man *makes* a gesture he is a counterfeiter. He has no right to pass his gestures off on others, even though he call himself an elocutionist; no right to stand before an audience and say, "This is the gesture that belongs to that sentiment, and this is the gesture that belongs to the other sentiment,—behold!" Sir, you profane the temple of the Holy Ghost; your body is that temple, and you have profaned it—you have violated the law of the constitution of your being. You

have no right — no right has been delegated to you — to *make* a gesture.

Where then, you ask, is the right? In the spirit, and in the spirit alone. In all true gestures the spirit dictates to the muscles, impelling them to action, which is independent of your judgment. We must have a radical overturning of the teaching of gesture in this country. It is the sacred office of the spirit within to command the form, and the man himself is not to know what gestures are made when he makes them. He may see others make them, but he is not to see the gestures he makes himself. If you know what gesture you are making, it is not a gesture but a counterfeit. That will answer your question whether or not gestures are to be made when we read the Bible. If there is anything in the spirit of the Bible which, when read rightly, and dwelt rightly upon, has induced a gesture, God alone is responsible for that gesture, and therefore it is right.

But here I will say what I said regarding the handling of the Book: instinctively one does not make many gestures while reading the Scriptures. Why? Because he should not? No. There is no "should" about it. He does not do it. The spirit within him does not do it. Why? Because the nature of the truth here revealed is such as will not induce gesture. It is the universal spirit, — what Ralph Waldo Emerson calls the "Over-soul" speaking through the individual soul, — the universal truth touching the individual heart and thrilling that until it seeks relief through the reflex action of the muscles in definite external forms. Gesture includes not merely movements of the hand and arm, but attitudes of the body as well, which are more subtle and effective than movements of the hand and arm. The expression in the eye is the most subtle form of

gesture. The soul seems to climb high at times and look out of the windows, and the more deeply it is inspired the more persistently it looks out of the windows; not in a curious way, not in a glaring way, but in a beaming way. The spirit is soft, the spirit is true, the spirit is tender, and these expressions beam from the eye of that soul who is inspired with the truths in this Word. When thus inspired the eye seems to say, "I do not ask anything. I am satisfied. I am drinking the water of life, which I have in Scripture measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." When a man thus filled reads the Bible his hearers realize the significance of sitting and catching the drops from the altar of God. When a man says, "Here is a fact, — take it," you don't take it. You are as big as the man that flings the fact, and you resist it and maintain your own individuality. You cannot help it. But when the spirit rises and speaks in its sweet and universal language, it is then that you receive the truth.

"Should I read the Scripture in a certain tone of voice?" I wonder how it was with Peter in the Day of Pentecost. Peter, did you study the orotund voice before you spoke to the people? O inspired apostle, — one of the twelve, — called to put your hand upon the lever of this earth and turn it upside down, as was prophesied of you, did you study to find out in what kind of voice you should preach? "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." "But remember, O disciples, before you go to preach this word that is to draw the line of destiny for future history, remember to practise faithfully the orotund voice!" Before starting upon this mission the disciples were bap-

tized with fire and the Holy Ghost. Being thus immersed in the Holy Spirit, the voice with which they uttered the truth was a living voice. Shall I be conscious of the tones of voice in which I read the Scripture? No! I repeat, No! I wish I could say "No" with such authority that never again would a person ask, "In what voice shall I read the Scripture?"

Having found, then, that no trick of manner, no trick of gesture, no trick of voice, will serve, the question logically arises, Is there any way that you can direct us toward reading the Bible effectively to others? First, to study that Word in the light of the spirit that inspired it—to bring your hearts to that Word. Have you never tried the experiment of passing a magnet through a little hill of sand and then taking it up and seeing what clings to the magnet? It will be not the sand, but the steel or iron dust that was in the sand. You did not know it was in the sand until you passed the magnet through it. Your heart, consecrated to the welfare of the race, is your true magnet. Lay that heart upon the Word, and the shining dust of truth will cling to it. The reading of the Scripture should be a living thing, not a performance nor a spectacle. What was the light in which that Word was written? It was written in the light of love for the human race. In that light you can read it, and in no other.

When the time comes in which without prejudice the Word is read by the common people, infidelity has taken its last gasp—it is dead, and dead forever; atheism is swept away like the chaff of the summer's threshing-floor. For more than two hundred years the Bible was carried by the Protestant clergy as in old times the soldiers used to carry their cartridge-boxes; and texts were bitten off, so to speak, and fired from the theologian's gun just as the soldiers bit

off cartridges and fired balls at the enemy. The theologians on the other side caught the text as it came and let the foe have it back again. People sympathized with one side or the other according to the educational proclivities. But all that has changed; and blessed be God for the spirit that wrought the change! The Book comes to you as a comforter in sorrow. It comes to you when you are under the consciousness of sin; when you are at the parting of the roads and do not know which you will take; it comes to you and guides you when you are at variance with your fellows; it comes to you and authorizes you to be the peacemaker between those who are at variance, saying: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

You cannot find an experience of human life that this Book does not teach. Read it from that side. Do not read it to ascertain whether your theory is a mathematical fact or not; don't read it for the special purpose of finding out whether Hades means "grave" or "fire;" whether it is a painted fire or real fire; do not read it to find out the geography of the spiritual world, because this Bible is not a geography or an arithmetic, but a book of life. What does it reveal? It does not reveal an iron creed. In the true sense, in the sense of a belief, a truth, there are creeds in it. What are they? "God is good." "God is love." "My Father"—no, "Our Father." Hear it, beggar! Hear it, ye groaning, chain-clanking prisoners in Charlestown gaol! Hear it, outcast on the street! Hear it, woman, as on your way to the prayer-meeting you draw your skirts about you as you pass the outcast! "Our Father, our Father!"—that is its creed, no separating of the race into "this high," "that low." "Of one blood He hath made all the nations of the earth."

Does not the Word tell us of ceremonies, of fasts, and of feasts? Yes, it does. Let us view them through the eyes of the inspired prophet Isaiah.

"Lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins.

"Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God: they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God.

"Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul and thou takest no knowledge?"

See what he thought about ceremony:—

"Behold in the day of your fast ye find pleasure and exact all your labors.

"Behold ye fast for strife and debate . . . Ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high.

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? . . .

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen?" What is the fast the Lord has chosen? "To loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burdens; and to let the oppressed go free." And what more on fast-day? "And that ye break every yoke."

Is a fast-day a day on which to make a noise to be heard on high? Oh, no. It is to deny yourself for the sake of giving to some one else; to go hungry, if necessary, in order to give to some hungry child or woman. It is to deal thy bread to the hungry, and when thou seest the naked to cover him; and "that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh." Who is my flesh? My children? Yes. God has made of one flesh all the nations of the earth; then are we all of

one flesh. Fast-day is beautiful only when you use it for humanity. "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; and the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward."

If you read the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah on fast-day, how shall you read it? I will tell you how you may be sure to read it rightly. Let the yearning soul within you contemplate the poor, the needy, the outcast, the miserable, and, feeling their crying need, go before your congregation and read that chapter, and you will bring the hungry child right there, and he will put out his little hands to that congregation and cry for bread. Yes, and in the cold, wailing wind the congregation will hear the cry of the children that are shivering; their little purple feet will stand right there beside you in the pulpit and they will speak more eloquently than tongue can: "I am naked, clothe me." Ah, yes, if you will take this Word and go right to the place whence it came, then you can read it. But if you stay in your study, you may employ all the elocution teachers in the world and you will not be able to read it. This Book was not made to stay in a castle; it leaves the castle and goes down away from its overshadowing walls, and there in the arena it fights for humanity. It contains no abstract doctrines; it has no time for that. It takes hold of the needs of humanity. If you want to know how to read this Book, go among the people. Know their needs, feel their wants, let their hearts beat against yours, and then you can read it. For that is the way the Word came.

People used to read the description of the last judgment as if the geography of heaven and hell was described in it. In my opinion it was never intended to describe the one or the other, but to show how God loved the world;—He

so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for it. Yes, God suffers when we suffer; when we weep He weeps. He does not tell us to do what He does not do Himself. This one idea I would like to leave with you: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." What you have done to the meanest man you have done to God. Yesterday, as I sat in an eating-house, two men were conversing near me. "My friend," said one to the other, "I have a big mortgage on a man's property which I am about to foreclose, hoping I may be able to bid it in cheap. The man is my friend, but you know friendship has nothing to do with business." Suppose God should have appeared right there at that moment in the face of his friend. Suppose I had turned to that man and said, "What you are doing to your friend you are doing to God. Would you make a foreclosure on the throne of God? Dare you speculate on God Almighty?"

Think of that in your treatment of each other. What you are doing to that friend of yours you are doing to God, and you are judged accordingly. What you are doing to that beggar in the street you are doing to God. Think of

it, business men, when you kneel before the table of our Lord and partake of the bread and wine which are symbols of His body and His blood. Think of it, ye speculators who are using the souls and bodies of men from which to pile up your hoards. By and by, when you appear at the judgment-seat, He shall say to you, "Ye cheated me, ye deceived me, ye foreclosed mortgages against me." "O Lord, when saw we Thee hungry, a beggar, or in the market and took advantage of Thee?" "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." These words shall ring in judgment louder than the trumpet of an archangel. God stands in the place of human beings, and every human being stands in the place of God. And you are to be judged out of the Book of God; not once, but every day and every hour, you stand in judgment. Every thought of envy, every thought of jealousy, every thought of spite, every thought of hatred, every thought of enmity, is a spear thrust into the side of God. Humanity and God—they are identical in our spirit and thought, and we are to treat them as identical, or we shall not be able to stand either in the present or the future judgment.

Hamlet, the Man of Will.*

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY BY
PROF. HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

A PROMINENT Massachusetts politician once said that it did him infinite good to find out that George Washington swore at White Plains, adding that he had never understood or felt near to him before. And the frequency with which this remark has been quoted is an indication of that spirit which finds delight in the detection of the flaw and the lim-

itation of greatness. It is the hummock rejoicing in the discovery that however grand the mountain may be, yet, like itself, it contains mud; and in the feeling that after all it is mud, reverence pales, the spiritual lesson and the inspiration of that mountain fade and are lost.

The literary detective, the sleuth-hound upon the trail of greatness, is

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often cheered most loudly when he brings down his noble game. There is certainly a tendency in literary criticism to emphasize every limitation, to allow, sometimes heartily, sometimes grudgingly, merits to the hero and artist in life and in literature; but he must be bounded, limited, sent to a prescribed reservation, and shot at if he attempt to cross the line.

There is a criticism more educative than this, more full-blooded, genial, generous, that clears away the brambles from about the fountain without muddying its waters; for the poet should be his own best interpreter through his own best works, and lives truly only in that which is his greatest. My subject to-day is "Hamlet," in whom I catch some glimpses of an incarnated virtue which will repay reverent study. But we stand upon the battle-ground of critics; our eyes are dazzled by the gleam of weapons, our ears deafened by the cries of the combatants.

"Upon no throne built by mortal hands
Ever beat so fierce a light as on that airy structure
Reared at Elsinore."

"What is Shakespeare's purpose?" query all the critics. "To emphasize the due balance between reflection and action," says one commentator. Another finds the play to represent the spirit of Protestantism; another has found in the drama a warning against the "lust of the intellect," whatever that may be. One thinks that Shakespeare meant to attack Mary Queen of Scots; another sees in the play a rebuke of French scepticism; still another makes the astounding discovery that Shakespeare has found his prototype for Hamlet, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, in James, later James I. of England, the most laughable caricature of royalty that ever disgraced a throne. To all this cannot we hear the genius of Avon reply, almost in the words of Goethe, "People ask me my motive

in writing 'Faust'—as if I knew or could tell."

"You find it very hard to give up your hero," said a distinguished scholar to me recently. But this is what most critics insist shall be done. "Hamlet has no faith, no love, no hope," croaks one. "Too much intellect for his will, and this makes him reflect away his time of action," says another; as if a brilliant understanding ever *made* a man a waverer! Did Richelieu or Cæsar suffer from irresolution? Is there evidence that the giant cerebrum of Bonaparte starved out his spinal cord? Another critic finds Hamlet too tender-hearted to do his duty; another proclaims him a coward. One is sure that he is "forceful but wicked;" another is equally certain that he is "virtuous but weak." Some think he undergoes rapid moral degeneration as the play progresses.

From insane asylums issue a mass of physiological reasons why Hamlet ought not to be at large.

"The curse of madness has fallen upon him," asserts Dr. Conolly; and Drs. Kellogg and Burchill say the same. "Hamlet is perfectly sane," contradicts Richard Grant White.

"Hamlet's mental condition," comments Dr. Ray, "furnishes in abundance the characteristic symptoms of insanity in wonderful harmony and consistency."

"But if Shakespeare himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms as to be able to reproduce them in Hamlet, why should it be beyond the power of Hamlet to reproduce them in himself?" shrewdly asks Dr. Lowell.

"His insanity is real," says Dr. Aken-side.

"No, it is affected," says Mackenzie.

"In plain terms, Hamlet is mad," shouts Dr. Hudson.

"Who can believe there is the least degree of disease?" queries Campbell.

"Unsettled by the ghost," says Farren.

"Mad only in craft," says Dr. Ross.

"He is sane," says Benedix.

"He is mad," says Lloyd.

You have heard these gentlemen, and yet I fancy that if you were called to serve upon a jury, and were asked the question as to whether a Hamlet were sane, — that is, responsible morally and legally for his acts, — you would hardly send him to a madhouse.

"Hamlet," though born in a poet's brain, lives and will live forever. We believe more firmly in virtue because certain men have lived. It is good that we study such men; and in "Hamlet" I see a type of heroism which Shakespeare's genius has made immortal, and in it a lesson whose practical significance fitly matches its poetic beauty. Compared with the colder Roman plays of Shakespeare, "Hamlet" stands before us a marvellous painting beside statues.

From the rising of the curtain we feel the witchery of the supernatural, which goes on deepening through the whole first act. Before us lies the bleak platform, feebly lighted by the moon; we hear the footfall of the sentinel, the challenge of the coming and departing guard; we note the frank scepticism of the scholar, Horatio, the earnest narrative of the soldier, Bernardo: —

"Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —"

And then, in the hush, while the blood seems to stand still in those men of iron, the pregnant air gives birth to the dread phantom. With martial stalk it goes slowly and stately by them and vanishes.

In the hush that follows, Horatio gasps:

"Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes."

And then, amid an excitement so intense

that even stolid soldiers are touched with poetic fire, one says:

"It was about to speak, when the cock crew."

And another adds:

"And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation."

A third says:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

And as the russet dawn appears on the eastern hilltops the watch breaks up, with the resolve to impart what has been seen that night unto Lord Hamlet.

The scene changes. In garish light the royal pair sweep into the presence of the court. Let us watch them as they come in. There is King Claudius, in whose eye lurks calculation, and the gleam of the wassails late prolonged; Queen Gertrude, whose bridal wreath rests lightly on a brow untouched by sincere sorrow; Polonius, the lord chamberlain, "whose wisdom is retrospective, whose morality is petrified;" Laertes, a true chip of the old block when retailing good advice in set phrases to younger sister, who longs for the gayeties of Paris, but who withal has the making of a man in him. Following these, a gaudy company, smiling, fawning, ever ready to bait with falsehood the policies of state or to reel the "swaggering upspring." In the rear, in absolute isolation, stands a peculiarly graceful figure clothed in black. It is Hamlet — beloved by the multitude, distrusted by Claudius, a re-

proach to his mother, an enigma to Polonius.

I cannot feel the force of the criticism which finds Hamlet, previous to his father's death, to have been a melancholy and morbid youth, addicted to suicidal musings. "I have of late lost all my mirth," he says of himself. He had been to school at Wittenburg. I have had enough experience in assisting essayists in colleges to have discovered that disquisitions on life and death and the nature and destiny of the soul are among the most popular themes of sophomoric composition. If, perchance, in later years the writer burn the youthful effusion and laugh over its ashes, it will be a sympathetic laugh; for he knows that interest in metaphysical speculation is, perhaps, strongest in young minds when the powers are quickening, when the soul feels

. . . "The stir of might,
The instinct within it that reaches and towers."

But young Hamlet, previous to the opening of the play, had had an experience of a kind to tinge his vision not with the russet shades of melancholy, but with roseate hues of hope and happiness. There was magic in the air for him; the gladness of living was in his step. He loved Ophelia, and,

"Forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up his sum."

And so she, the fair rose of May, comes to us in the dawn that precedes the twilight of this play, and breathes about it the morning fragrance of her beauty and her innocence. And thus Hamlet, not as we see him, but as we conceive of him before the play begins, scholar, prince, lover, a mind of poetry, a heart of fire, rejoicing in the fulness of young manhood, all blithe and radiant with the glory of the dawn.

From the university he is recalled to the court. His father has died suddenly. Died suddenly!—words of dire import in

such an age. Hamlet is filled with forebodings. His mother, with indecent haste, the "most unrighteous tears" scarce dry, has rushed into wedlock with his father's brother. Hamlet knows not yet of his crime, but he avoids the man with an instinct as unerring as that which protects the animals from poisons in their choice of food.

The nobles have set Hamlet aside, electing Claudius as royal consort. On every side of him Hamlet sees degeneracy, weakness, lip-service, sham. Overcome with grief at the suddenness of his father's death, with shame and indignant horror at his mother's conduct, he is overwhelmed with afflicting images and cast into agony in which he feels that deliverance from life itself would be a relief.

Shakespeare has a fondness for sentiments. Hamlet furnishes one of many instances. How far he is influenced by it we know not, but upon the horizon rises a cloud yet heavier, by his prophetic soul felt rather than seen,—the presence of the secret murder. Dread, impalpable, it rises higher, until it puts out the stars; and in darkness and in the loneliness of a sorrow too intangible to tell or even to formulate to himself, but terribly real, he cries out,

"But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue."

His friends Horatio and the soldiers who have been on guard enter. What follows stands for itself:—

HAM. What make you from Wittenberg?

HORA. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trustor of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HORA. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORA. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father! — methinks I see my father.

HORA. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORA. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

HORA. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw who?

HORA. My lord, the King your father.

HAM. The King my father!

HORA. Season your admiration for awhile With an attent ear, till I deliver, Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.

HAM. For God's love, let me hear.

HORA. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, In the dead vast and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father, Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-a-pie, Appears before them, and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-

till'd Almost to jelly with the act of fear, Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me In dreadful secrecy impart they did; And I with them the third night kept the watch: Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father; These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this?

MARC. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HORA. My lord, I did; But answer made it none: yet once methought It lifted up its head and did address Itsself to motion, like as it would speak; But even then the morning cock crew loud. And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanished from our sight.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

MARC. — BERN. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you?

MARC. — BERN. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe?

MARC. — BERN. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face?

HORA. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly?

HORA. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale or red?

HORA. Nay, very pale.

HAM. I'll watch to-night;

Perchance 't will walk again.

HORA. I warrant it will.

HAM. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue: I will requite your loves. So, fare you well: Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour.

HAM. Your loves, as mine to you; farewell. — My father's spirit in arms? all is not well; I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

How those hours passed from morning reception until midnight the last lines indicate with suggestive eloquence.

Again the curtain rises upon the wind-swept platform at Elsinore. All is silent save occasional notes of carousal from the castle, sounding strangely in the midnight air. Three muffled figures, restless, questioning the stars, drawing their cloaks close around them to resist the keen air without and the heart-chill within, move across the lonely platform.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORA. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now?

HORA. I think it lacks of twelve.

"No, it is struck," corrects the prince, who has sought relief from the strain

upon him by irrelevant remarks. An instant later Horatio in a horrified whisper:

"Look, my lord, it comes."

Hamlet falls back upon his friend, gasping:

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

The soft moonlight shows the shadowy presence, towering, majestic, unearthly. The appalling confirmation of his fears is before Hamlet; the chill of the grave is upon him. Trembling nature revolts. A moment thus, Hamlet the man quailing before the dead. Then Hamlet the hero rises to his duty:—

HAM. Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell;

Be thy intents wicked or charitable;

Thou comest in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee; I 'll call thee Hamlet, King,—

and then with infinite tenderness and yearning he calls, "Father;" and then follows that wondrous plea:—

"Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature

So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?"

The phantom signs to Hamlet to follow. His friends remonstrate; Hamlet answers, as in a dream:

"Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?"

He has conquered craven nature. In the instant of vision he has grasped the truth of immortality and rests upon it.

His friends seek to detain him by force. As well try to hold the spirit itself.

"My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. . . . I say away."

And then the iron will which in the service of duty conquers shuddering fear, and with o'ermastering force hurls off his friends, in the service of duty is instantly submissive as a child:

"Go on. I 'll follow thee,"

and Hamlet vanishes in the shadows.

A hush. Another part of the platform, and then the phantom speaks. Held in the spell of a horror without compare, Hamlet learns of his mother's shame, of his father's murder,—murder most secret, unknown, unknowable. The seducer and regicide stole upon a sleeping brother, and, pouring a few drops of poison in his ear, dispatched him from the sleep of life to the sleep eternal. Save the murderer, there was no human eye to witness, and the horror was buried in the grave of the victim, the crime unprovable. "O, horrible, horrible, most horrible."

With solemn warning the ghost adjures Hamlet to remember. Fainter grows the voice; paler, more ethereal, the presence; at last the battlements of Elsinore show dimly through the shape and it is gone. Overwrought nature can endure no longer, and Hamlet falls.

What follows is felt, but hard to describe; impossible adequately to interpret. It is said that in the moment of drowning, upon the retina of the mind flash the events of a life; and so in moans, gasps, broken sentences, hysterical raving, Shakespeare shows us the death vision of Hamlet the darling of fortune, as Hamlet the man of destiny takes up his duty. As the stupefied sensibilities awake, pale, the spectre of himself, Hamlet staggers to his feet:

HAM. Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven!

No more the sweet content; no more
the bright ambition, the knightly game;
no more the hours of quiet study, the
mountain air of lofty thought. No more
for him the trysting-place where the moon
shone very fair, and where the love-light
of that maiden's eyes transfigured earth
with hues of heaven.

Utterly alone, the minister of inexorable
fate! Was ever speech more pathetic
than that with which he greets his wonder-
ing friends:—

HAM. And so, without more circumstance at
all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Let us now look at the nature of the
task put upon Hamlet, and the condi-
tions under which he must perform it.
Not killing a king, merely, but "setting
right a world that is out of joint;"—
but how?

The critics call upon Hamlet to kill
the murderer at once. The blustering
Laertes would have done it, and to most
of the critics Laertes, the pepper-box of
passion, would be the incarnation of will;
while Hamlet the hero, self-contained
and self-commanded, suffering intolerable
torture that he may accomplish his
task worthily and completely, is Shake-
speare's commentary, as one puts it,
upon "the evils of procrastination."

But the crime is unprovable, and to
Hamlet revenge must mean retribution.
Heaven itself, through its majestic mes-
senger, the ghost, imposes the task upon
Hamlet of vindicating justice. "Foul
deeds must rise, though all the earth
o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

This is poetic justice, dramatic justice,
legal justice, moral justice. I believe it
also to be divine and universal justice,
although, in our narrow vision, we can-
not always see both the beginning and
the end. Thus Shakespeare, true to the
demands of a law universal,—and, I
believe, a law never violated in dramatic
compositions,—brings the guilty to jus-
tice only when the guilt is known to the
characters of the play, and the justice of
the punishment recognized; and thus
Hamlet, in the impatience of pain, in the
tumult of passion, displays the enduring
courage of reason.

The murderer, sagacious and formid-
able, sits secure. To appeal to legal jus-
tice would be in vain; for in the hand
of the king is the administration of jus-
tice, and not only is there no shred of
evidence against the king, but there is
no suspicion that any crime has been
committed by anybody, and the ghost,
as some one has said, would be a witness
impossible to subpoena. The charge of
murder would be regarded as the ravings
of a lunatic or the invention of a villain.
To kill the king, although most easy and
most natural, would be a deed impossible
to justify, and one which would be pun-
ished by death or confinement in a mad-
house. The most charitable explanation
would be that Claudius fell in the aim-
less frenzy of a maniac; the most plau-
sible, that an unnatural, soulless villain
had invented a ghost-story and murdered
his own uncle, husband of his mother, to
obtain the crown.

Hamlet saw that the only possible
proof was in the king himself; that his
guilt could be known only by confession,
or by such process of further develop-
ment as is suggested in our common say-
ing that, if a rogue be given rope enough,
he will at last hang himself. To kill
Claudius would be to kill the proof, to
prove false to the duty imposed on Ham-
let, to render forever impossible the vin-
dication of justice.

And this young man who is afraid to face neither the known nor the unknown, in the exercise of a restraining virtue so mighty that though heart do break he will hold his tongue and withhold his hand; and when tired nature would seek welcome relief in the prick of the "bare bodkin," still waits and watches for the unknown way;—this young man represents, according to certain critics, the "nothingness of reflection," physical cowardice, a lust of intellect, and executive imbecility. Is there no courage of reason as well as of passion; no heroism in suffering; no bravery in him who ruleth his own spirit and his flesh also? Is will shown only in acting and never in that self-command which under duty abstains from acting; yea, though mightily impelled to act by heaven and by hell? Can we see no light of sublimity, yea, of divinity, in absolute self-consuming devotion to a holy duty? Must that sacred Figure nailed upon the cross that He might do the will of God perform some present miracle, lest we deny the hero's right to Him who wears the crown of thorns?

Yes, gentlemen, critics, substantially this is what ye as a class did demand nineteen hundred years ago.

In one element of Hamlet's character is deepest pathos. His agony is mute:

"Break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue."

We who are taken by Shakespeare into the confidence of Hamlet may hear Hamlet think aloud. There may we see his suffering, but it makes no other sign. Save by mute appeal he asks no sympathy from others. Once, and that near the very end, he says to Horatio:

"Thou would'st not think how ill 's all here about my heart; but it is no matter; it is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman."

The putting-on of a cloak of madness for self-protection is probably suggested

to Hamlet when, overwhelmed by the horror of the ghost's narrative, Hamlet realizes his own hysterical condition upon the platform. He knows that the tumult in his soul is likely to again betray itself in his demeanor,—that the conduct of his life, like its purpose, must change. Lest the eye of the king, now keenly alert because of his guilty conscience, should attribute Hamlet's probable strangeness to plottings, he must create a general belief in his mental disease and irresponsibility.

To the duty to which Hamlet must consecrate his life he must sacrifice his love. Upon the tender life of Ophelia, accustomed to the most patriarchal submission to her father, a child to whom the thought of disobedience would never occur,

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself;"

upon this violet of the quiet valley, sweet with the perfume of innocence, must never be placed the load which the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a hero can scarce endure. To explain to Ophelia were impossible; to leave her without explanation were heartless; to exhibit himself as mentally sick would excite her pity without making her feel the sense of being wronged, and yet would effectually remove her from the path of his duty. This course was both the wisest and the most considerate. With instinctive delicacy Hamlet the gentleman adopted it. Moreover, his love for Ophelia had become known, and for him to treat with seeming rudeness the idol of his life would afford most plausible evidence of his supposed madness.

A little later Polonius sets the royal trap, not scrupling to use his innocent daughter for the bait, and she steals into the lobby where Hamlet is walking. Her father and his master are behind the arras. Ophelia knows they are there. Ham-

let's first words are tender, until, reflecting upon the appearance of the trembling maiden in a place so unusual, her down-cast eyes, her confused manner, he suspects that she, too, has been set on to betray him. A sudden turn reveals Polonius peeping from behind his favorite curtain. With soul-searching earnestness Hamlet demands of the shrinking maiden, "Are you honest?" and a moment later, "Where 's your father?" Confused and helpless, the maiden stammers, "At home." No reproach could be so terrible as the look in those sincere eyes gazing full at her; nothing more affecting than the pause in which conviction of Ophelia's faithlessness passes across that face, — not even the *Et tu, Brute?* of the dying Cæsar.

Then follows a torrent of frenzied ravings intended more for the concealed Polonius than for the poor girl before him, mingled with pleadings that she take refuge in a nunnery, and Hamlet rushes from the scene.

During the scene just described, and those that immediately precede it, there is much of soliloquizing. It is the rumblings of the volcano which can find no outlet. The burdened heart must be relieved, even though it be "unpacked in words." We also see along here much of that philosophy which traces each petty incident back to the underlying law. And upon the darkest background of his grief dart and play like northern lights the shafts of wit and satire.

Observe how he disposes of the sponges Rosencrantz and Guildenstern when he discovers them to be spies, and baffles Polonius, the man who of all least understands him, and yet whose inordinate vanity flatters him that he can circumvent Hamlet.

"Will you play upon this pipe?" says Hamlet, handing to Guildenstern one of the recorders.

GUILD. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUILD. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUILD. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILD. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Turning to Polonius, who just enters, Hamlet says:—

HAM. God bless you, sir!

POLO. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

POLO. By the Mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weazel.

POLO. It is backed like a weazel.

HAM. Or like a whale?

POLO. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.

Because of his peculiar association with Hamlet, a further word must be said concerning this Polonius, whose wisdom, as Coleridge wrote, "is like a light in the stern of a ship, that illumines only that part of the course already left behind." Devoid of true insight, he mends the worn garment of policy with pieces from the scrapbag of his memory. A sly, peeping, time-serving old man is he; a theorizing, gossiping, meddling old man; a pedantic, affected old man; a tortuous, circuitous old man; constantly getting lost in the mazes of his own phrases; darting from his path to seize a pun, to follow up a verbal quip; — and yet withal a solemn, official,

courtly old man, ever too self-satisfied to suspect that others laugh at him.

Again observe how he fares at the hands of Hamlet, about whom he flutters as a moth around a candle: "Do you know me, my lord," says the moth to the candle.

HAM. Excellent well; you 're a fishmonger.

POLO. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLO. Honest, my lord!

HAM. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

POLO. That 's very true, my lord.

HAM. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

POLO. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

Verily the candle has scorched the moth; but the moth buzzes once more:

[ASIDE.] Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Assuredly our moth is scorched again.

"My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you."

"You cannot take from me anything I would more willingly part withal."

There are some who profess to find a singular want of delicacy and refinement in Hamlet, because he uses every private and public opportunity to show his contempt for the father of Ophelia. This may be true in a degree, but we must reflect that Polonius drew forth that

which he appealed to. Hamlet would not have descended had not Polonius stood so far beneath him.

But if you find a discordant note here, listen to the music of the heart as Hamlet greets Horatio, in whom he finds the refuge of the desert traveller who reaches the oasis. From this manly, loyal man comes a response no less sincere because unframed in speech:

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee?

— for thou hast been

As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

In this conversation with Horatio Hamlet unfolds to his friend a plan which he has just devised, to put beyond all peradventure the truth of the ghost's revelation. Hamlet has resolved upon the further test of having played before the king the "Murder of Gonzago," in plot and incident strangely like the crime of Claudius:

"I 've heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

The plan succeeds. The vividness of the scene overwhelms the king with horror. As the ghost of his crime rises before him he rushes from the hall. The conscience of Claudius, breaking through his hypocrisy, has confessed. He knows that Hamlet has his secret. Yet Hamlet

cannot strike the avenging blow. Except that he is now certain of his uncle's guilt, the situation is unchanged, and Claudius, formidable, crafty, seductive, surrounded by conscienceless servitors, is still enthroned, his foul crime unsuspected. Conscience is aroused by the knowledge that his secret is in another's possession, yet, as with Macbeth, it is not so much the nature of the deed as the fear of discovery, with attendant consequences, that fills his soul with trembling. Emotion is stirred, but no repentance follows.

Hamlet has brought him to his knees; but there is a difference between kneeling and praying. He relieves his feelings by the exercise of a pious form, but does no works meet for repentance. He plots to protect his own life by the taking that of Hamlet.

Fresh from the play scene, with its triumphant confirmation of the spectre's story, Hamlet finds the execrable villain at prayer. Hamlet's will all but gives way to the blinding fury of impulse, although he knows that to plunge his sword into his foe will prove the death-blow to his trust. In order "to brace his judgment against his passion" (again I quote from Dr. Hudson), "he has to summon up a counterpoising passion in aid of his judgment. Even his inexpressible hatred of the king is itself called in to help him through the potent temptation, and to keep him from striking the king. This, I take it, is the meaning of the dreadful reasons and motives which he raves out for sparing Claudius."

Thence on to his mother's closet, to set at rest any doubts concerning her knowledge of his father's murder, and to make a final appeal. He must tell her that which is a horror to him and a shame to her. He will with the breath of his mighty love blow upon the smouldering embers of her conscience. And when before his fevered brain appears the

image of the dead and the mother says:—

"Whereon do you look?"

HAM. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak thus?

HAM. Do you see nothing—there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

She has looked. The room is empty. Presently she adds:—

"This is the very coinage of your brain;

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in."

HAM. Ecstasy!

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time And makes as healthful music.

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come.

He is pleading for her soul!

In the midst of the scene, and when Hamlet is in the very white heat of passion, he hears Polonius, the concealed intriguer, behind the arras. Believing it to be the king, Hamlet's sword leaps from its scabbard, and with lightning swiftness through the tapestry deals the deadly stroke. Ratlike, Polonius had stolen in and out among covers and curtains all his life, only to meet at last the doom of a rat.

That Hamlet sincerely repents killing Polonius we know in the gravity of his own confession. Blood is upon his hands; and so far as its effect upon the discharge of his duty is concerned, the blow is an almost fatal blunder, for now Hamlet must be looked upon as a dangerous character whose words cannot be relied upon, whose deeds are bloody, — a man to be restrained.

He must bow before the royal order sending him to England under convoy of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. These

subtle knaves bear a royal missive to the King of England, calling upon him to send Hamlet to instant death. Hamlet can only meet plot with counterplot and "delve one yard below the mine" which intuition makes it clear has been prepared for him. While his guards sleep he opens their packet, substitutes another letter, calling upon the English monarch to instantly put to death Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and seals it with the royal seal of his father's signet ring. The next day, being attacked by a pirate, Hamlet, sword in hand, leaps aboard the vessel of the assailants. The pirates, apparently astonished at this exhibition of mettle when they had expected little resistance, cut away the grapples and Hamlet is borne off a prisoner, but is set on shore in Denmark.

In the meantime Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to their death. The same necessity compels Hamlet to sacrifice their lives that demands the preservation of his own until his mission be accomplished. Faithless to friendship and to honor, eager to undertake a mission which they knew boded no good to Hamlet, the precise nature of which they may have known, "they did make love to their employment," and their blood lies at the door of the king who sent them.

During Hamlet's absence poor Ophelia's mind gives way, under the cumulated woe of her father's tragic death, killed by the lover whom she believes is crazed because of her treatment of him, and close upon her madness comes her death. Ignorant of this, Hamlet returns to Elsinore. The king hears of his coming and knows that his plot has failed. Another suggests itself as Claudius contemplates the frantic Laertes, burning to avenge the fate of his father and his sister, in blood-shot frenzy throwing conscience to the winds. Hamlet shall fall by the envenomed foil of Laertes or by the poisoned cup.

And now, before the curtain rises upon the final act, let us acknowledge the true nature of Hamlet's claim upon us. He is not a shadowy, poetic ideal. He lives, and lives more truly in our minds than half the men whose biographies are upon our shelves. His 'claim is upon our reverence. To be sure, the appeal to the imagination is a most potent one, for nowhere in legend or romance is a more attractive figure. We love him for his youth, for his knightly soul. We love him, for he is a lover; we love him, for he is a prince of nature, one whose graceful body is the temple of "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." We love him for the philosophy which "looking quite through the deeds of men," sits enthroned amid a court of splendid faculties, and lends dignity and lustre to them all. Finally, we love him, for that he is one of those rare natures, like Philip Sydney, like Joan of Arc, in whom we find united the strength and courage of the man with the tenderness of the woman; and in this blending of the rugged virtues and the softer graces is typified our universal nature.

Such is the appeal to the imagination. But draw nearer. Listen more closely, and you may hear the throbbing of a hero's mighty heart. Here is the combat, the struggle that compels our tears.

Critics find in these soliloquies the self-accusings of conscience, and proceed to condemn Hamlet out of his own mouth, and do not take the pains to see that Hamlet's whole character and conduct precisely contradict these bitter self-accusings. Is Hamlet "pigeon-livered" from choice? Does he "reflect" when he can act without betrayal of his trust? Is it possible that he can be a coward who leaps sword in hand upon the pirate's deck; who follows the dread unknown into the thickening shadows?

Cannot the critics see this? Have they no heart of sympathy for the mortal

cry of Hamlet, crushed between the upper and the nether wheels of a necessity to act and an impossibility of acting; no eyes for the struggles of the poor fluttering bird bruising its wings against the cage in which superior force has placed it?

Before the vision of that man of iron will, to whom the death-blow for which passion shrieks aloud were so simple, so welcome, an escape, and yet who endures the highest tension of anguish in the fear and in the virtue of his duty, we may bow the head; for that vision has been made sublime by suffering.

And now the end draws near and the curtain rises upon the last act. Over the king, whose crime is now full-blown, impends the cloud of destiny, the fury of its bursting to involve the woman in whose guilty weakness his sin began, and the misguided Laertes, whose frenzied grief may give some scant excuse for complicity in that last and blackest phase of crime. Upon Hamlet, too, rests the shadow of the end. For the cause for which he has lived he too must die. Perhaps he vaguely feels this. Listen:

"If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

The curtain rises upon a scene in a churchyard. A clown sings and jests as he tosses dead men's bones. Hamlet and Horatio enter. Hamlet talks with the clown until interrupted by the knell

and the solemn march of the funeral train. Laertes steps forth:

"A ministering angel shall my sister be,"

and Hamlet is overwhelmed by the shock of this added woe.

The picture of the erring queen, scattering flowers on Ophelia's corpse, appealing to our pity by her affection for one whose memory casts a tender sanctity over all who love her, is the one touch needed to make complete the saddest scene in the play, despite all its mirth.

And now with one stride comes Judgment. The envenomed foil of Laertes wounds Hamlet, its fatal point in turn strikes down Laertes, the queen sips the poisoned cup prepared for Hamlet. Hamlet deals at last the avenging stroke; and though the murderer dies with a lie upon his lips, yet Laertes proclaims his crime; the blood of Queen, Prince, of Laertes himself, cries out against him, while Horatio lives to tell to the unsatisfied the awful story of the ghost. Hamlet, wresting the poisoned cup from Horatio, saves his friend, forgives the repentant Laertes, and sinks into Horatio's arms. Giving his life for the cause he had been called to champion, upon the steps of that throne his noble father graced, he who lived a hero dies a martyr.

"Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Psycho-Physical Culture Its Based on Universal Laws.*

LENA D. HARRIS.

THE educational world of to-day is fully agreed that physical culture is necessary as a basis for superior mental development. Many are the means and devices invented to bring the body to a state of

perfection. Some systems aim to secure muscular strength, others aim to develop agility, while a few have beauty as the chief end in view.

The Emerson System of Physical Cul-

* Lecture delivered before Senior Class.

ture is unique in its purpose to develop the body not as an end unto itself, but as a medium through which the soul may express its highest thoughts and feelings. The system is founded on psychological and physiological principles. They, in turn, are based upon universal laws. Therefore, the student, in practising the exercises, is sustained by the same power that holds the stars in their orbits. He leans upon the everlasting arms of eternal law. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," but both are governed by the same laws, for does not natural law control the spiritual world?

In obeying the law of gravitation, the body is made to sustain right relations with the earth. Strength and self-control are thereby obtained. Perfect poise is an indication that the person is in league with the great force that holds his feet to the earth. In the spiritual realm, this same law of gravitation tends to pull the body upward. If we yield to this force and let the spirit rise while it is in the flesh, it will rise more easily when it is released from earthly limitations. The balance of power is perpetuated by opposing manifestations of this force, the form in the physical world pulling downwards, the form in the spiritual world pulling upwards.

Under the law of whole and part, we find that "the body is not one member, but many; the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." "All are needed by each one; nothing is fair or good alone." We do not wish to develop our biceps muscles to the impoverishing of other muscles whose service we need. We cannot consistently work to strengthen one set of muscles without relating that development to the whole. There must be harmony of the parts or we cannot have strength and poise of the entire organism. You re-

member Jane Taylor's quaint story of the clock whose parts grew tired of working in unison and one night decided to part company, each one doing as it pleased. What a dreadful confusion there was, to be sure, in that old kitchen clock! Yet people will insist that they can secure all the exercise they need from some form which tends only to develop certain parts of the body as parts, with no relation to the divine ordering of the whole.

The law of centres demands that each part have some definite centre subservient to the dominant centre, as the different telegraph sub-stations connect with the central and are dependent upon it for instructions. These centres correspond to centres in the soul. The chest is the centre of the body, and corresponds to the centre of the soul, which is beneficence. When beneficence rules the spirit, and there is no physical limitation, the chest is carried high and we see the upright man who meets us with clear, unflinching eyes. When the soul is living in accordance with its highest ideals it comes bravely to the windows of the body and looks out. When it has something to conceal it retreats. Then we see the sneaking eye, the shrinking chest, the closed fingers, and the slouching gait.

"The tell-tale body is all tongues," but sometimes they do not tell the truth. A brilliant soul locked in an unresponsive body cannot but belie its glorious potentialities. The soul will express itself through the body if the muscles are released from their bondage of restriction and taught to respond to the soul as readily as a harp echoes the mind of its master.

We claim that the Emerson System of Psycho-Physical Culture will develop the body into a condition of health and beauty, and will enable it to express readily and in a beautiful manner the thoughts and feelings of the individual.

It is true that this is admitting an X-ray into our souls, but we should so live that we need never fear the unconscious expression of our inmost selves. May the

prayer of Plato be ours: "Grant me to become beautiful in the inner man and that outward parts may be at peace with those within."

Why I Believe in the Emerson System of Education.*

LUVERNE ELIZABETH HALL, '00.

EVERY one has a reason for the course he takes in life,—for the work he chooses. These reasons are various. We may choose our course because we love a special work, or because it is profitable financially, or because Duty points her stern finger in that direction. Deeming it profitable sometimes to "give a reason for the faith" that is in us, I have chosen to speak of some of the reasons that have led me to believe so earnestly in this system of education founded by Dr. Emerson.

All of life is an education of some kind. We cannot help being educated in some way, either for good or for evil. But it is of the true education that I will speak; for only this is comprehended in the Emerson system.

There is really but one definition of true education; namely, a being brought back into the image of God, a getting into right relations with God, and becoming one with the power that upholds the universe; a being filled with this spirit of all goodness, all love, all service. This can include no less than the education of the whole person,—physical, mental, and spiritual. It is the education represented by the Great Teacher and Orator who came to redeem man from his lost condition. One writer has spoken of this kind of education as "Christian education," and defines it thus: "Christian education is not only the cultivation of the intellectual and the moral; it is the cultivation of the physical as well—and this, too, as tributary

to both the intellectual and the moral. Christian education, therefore, is the symmetrical and the highest possible culture of every faculty,—physical, intellectual, and moral,—in order to glorify God on the earth, and finish the work He has given Christians to do."

In the Holy Record we are told that God created man in His own image, "male and female created He them." This "holy pair" were not only children, but students. God visited them and taught them. They ate of the tree of life, and were filled with vigor, while their intellect was but little less than that of the angels. Again we read, "Lo, this only have I found, That God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." The first step downward we also find recorded in the first chapter of Genesis: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." So, step by step in disobedience and sin, man has become changed from the glorious image in which he was made, until, after centuries of sinful life, we find him dwarfed, debased, and misshapen. Do we not sometimes wonder if the great Creator recognizes His own handiwork?

To change a wrong life into a right life; to bring men and women back into the glorious image from which they have fallen; to plant anew in man's soul the

* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

genuine principles of love and truth until he has become so gentle that he would willingly become the servant of all men in order to bring them to the enjoyment of this same happiness, is the work of only a *master teacher*. It was the work of the Great Master Teacher, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and in this age, when there is so much to battle against in wrong living, it can be the work of only a mind in perfect touch with this Great Teacher and His principles of teaching.

"The spring of life is love to God and man. This is, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' These graces will give a sweetness of character, a gentleness of manner, which can never be equalled by the superficial polish of fashionable society."

Jesus, the Master Orator as well as the Master Teacher, took simple, unlearned men who were not schooled in the elocution of the Scribes and Pharisees, and taught them oratory by His life of love, His life of sacrifice, His life of helpfulness; and how well they learned these lessons was illustrated by these same men after three years of training under this great Orator. They spoke from spirit-filled lives, and we know well the result of such speaking.

Why was it that the multitudes followed Him so gladly, as Arnold tells us, "with such a worship filled, such reverence, the heart had knees, and bowed; the soul had eyes, which veiled themselves at gaze; the mind had mind to die for Him; the body burned to grow His temple." "Oh, little, silver, happy sea, far-famed, under the sunlit steep of Gadara!" why did your humble dwellers leave their homes and follow this lowly Nazarene along your rugged shores with such eagerness? The answer is simple: "Never man spake like this man." This, too, was the testimony of the offi-

cers who had been sent to take the Saviour prisoner while He was teaching in the temple; and under the influence of this divine oratory they dared to brave the anger of the infuriated Pharisees by going back without Him. To the question, "Why have ye not brought Him?" came the simple answer, "Never man spake like this man." Says one, "Jesus' manner of teaching was beautiful and attractive, and was ever characterized by simplicity and sincerity. He spake not in the monotonous, spiritless tones of the Scribes and Pharisees, and His voice was as music to the ears of those who had been accustomed to hear them read." I could not better express my conception of the music of the Saviour's voice than to quote a sentence from Professor Kidder's little book,—a sentence which I am glad indeed to find there,—"We could not possibly think of Christ as speaking slouchily, lazily. No. His tones fell distinct, clear-cut, and mellow as the softened chimes of a priceless clock." They were tones freighted with love for a dying world, with longing to save it. *His* voice was most truly "soul incarnated in tone." So would He have us present truth to others, and it will have the same effect as His presentation had,—it will influence men and women for good.

We recognize the principles of oratory in Paul's testimony to the Corinthians when he says, "And even things without life, giving sound, whether they pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare for the battle? So likewise ye, except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken; for ye speak into the air. I will pray with the spirit and with the understanding also. . . . In the church I had rather speak five words

with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

It is this spirit of truth, this spirit filled with love for others, and with an overwhelming desire to give good to oth-

ers, which has attracted me to the work of the Emerson College; for in it I see the spirit of the Saviour of the world when He exclaimed, "Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."

Address by Booker T. Washington.

INTRODUCTION BY DR. CHARLES WESLEY
EMERSON.

A GREAT orator never speaks for the purpose of entertaining people, of amusing or gratifying curiosity, of exhibiting his rhetoric; he speaks to the needs, the personal needs, of people. It is their personal needs that inspire him. He does not believe in any show — no great orator ever did believe in any show of speech; he has no time for that.

This is called a school of oratory, a school of elocution, and because we have named it so, people who do not know the intensely earnest work we are doing, work that takes hold of the deepest things in life, and nothing else, think we are trying to give some polish, some little show, — to teach people to speak beautifully, to know how to place their feet, just what gestures to make. *Does anybody who has known me or my life suppose that for one single moment I could ever think of teaching oratory according to that idea? Nothing but life, real earnest life, do we study here.*

A few Saturdays ago, you will remember, I spoke to the effect that art at its highest is the servant of man, and it is art only in the ratio that it serves. I discussed oratory according to that standard, and in closing I said in substance that all the greatest orators of any age speak to the needs of people. You remember of whom I spoke finally as the one who to-day illustrates that perhaps better than any other one; who speaks

to the needs of two races, brings the needs of two races to where they find the supply of their common need. People never did and never can unite on a low basis. There is no law in the world that can make people agree if they meet only on a low plane. If friends meet on a low plane, and their only common ground is a low one, they do not remain friends very long. The only way for people to unite, and to stay united, is for them to meet on the heights. The orator of whom I spoke has that power of leading two races to unite in purpose, in the highest sentiment; to unite in benevolence, to unite in doing good. Far above all revenge, all bickerings, all politics as politics, all party as party, he leads them to where they may unite on the heights. That man is here to-day, and will address you. The needs of the time, the needs of the two races, point to the present hour, and as if by magic there rises a man to meet the needs of the hour, and his name is Booker Washington.

MR. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS (IN PART).

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: With your permission I am going to talk with you this morning on a subject which I think is one that concerns not only the South, and both races in the South, but the North as well. Within the last thirty years you have heard very much of what is termed the Negro Problem in the South, and within this period you have heard many suggestions made

in various parts of the country looking toward what they term a solution of this problem.

I recall that some years ago some six hundred of our people from the South sailed from Savannah, Georgia, bound for Liberia, Africa. I also recall that the news was flashed by telegraph that now the race problem was beginning to solve itself, that six hundred negroes had already departed for Africa, the land of their fathers, and in that way we would soon be rid of this problem; but they forgot that that same morning, in the black belt of the South, about six hundred more children were born down there before breakfast. So you see at that rate we cannot get rid of this race problem in that way very soon. I know a good many people think that the best way to settle the problem is for the United States to set aside some vacant territory in the West, and let the negro go there and grow up a separate and distinct race by himself. There is a little difficulty to that suggestion. In the first place, we would have to put a wall about that territory in order to keep the black man in it, and another wall about it—and I suspect a much higher one—to keep the white man out of it. In fact, you never saw a black man go anywhere and stay very long that the white man was not there very soon—if the white man thought there was any opportunity to get hold of any gold, or anything like gold.

No, my friends, this problem will never be solved in any one of these ways. There is but one way, and that is in the direction that your president has mentioned,—by the two races throwing aside all prejudices and meeting on the heights. In fact, when we come to study this matter a little more closely, I think you will find that the negro is the only race that has ever had the opportunity of coming to America by reason of hav-

ing a very special and pressing invitation to come here. The unfortunate white race came here against the protest of the leading citizens of this country in 1492, while we seem to have been so important to the business prosperity of this country that we had to be sent for, and sent for at a great cost and inconvenience on the part of the white people. Having put them to so much trouble and expense and inconvenience to get us over here, it would be exceedingly unkind and ungracious not to oblige them by staying here!

But I have not come here to speak to you in this general way. Indeed, I fear my past has hardly fitted me to be your teacher this morning along any line of advancement.

I was born a slave on a plantation in the State of Virginia about the year '58 or '59. I have never known the exact date or place of my birth, but I have pretty good evidence that I was born somewhere at some time. My first recollection was of being in a small, one-room log-cabin, minus floor and windows, and almost without a door. I was in this cabin when the war closed, and early one morning word was sent around to all the slave cabins that all the colored people should go to the master's house, as something unusual was to take place. I remember going to this place and hearing some papers read, and after that my mother leaned over me and whispered, "Now, my child, we are free."

Then we went to West Virginia, and I began to work in the coal-mines. While working in these coal-mines I heard of an institution in Virginia where, it was told me, a negro boy would be admitted, and a poor boy given an opportunity of working for his education. I said in some time, in some manner, I would reach that institution, although I did not know where it was or how to get there. After working steadily on in the coal-mines, and economizing in every way possible, I

started out early one morning to find my way to General Armstrong's school, the Hampton Institute in Virginia. I wandered about, here and there, begging rides on boats and cars, until I got as far as Richmond, and found myself in that city, near night, without money, without a place to sleep. I wandered about till midnight, almost discouraged and broken down. At last I came to a hole in the sidewalk, and I crept in there and slept the first night. The next morning I went to the captain of a vessel and begged him to give me work to do. He gave me work so I could get some breakfast, and I continued working on that vessel by day, and sleeping in the sidewalk at night, earning money enough to take me to Hampton Institute, with a surplus of fifty cents in my pocket. At that institution I found opportunities in the way of books, industries, and, best of all, Christian instructors. I found a chance to work for my education.

After working my way through Hampton, I said I would go into the far South, into what is called the black belt of the South, and I would give my life in whatever manner I could to teach my people to lift themselves up through the same methods I found provided for me at Hampton Institute. So, in 1881, I went into the black belt of Alabama, into that section of our country where the colored people outnumber the whites as high as six or eight or even as ten to one. In fact, it is said that nobody but the black man and the mule can live there. Wherever you see a large number of colored people you see a large number of mules. The one has a close attachment for the other. I remember an old colored man in Alabama who, when he saw them unhitching the mules and attaching the electric power to the street-cars, said, "Bress de Lawd, de Yankee come down here an' freed de black man, and now he done come down here an' free de mule."

I was on one of the cotton plantations some time ago, and was speaking to an old man about his history. He said he was sold from Virginia into Alabama in 1841. I asked him how many were sold with him, and he said, "Five of us,—myself, my brother, and three mules."

Now, my friends, it is in that part of the country that is so largely populated by black men and mules that this race problem is to be worked out. I beg of you to remember that I am not here to speak merely in the interest of a few hundred in the black belt of the South, or a few hundred more at Tuskegee, or in the interest of the entire negro race in the South, more than in behalf of the entire people, regardless of race or color. You who understood slavery and its results will agree with me when I say that, after all, American slavery wrought as much permanent injury to the white man as to the black man of the South. You will further agree that so long as the rank and file of our own people are in ignorance and poverty, so long this ignorance and poverty will be made the pretext for the white man's dragging himself down. When the negro in the South has his vote stolen from him there comes to the Southern white man a permanent dragging-down and narrowing of his soul, of the best there is within him. When the black man is lynched a physical death results, and that is wrong; but to the thousands of white men responsible for that lynching there comes death of the moral nature, death of the soul. So in that better and broader and deeper spirit I appeal to you to remove the burden from the entire people, regardless of race or color.

In 1881 I began teaching, in a little shanty,—one teacher and thirty students. This shanty was in such a condition that whenever it rained one of the taller students would come and hold an umbrella over me so I could go on

with the recitation. This little school was in Tuskegee, and now it has grown until we have over a thousand men and women from twenty-three different States, from Africa, Porto Rico, Jamaica, and one or two of the foreign countries. We have industrial and labor departments, with eighty-two instructors. Counting the families of the instructors, we have a constant population of about twelve hundred persons.

In everything we are attempting at Tuskegee we have tried to make a careful, honest study of the actual conditions by which we are surrounded in the South. We try to do that which will enable the students to get to the point where they can help themselves. It is very much with the negro race as with the child. At first it is attracted to the gaudy side of life, the gewgaws, the ornaments, the shadow instead of the substance. We must be patient and long-suffering with them. We must study their conditions. Some years ago I was in one of these large States in the North, and I found a young colored man who was taking a course in medicine. I asked him to which branch of medicine he was paying special attention, and he said he was making a specialty of nervous diseases. I asked him where he would practise. He said among the colored people in the Mississippi Bottoms, where his people were. I said, "Did you ever study the needs and conditions of the people in the Mississippi Bottoms? Did any one ever tell you that not one man in a thousand in Mississippi is ever troubled with nervous prostration? Fortunately or unfortunately, the negro has not advanced to that delightful stage of civilization where he is troubled with nervous prostration. If you want to be of the highest service, I would say give attention to chills and fevers, and that will strike our people about right down there."

In studying the condition of the rank

and file of our people in the South, we find by experience that the training in the academies, the training in industrial education, the training in the higher life, has power to lift them out of their present condition.

In Tuskegee we give them an opportunity to pay their board bills partly in labor. The labor is of economic value to the institution and, at the same time, allows them to learn something for themselves. We cultivate seven hundred acres of land. That brings in a good return to our boarding-department, and we make the farm an object-lesson for the people in that section. We teach the tilling of the land, the chemistry of the soil, the care of the stock, and the care of fruit-trees. We teach the girls much of the same thing. In England, last summer, I visited a college of agriculture, and one thing pleased me very much,—one hour I saw the women in the classroom, and the next hour I saw them out in the field doing the actual farming. There is no reason why the same thing cannot be done in the South.

We have built a large chapel that has a seating-capacity for twenty-eight hundred people. The plans for the chapel were all drawn in our mechanical and architectural departments; every brick was manufactured by our students; the laying of the brick, the plastering, the lathing, the lumber work, were all done by the young men. While they were doing that the girls were making and mending and laundering their clothing. In the end we have that building for public use and they have the knowledge.

In our industrial classes we have as competent Christian instructors as we have in our history and arithmetic classes. When the students are learning brick masonry they are also learning physics and mechanical drawing; learning how in the end to go out and be leaders and masters in that industry. Perhaps this

industrial system is most valuable to us as a race in helping us to get rid of that old idea that has so long prevailed in the race and held back its progress: the idea that labor with the hand is degrading, disgraceful—and that is not altogether an original idea with the black man. After they have gone through our course of training to-day they go out believing they are not degraded by working in any manner they find necessary. The Bible says, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I am almost tempted to believe it *means* what it *says*; and I do believe it is possible for our race to work out its salvation, in the college, in the schoolroom, in the field, in the shop, with the hammer, with the drill, with the awl; and our salvation *is* to be worked out in this way.

There is not very much we get as a race or as individuals for which we do not have to put forth effort. We must be taught to put brains and skill and dignity into common occupations. *We must learn to do a common thing in an uncommon manner.* It used to be true that in Washington and Baltimore and other cities every large barber-shop was in the hands of the black man. Now you can scarcely find one in the hands of the black man. We were not taught to put brains and skill and dignity into it, and to raise it up and improve it. The white man came from Europe, from Paris, with his brains and skill and capital, and took a first-class nice airy room, on the front side of a fine building on a principal street, carpeted the floor, hung pictures on the walls, had a new kind of chair, and that once despised occupation has been to some extent dignified and taken out of the black man's hands. They used to call the black man a barber, but now the white man is called a "tonsorial artist." It is the same old shop that "old Uncle Joe" used to have; they have taken it out of his hands.

Some think industrial education is valuable just to make the negro work. It raises him out of the drudgery of toil into that which is dignified and beautiful. It is invaluable in teaching the student how to make the forces of nature work for him,—air, water, steam-power, and electricity.

When I was out in Iowa some time ago I saw a white man planting corn. He was sitting on some kind of a machine they called a cultivator. All he seemed to be doing was holding back two fine, spirited horses, and he had a great big red umbrella over him. The machine the white man was sitting upon seemed to plough up the ground, make the furrows, drop the corn into the furrows, and cover the corn in the furrows. The white man was sitting down under that umbrella. Not long after, I was in Georgia, and I saw an old colored man planting corn. I saw an old mule that was going at the rate of about half a mile an hour, with this black man, barefooted, behind him. The old mule would go a few rods, kick up his heels, then go a few more. Then the harness would break, and the old man would have to totter off to get some string to mend it with. With all this outlay of energy, he could only plough the land. Another one had to follow and lay up the furrows; another drop the corn into the furrows; another cover the corn in the furrows.

Now, my friends, is it possible for that black man in Georgia to compete with that man in Iowa sitting under that red umbrella? I tell you there is something that has not an iota of prejudice in it, and that is the American dollar. You will buy your corn of the man who produces it the cheapest, whether he be white, black, blue, or gingerbread color. Our industrial education is giving the negro boy so much skill and brains that he can sit down under the red umbrella and raise corn like the white man. We

must come to that as a race, or we go to the wall.

In constructing our buildings, while we have had some money given to us, it has been largely by the labor of these men and women (and they are the best set of men and women in the world) that we have produced a property valued at three hundred thousand dollars. We have thirty-eight buildings, and all but four were wholly erected by the students. The cost was about seventy-five thousand dollars. The work does not end here. This accumulation of buildings, this gathering of students, would mean very little in itself. Every student who comes there comes with the distinct idea that he is to get his education and go out and give himself to the lifting-up of some one else.

Yesterday at the Teachers' Association I spoke very briefly of a young man who came to Tuskegee to work his way through. He worked ten hours a day and two hours at night. He finally went into our regular day-school and finished our course of training. He then began teaching school in Alabama. For two months that young man taught school under an oak-tree and received only five dollars a month for his service. Not a word of complaint did he utter. He was filled with gratification for the fact that he was permitted to serve his people in that humble manner. That same young man could have gone out and worked at some other employment and earned twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. He not only taught school under this oak-tree, but he went about to the fathers and mothers and found out their needs. After he had his little day-school, he called the old people together and organized a club, with meetings every week. In a plain, simple, common-sense way, he taught them methods of agriculture, what to buy and what not to buy, how to sacrifice if necessary, how to live on bread and po-

tatoes until they could get out of debt and buy a home of their own.

The first year he worked in that community he showed them how by their small cash contributions they could build a little frame schoolhouse. He continued that work until they added one month to the original three months of the school. Now they have a school lasting six or seven months, taught in a nice little frame schoolhouse. I wish you might have the opportunity of going into that community and looking into their faces, beaming with delight. I wish you might go and look at their well-cultivated farms. This young man was their Sunday-school teacher, their day-school teacher, and their preacher, all in one, and he made a complete revolution in the industrial life of the community. There was no money given them from the outside. They had this teacher, this leader, this guide, this Christian man, to help them to take the same money that they were scattering to the winds for whiskey, snuff, and cheap jewelry, and put it into buildings and land and the support of the school.

That is the kind of work needed to-day in every portion of the South. Just as soon as we can send out an earnest teacher of common sense and Christian consecration you will find a change taking place in the darkest of these communities in the South. I could stand here for hours and give you instances where these young men and women have gone out and shown these people how to get on their feet.

We must bear in mind one thing. I remember on one of these plantations I came to an old colored man seventy years old, living in a log-cabin, in filth, poverty, and misery. As I looked about this old man's cabin I grew rather impatient with him. I said, "It seems to me if you were worth your freedom you would have changed your condition during the thirty

years you have been free." He said, "I knows I ought 'er live a different life, I knows I ought 'er buy some lan', I knows I ought 'er build a decent house, I knows I ought 'er get out of debt and be somebody befo' I die, but, Mr. Washington, I don't know how; I don't know what to do first." I looked into his lean and haggard countenance, and I realized as I never had realized before the terrible curse of slavery upon my race. The greatest injury it brought was the deprivation of the opportunity of exercising self-dependence, which is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race. We were taught for two hundred years to depend upon somebody else for clothing, food, and shelter. How can this habit of dependence be overcome in thirty or forty years unless you send to my people men and women who will lead them and guide them and stimulate them until they are able to get on their feet?

I do not know how you find it here in Massachusetts, but in Alabama we find it hard to make a Christian of a hungry man. I have tried it, and it always fails. That is another value of this industrial education, letting them get hold of something to eat three times a day. That means a great deal in the civilization of any people.

There is one thing in which our race can excel you, and that is in feeling. You can beat us in thinking, but we can beat you in feeling. The average black man can feel more in ten minutes than the white man can in an hour. We feel our religion as much as you do. The difference is that the black man is always preparing to live in the next world, which is all right, but you are also looking out pretty carefully for this world, I notice here in Boston. That is one difference between us, and this emotional side of our nature is often misunderstood. I remember an old colored lady who went to an Episcopal church on Sunday. She sat

up in the gallery, and as the good rector began to warm up to his discourse she began to feel happy, and began to applaud and grunt and groan. Finally, one of the brethren said to her, "Why, my good woman, what is the trouble with you?" She said, "Why, I 'se happy, I 'se happy, I 'se got religion." "Why," said he, "this is no place to get religion." In the sermon of the average black man you will find that about two-thirds of the words are a description of heaven; while his people are content to live in log-cabins down here. They preach about wearing "golden slippers" in the next world, and go barefooted in this world. They have an old song that says, "Give me Jesus, and you take all this world." The white man simply takes the black man at his word down in the South. The white man gets the world, the land, and the cotton, and leaves the black man alone. I would not speak irreverently, but coming in contact with these people day after day for eighteen years I have learned this: that the way to teach them to have the most of Jesus is to teach them to mix with their religion practical zeal and thrift, good houses and land, and a bank-account, just as the white man does.

From these institutions you will find the graduates going out doing good, prolonging the school year, building school-houses, and teaching the people how to live as strong, useful American citizens.

I am very often asked, What influence will this industrial education have on the relations existing between the white man and the black man in the South? That, my friends, is a problem to which every American citizen should give his most prayerful attention. I believe I have grown to the point where I can sympathize with the white man as much as with the black man. I thank God that I have grown to the point where I can sympathize with the Southern white man as much as with the Southern black man. "A man's a

man for a' that." No race can go on cherishing hatred and ill-will without being narrowed and dragged down under it. I purpose that no race or individuals shall drag me down by making me hate them. If others can excel us in hating, let us excel them in loving. If others can excel us in cruelty, let us excel them in acts of mercy. If others would push us down, let us push them up.

As bad as conditions are in certain sections of the South, as much injustice as there is in certain lines, there is this in our favor,—and it is another wedge for the solution of the problem,—there is an absence of prejudice in the matter of business. When it comes to business, pure and simple, the black man has as good an opportunity to rise in the South as in the North. I notice if he keeps a grocery-store he is patronized by the white men as well as by the black men. He can get money at the bank on the same security, and sometimes a little more quickly, than the white man; for we sometimes fear the white man may run off, and we know the black man has not got that far along in civilization!

Friction will disappear in just the ratio that the negro, by his thrift, by his brains and his skill and his Christian character, can produce something the white man respects. You will find the white man in the city of Boston does not care very much about other white men unless they have something he needs. This brings individuals into contact with each other and makes them friends and neighbors. In the history of the world, commerce has brought races and nations together in a larger measure than anything else.

When I began teaching in Tuskegee eighteen years ago there were some white people who did not want to look at me. When they met me they would not recognize me. I did not curse them. You cannot convert people by cursing them.

We went to work in our industrial departments and manufactured bricks. These white men wanted them; they came to get them. Then we manufactured vehicles, wagons, and buggies. The white people wanted them, and they came for them. We started a job printing-office, and now the organ of the Democratic party is printed by our students. This is something those white people want. Our business interests became entwined, and now our institution has not a warmer friend in this country than among those people in Tuskegee. As fast as these young men can go out and produce something that makes the white man dependent upon him a change will take place in the relation of the two races. Let us put one of these men into every community and this race problem will disappear. Usefulness is the greatest protection you can give to the negro in the South. Says the Great Teacher, "I will draw all men unto me." Not by force, not by law. Following in the tracks of the Lowly Nazarene, we must work as a race, and wait until by the exercise of the higher forces and by the product of our brain and hand we are so important, so useful, to the American people that we compel them to recognize our intrinsic worth. My friends, this problem concerns nearly sixty million of your race and ten million of mine. We rise as you rise, and when we fall you fall. When we are strong you are strong; when we are weak you are weak. There is no power that can separate our destiny as a people in this country.

If ever there has been a people who obeyed the Bible injunction (and I beg of you remember this), "If they smite you on the right cheek, turn to them the other," that has been the American negro. The Indian appeals to his tomahawk, the Russian to his dagger. The negro is the most long-suffering, law-abiding of them all. He is dependent

upon his midnight groans and his inherent faith in the justice of his cause; and if we can judge the future by the past, who can say that his course has not been a great one?

Think of our origin. I point people to the past. I ask them to remember that only a few centuries ago we came into this country a piece of property; we came out of slavery American citizens.

We went into slavery without a language; we came out of slavery speaking the proud Anglo-Saxon tongue. We went into slavery pagans; we came out of slavery Christians. My friends, if a race is able to make such a progress within a few centuries, is it not worth saving and making a part of your Democratic and Christian institutions, in reality as well as in fact, in every part of this country?

Studies of the Poets.

Rossetti's "House of Life."

WILLIAM G. WARD.

ROSSETTI is not well understood by the average reader; perhaps he is somewhat difficult for any one. There should be no great difficulty, however, for those who will bear in memory a few forces which shaped his life as painter and poet. The first of these influences was the life of his father, an Italian exile who never forgot that he was an exile, and who never forgot that other great exile of Italy, whose spirit he revered almost as something divine.

This Dante-worship seems to have left a deep impress upon all the children of this remarkable family, but especially upon the son to whom was given the name of the great Florentine. Many of Rossetti's designs for paintings were illustrations of the writings of Dante, though he succeeded in getting but few commissions for executing his grand ideas. His poems, however, show the influence of Dante in many ways, not only from the "Divine Comedy," but from "The New Life." His contact with the strange earnestness of Dante's life is discoverable from his abiding interest in such topics as fortune, fame, oblivion, death; the mystery of life and destiny;

the meaning and the mystery of love, especially as it is idealized in "The House of Life."

Another influence was the strange "other worldness" of his sister Christina, who was his model for his early picture of "The Childhood of the Virgin," and whose poems have influenced many another soul, in spite of their slight tendency toward the morbid. Which of the two, his mother or his sister, influenced him most it would be hard to decide; they were constant companions in his early life, and we know of his deep affection for them both—a fact which was conspicuous even in this deeply affectionate family.

More potent than any of the foregoing, however, was the influence of his model and pupil, Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, who after a long engagement became his wife. The all-too-brief married life ended in less than two years, with the death of Mrs. Rossetti, and our poet devoted the twenty remaining years of his life to the loving service of keeping her memory enshrined in his heart. It is doubtful if the history of literature furnishes another example of such abso-



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

lute and unconscious devotion to an ideal. He glorified her features in many an immortal portrait, of which one of the most famous is an effort to paint the dead face, — "The Beata Beatrix." Far more pleasing, however, are his pictures of her living countenance.

More wonderful, if possible, than the portraits are the poems, especially the ones called "A Little While" and "The Portrait;" and still more especially the long sonnet sequence of over a hundred numbers, called "The House of Life." They are nearly all addressed to his wife, as though they were to be sent to her in a letter the next day. They are more personal than Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," as they might well be, since it is through the awful distance of their separation that his songs are projected; they are also more frank and less self-conscious, for the reason that there is nothing now to hide from any one; all the world knows that it is the idealized love of a real lover for one whom he has a right to idealize.

If the foregoing considerations are borne in mind it is hard to see how any one can fail to understand "The House of Life." It matters but little where one begins, he can hardly go amiss; but it may be best to cite definite examples. Beginning, then, at sonnet XVIII., read all of the next twenty or thirty; or, go-

ing on from these, read the three sonnets on "True Woman," numbers LVI., LVII., and LVIII. The second series, beginning at number sixty, are less personal, but not less strong. They were published but a year before his death, and may be said to penetrate farther into the other world than any voice beside of which we know. Read the first ten, beginning at the sixtieth, also numbers XCIV., XCV., XCIX., and C.

Throughout them all are seen the matured powers of the youth who wrote "The Blessed Damozel." They show the same positive definition and realistic touch of the painter, to whom all things must be seen as real and natural; and yet it is not the life which we know about of which he is talking, but rather the infinitely distant and unknown world. To him it rises as a picture, sweet and sad, which he seems to see as though he were looking from a window on some familiar landscape, where every object reminds him of her; yea, where he sees her as she is, and sometimes as she used to be. Some one has said "The House of Life" ought to be called "The House of Love;" and so it ought, if life were not chiefly made up of love. To him it needed no such explanation. Life to him was love. The house of life could be nothing else than love, if it were really life.

The Blessed Damozel: an Impression.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

THERE are some poems to which our love would pay the homage of silence. To those who know "The Blessed Damozel" in this near way comment may seem superfluous. To those who have

not this close affection, but who seek it, I offer this impression — not as a criticism, but as a grateful tribute to the beauty of the poem.

Let us approach this masterpiece as we should approach any artistic production, with the humble and earnest desire to gain the author's point of view. To do this we must cast aside all preju-

dice, all petty personal bias, and permit the master to lead us. Furthermore, we must be ready to leave the world of facts, and on the wings of imagination mount to the realms of spiritual truth.

Look into the pictured face of the blessed damozel, as pure as the lilies in her hand; look into the waiting eyes, where the prayer of faith meets the tears of longing love—until you are ready to say:

"I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart."

Poe has given us a wonderful picture of the lover on earth importuning heaven for his beloved and hearing only the melancholy answer, "Nevermore." Rossetti has dared to show us the other side of the picture. The blessed damozel, not sad perhaps, but unsatisfied in heaven, awaits with undiminished love her lover of the earth. The artist-poet has painted the exquisite word-pictures of the poem with light but firm touch, with vivid coloring and rich imagery. His realism does not offend. It is the realism of an ideal world. The similes and metaphors are as simple as they are beautiful:—

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."

Who cannot see those deep, quiet eyes, the home of hope rather than of peace?

"And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

Perhaps there is a touch of the sensuous here, in the thought of the lilies drooping in the warmth of her arm, but this is the human touch that makes the poem so dear, so precious. This is revealed again in the last stanza:—

"And laid her face between her hands
And wept (I heard her tears)."

Linked with this pure human love in

heaven is the faithful love upon earth. Looking down from heaven, earth seems far away, "so high that, looking downward thence, she scarce could see the sun." But to the lover looking upward heaven stoops low:—

"Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face."

Does not some tone of the beloved voice reach the lover's listening ear?

"Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened?"

Can it be that, unknown to the watcher at the gold bar of heaven, her spirit has descended the "echoing stair" to *his* side?

The freedom from conventionality which characterizes the work of the Pre-Raphaelite school is clearly seen in the whole treatment of the theme of the poem. But Rossetti does not sin against sincerity. He does not offend good taste, in spite of the fact that he leaves the trodden paths of poetical composition. His imagery is bold and real, but not grotesque. His mysticism seems to lie in his choice of subject rather than in his treatment of it. The blessed damozel upon "the rampart of God's house" is as real as though she were upon earth. If we reverence her it is not because of her surroundings, but for what she is. We feel her intense humanity, with its smiles and its tears; we love the calm spirit that can trust and wait—not in apathy, but in faith. Hers is love indeed,—love so simple that all may understand its beauty; human love, not an abstraction that seeks not nor remembers the beloved. For she says:

"Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

Love so simple, yet so transcendent



"THE BLESSED DAMOZEL."

that it masters time and death and heaven itself, shining on as clear as the stars of morning! This is the message of the blessed damozel,—the all-con-

quering power of love — human love — lifted to heaven and enduring there in ever-increasing intensity.

The Twilight Hour.

H. M. COLLINS, '01.

WHEN on the languid breath of dying day
Earth's mellow'd sounds fall soothing on the
car,

And all things, bath'd in golden mist, betray
No harsh outline, but fairy-like appear,
How sweet it is to sit and rest awhile,
And ponder o'er the hours of toil and care;
To meditate, with calm and pensive smile,
On all the day has brought of dark and fair.
Oh, fraught with peace and fill'd with well-
earn'd rest,
Of all the day the twilight hour is best.

And when for me life's twilight hour shall come,
And shades of the Dark Vale, approaching near,
Envelop in deepening mist and gloom
All the fair things my heart erstwhile held dear,
And bright clouds linger where in Fancy's skies

Has set Ambition's sun, and on my soul
Falls silence, as, with unclouded eyes,
I view life as a grand and perfect whole
Order'd by One who, while He chasten'd, blest,—
Oh, will for me life's twilight hour be best?

In that dim twilight hour, will it be sweet
To sit with folded hands and muse o'er life,—
Its cool, fresh morning hours, so fair and fleet,
Its fervid noon of toil and care and strife,
Its fever'd hour of love,—half bliss, half pain,—
With all its daring hopes and crazing fears;
To think, with heart grown calm and dulled
brain,
Of joys that are dead and of long-dried tears;
Through all to trace the hand of Love and Pow'r,
And see Heav'n's dawn beyond Earth's twilight
hour?

Oratory in the College.

MARGARET RANDAL, '97.

THERE is a problem which confronts the Emerson graduate who undertakes to teach in the college where our system of education is unknown — a problem arising from the popular conception of the meaning of the term "elocution." Those students who have "taken lessons before" will expect to be taught "pieces" whereby they may exhibit their accomplishments before their admiring relatives and friends. Others in the classes have either a supreme contempt for the work, or they feel themselves lacking in the talents necessary to these performances. In some colleges a certain number of credits in elocution are required; hence there will be many thoughtful students

under the teacher of oratory who believe the study uneducational, and deem the time wasted spent in that class.

All these mental attitudes must be met by the immediate planting of the royal colors of our Alma Mater, and the earnest application of the principles of our system of oratory to the needs of each and every one.

The indifferent ones, and those who are hostile to the work, ought first to be won; thus the first step can be a talk upon the value of the study of oratory — practical, yet uplifting; earnest, yet vitally enthusiastic and wholly inspiring. Show them the value of interpreting for the good of others the great thoughts of

great minds — the value in their literary work, in the culture of their bodies even, as well as in the culture of their minds. Bring to them the effect of this education upon their whole lives. Trust them to see from this high standpoint the work as it is, and be sure they will at least decide to test your statements and endeavor to obtain for themselves some of the benefits you have shown them in your answer to the query, "What is oratory?"

As the theme of this paper is an entirely practical one, I will attempt to outline briefly a few of the difficulties next encountered in the adaptation of the principles of oratory to the time and space allotted the elocution teacher in the college curriculum.

First, the students have many and varied interests. It may be that the class in oratory comes directly after one in mathematics, and the minds of the pupils are still intent upon the last — perhaps still unsolved — problem; or they suggest by their bearing a desire to play truant from the coming lesson in diction. With a shiver of discouragement the teacher realizes that she is no longer in Emerson, a special school, where, in an inspiring atmosphere, all strive toward one goal, bound together by a great love of the work and a reverence for its noble advocate.

A second difficulty will be found in the lack of time for adequate enlargement of the Emerson principles; both student and teacher are involved in a round of "requirements" which limit them to a certain degree of advancement.

Finally, the class itself is a problem; each recitation-period will be vastly different from its predecessor, and, moreover, the composition of the class will be the most varied part of all; for some will be prepared to enjoy the instruction, while others are equally prepared to dislike it.

Let us now look for ways and means

of overcoming these three difficulties confronting the pioneer Emersonian.

It is clear that in order to get the best results there must be a proper atmosphere. "Oh, for a breath from Emerson to inspire this classroom!" will be the heart's cry when we are facing abstracted or indifferent pupils. And that is the secret. *Earnest concentration upon the lesson for the benefit of others* is the watchword to give to those students. The motive of helpfulness through expression will be usually a new thought to most of them, and the teacher should constantly enlarge upon it, recurring to it again and again with infinite patience.

Another method for securing the attention of the class is that of beginning the lesson with a few earnest words introducing the coming lesson. For example, Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean:" the teacher endeavors to concentrate the minds upon unlimited power in its many forms — always deducing from general statements the truth needed by the especial class to which she speaks.

When the atmosphere for work is created each student must be kept busily thinking — and here we realize the great value of our normal work, and we remember the oft-repeated suggestion, "Teach for the sake of the class."

Condensation of subject-matter seems the only way to obtain satisfactory progress in a limited number of recitation-periods. After getting the pupil fairly started along the right line in the first volume of the "Evolution of Expression," only one selection in each chapter need be committed to memory; while the teacher must bend every energy toward winning the laurel wreath of success for her one opportunity.

As for the pupils themselves, and of how to reach them, — let us remember the words of Zoroaster: "Ability in man is knowledge, which emanates from divine light." The aim of education should be

to teach rather *what* to think than how to think.

Take pains to reach each one personally, encouraging each to do the work for a practical reason — trusting to time and the development of the individual's mind to lead him to the realization of the grandeur of becoming his own master. Awaken by every lawful device the power within him "to do." Let us as teachers take for our motto, "It is not the specific thing you can impart to your pupils, but it is the degree of spiritual momentum you can give them."

Have faith in the Emerson principles. Stand firmly by the truth which is given

to each one of us to carry out into the world; the world needs it, and we need to give it. But beware of straying after false gods and of following after false doctrines; forms of presentation may vary, but the fundamental principle must remain the same.

After a few weeks' patient service the path of the new teacher will not be so rough. She will soon be able to see plainly the fruit of her labor, — a different atmosphere will hover about her classroom, and about the many details remaining for careful attention. She will feel that the star has led her safely and surely to the promise of success.

College News.

The Southwick Literary.

A delightful program was given in Berkeley Hall, Thursday afternoon, December 14, under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society. Two of the artists were former graduates of the College, and we were proud to welcome them as worthy representatives of our Alma Mater.

Miss Dole, in "A Christmas Story of the Quarters," revealed to us not only the dialect and characteristics, but also the spirit, of the plantation negro. The "negro lullaby," following in response to hearty encores, was felicitously introduced as an incident from the same day.

In "A Fight with Death," Miss Sutherland brought the grand old Doctor very near to our hearts. The adventures of "Rikki Tikki Tavi" were vividly described, and the "Ode to His Mother," by Kipling, was delightfully interpreted. Miss Sutherland is a reader of rare ability. Her work is marked by truthfulness and simplicity.

The final number was Meredith's familiar poem, "Aux Italiens," given with

music. Miss Dole obeyed the precept of making us see "something new in the old," for we realized with keener appreciation the purpose of the author as transmitted through the alembic of her charming personality.

The music of the afternoon was of a high order. Miss Marsh pleased all with her sweet singing, and Miss Foucher's mandolin solos were thoroughly enjoyed.

L. D. H.

Mr. Archibald.

One of the most interesting of the morning talks which we have been privileged to hear recently was given us by Mr. Archibald, of Montreal. Mr. Archibald has made a careful study of the child nature, and he brought us his interesting classification of the little ones into two groups, which he has termed "motor" and "sensor." He has made a valuable contribution to the Child Study movement of the day. Recognizing the vital importance of a scientific knowledge of the laws of the child nature, we hope that on a future occasion

Mr. Archibald may bring us the results of further research.

M. M.

Professor Mowry.

In an address before the College last month, that prince of story-tellers, Professor Mowry, of Hyde Park, gave a vivid account of the historical incidents connected with the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory. His graphic description of the "Man of Destiny" was thrillingly vivid; he made the various personages associated with the transaction live again. We can conceive of no more certain incentive to the study of history than an occasional story from Professor Mowry.

Emerson College Calendar.

Among other things new for the year 1900, we are pleased to note an "Emerson College Calendar," having in the centre a picture of Dr. Emerson, around which are grouped the members of the Faculty. The design is pretty, and the whole done in half-tone makes an attractive wall decoration for the purpose intended. Mr. Geo. V. Bell, class of '02, is the designer and publisher. C.

'96 Mourns.

The class of '96 is sad at this close of the year, for in one month two of our dearly loved classmates have been called to "higher heights in other lives." Both were taken by the same dread disease after a brave struggle for life. John Duffy, with his great loving heart, seemed, indeed, a son of our great West. Sara Mann, a true child of nature, we called "our little songster."

There lies before me an old letter from Mr. Duffy which reflects his noble soul and his exalted purposes; and I gladly give it to those who knew and loved him. I had asked him why he

chose the profession of priest, which would shut him out from the world he loved. He writes:—

"I was impelled to take this step by listening to that impulse of the higher nature which prompts us to think rightly, to act nobly, and to love constantly. I have left the world only to return to it, and to spend my life in the very vortex of its activities. When I was a little boy, the eloquent Dominican, Father Spleuter, gave a mission at my home. Young as I was, his words went straight to my heart. From that moment I resolved, God helping me, to devote my life to His service. It is a life of sacrifice, but in sacrifice lies the secret of true living."

And so from childhood he has had one desire, one purpose. When I last saw him he was in the university in Washington, where he had been studying early and late for two years. He was happy in his religious life, but found it necessary to leave in a few weeks to rest before the hard work of winter should begin. He never returned. His letters were bright, cheerful, and spiritual during his illness. Only once did he write of death, and then he said: "I would like to fight the good fight for Christ, and I wish always and pray that, whether it be by death or by life, God may be always glorified in me." He is serving, as he longed to do, in ways of which we know not. A heart so true, a purpose so high, are born of a spirituality which transcends death.

To our dear classmate Sara Mann we will say, "Child of Nature—thou art, in truth, child of God." We as a class were very proud of our little friend; she had reached not only *our* hearts but also the *heart of nature*. She loved the country, where she "mingled with the universe," and from that communion she brought to us what she "could not all conceal."

She was in such close sympathy, such perfect harmony, with the birds that she understood their language, and could call them around her and talk with them. The wild, free, joyous spirit of the bird spoke to her spirit, and she answered, reproducing the bird-notes so perfectly that she brought to us the breath of nature.

During her illness she manifested the same thoughtful love and interest for others which characterized her as a student. We mourn — yet the links in our chain of love are unbroken. They have simply expanded to enclose a larger space, and heaven is nearer than before.

DAISY G. EARLE, '96.

IDA M. PAGE, '96.

Personal.

Mrs. W. H. Squires is studying literature in Leipzig University, Germany. Mrs. Squires will be remembered by students of '92-'93 as Miss Bertha Callanan.

Upon a recent evening, Mrs. Swain, '01, entertained a number of her classmates in her pleasant home in Waltham. The occasion was a most enjoyable one for all present.

Miss Gertrude Chamberlain, to the inspiring strains of whose music we have marched so often in days past, is spending the season in Paris. Her place at the piano is filled by Mrs. King, '00, a musician of rare ability.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Nellie L. Cotton, '98, has entered the postgraduate class.

Mrs. Lucy Le Furgey, '97, is teaching and reading in Moncton, N. B.

Miss Maude Boadway is teaching in Webb City College, Webb City, Mo.

Miss Mabel Fearnley, '98, is teaching and reading at her home in Denver, Col.

Miss Bertha W. Clowe, '99, has classes in oratory and physical culture at her home in Hudson, N. Y.

Miss Agnes Perssons, '98, has left her sphere of work in Maine, and gone to Lincoln, Neb., where she will teach oratory and physical culture.

Miss Lila Minchin, '99, has been for the past term associated with the Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt., teaching oratory and physical culture.

On Sunday, November 26, Mr. H. T. Daghistanian occupied the pulpit of the Delaware Street Baptist Church in Syracuse. Mr. Daghistanian's discourse was delivered without notes, and the

large audience showed the most intense interest and gave undivided attention. For his test sermon the speaker handled the question of "Life." After the service Mr. Daghistanian appeared before the pastor and the Board of Deacons for conversation and examination. The session came to a close by a unanimous vote in favor of giving to the candidate a written permit. Upon the strength of this vote, and to hearty recommendations, the church has granted Mr. Daghistanian the license to preach, which enables him to do supply work or to become the pastor of a church. Mr. Daghistanian gave also a recital in the same church, to a very large house, on Tuesday evening. Dr. Burton, who is one of the ablest and most popular preachers of Syracuse, comments upon the work thus: "The recital was of exceptional merit. There was no affectation of tone, no stogy mannerism, but real soulful oratory, inspiring, educating, thrilling. The large audience lis-

tened with most obvious attention and enthusiasm to the last utterances of the speaker."—*Potsdam, N. Y., Courier Freeman*.

A Word from the South.

When I receive the magazine I feel that it is as a little New England bird that has flown to me with its heart full of the old song — strong, cheerful, everlasting. I could not work without it. It gives me fresh inspiration and makes me more than ever realize the responsibility of truthfully interpreting our Doctor's principles.

A long, successful life to the magazine, and may it sing throughout the universe!

With best wishes to the new board of managers, I am

Cordially,

EDITH COBURN NOYES.

Texas Female Seminary, Weatherford, Texas.

December 28, 1899.

Meeting of the Alumni.

On the evening of Thursday, December 14, the Emerson College Alumni convened in the college office and library to discuss the subject: "How May the Emerson College Work Be Extended Among Public and Private Schools?" At 7.45 the president, Professor Kidder, opened the discussion by a few pointed remarks. He said, in substance, that the two requisites for a public or private school teacher were, first, *principles*; second, *tact*. Have you a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which the system you advocate is based? Having this, are you able to adapt your principles to special grades of work?

Professor Kidder then introduced Miss Lida J. Wilde, '90, who spoke of her work in the primary grades. Miss Wilde is at present teaching reading with marked success in the Parsons Primary

School, in Brookline, where she will welcome all visitors who desire to see second-grade pupils taught in accordance with the principles of "The Evolution of Expression." Miss Wilde discussed briefly the avenues by which we may be privileged to reach the children in their public-school reading. The special teacher may sow good seed, but her time with each class is necessarily limited. It would be profitable to teach the teachers themselves in classes, and depend upon them to apply the principles in their class-work; but there are so many demands upon the time and money of the public school teacher of to-day, in the fields of art and science, that we cannot hope to find the real solution of the problem here. Our real hope is in the Normal schools. We must place teachers there who understand the needs of the little ones; we must teach the teachers what a psychological development of expression is, and what it means in the unfolding of the child mind.

Miss Wilde has experienced no difficulty in leading the earliest grades to a spontaneous expression, prompted by the thought. The work of the first weeks is principally language work, and no book is used. The activities of the child are appealed to; little clauses, as "I can run," are illustrated in action. Mother Goose rhymes are used, together with Maud Humphrey's musical adaptation of them. Stories are told about pictures, and the blackboard is an important factor in all the language work. The children may be taken to walk and then encouraged to tell about what they saw. The story is written on the board as it is told and afterwards read. So by various means a little vocabulary is acquired. After the child is finally given a book, he will progress very rapidly; but the mind must become acquainted with the *thing* before it is given the *word*.

After the child is given the book, al-

ways require him to find every new word in the lesson; then to look at another child and *tell* it—not *study* it. If the word is repeated by rote, with no thought in it, impress upon the child that he is merely studying, and that you do not permit studying in recitation—he must *tell* the thought when he recites. You will not find it necessary to tell him to speak in a louder tone, or to make any other mechanical suggestion. Merely lead him to give the thought to some one else.

There must be perfect freedom in class, and the teacher must never allow herself to feel hurried. She must have the closest sympathy with the children, and an absolute faith in the child nature and in the principles of her work. She must be able to inspire even these tiniest ones with the spirit of helpfulness which is so essential to their highest development.

In the discussion which followed Miss Wilde's most interesting address, she said, in answer to questions, that she does not burden the little ones with a very exhaustive drill in phonics. She teaches them a few of the simple sounds, as the long and short vowels, and they readily gain the rest from the context. She spoke highly of the Cyr's series of readers for text-books, and mentioned also the "Stepping-stones to Literature," edited by Miss Sarah Arnold and a joint author. Whatever the text-book may be, it must be carefully adapted by the teacher. Do not hold the children on the long repetition of simple phrases and clauses usually found in the opening pages of the primary readers.

Miss Wilde is eminently fitted by nature for the field of work which she has chosen. We felt the sympathy, the faith, and the close insight into the child nature which must always characterize the true teacher.

Miss Eleanor Sullivan, '93, was then introduced, and spoke of her work in the

grades from the sixth to the ninth. Miss Sullivan is at present teaching in the Washington Allston School in Allston, and will be glad to show interested visitors some of her class-work. She emphasized the importance of much language work in teaching reading. This work must be thoroughly done before the books are employed in class. The regular teacher has the language class, and the special teacher supplements that. In reading a selection, the whole story must be in mind before the pupil can read a part intelligently. The silent reading, therefore, must come first, after which the teacher may lead the pupil to talk about the selection. Only after such a thorough preliminary drill can a natural expression follow. Never forget to lead the pupil to do something for the class—to talk to his audience.

Miss Sullivan gives the children easy drill in Visible Speech—not in a mechanical way, but with the ideal of beauty. She drills them on simple words, inspiring them with a desire to refine and beautify their speech as much as possible.

She spoke of the advisability of requiring the children occasionally to memorize the lesson—this for vocabulary as well as for expression. The committing must be done after the selection has been thoroughly analyzed. Never permit machine memorizing, line by line. Common sense will teach one how to apply the principles to the children.

Vary your method of conducting the recitation. Have the entire selection read first; then sometimes work with parts for expression. Sometimes it is well to have some one else read the pupil's part, to give him the thought, then require him to read it. Always remember that the *whole*, the purpose of the selection, must be in every part.

Miss Sullivan mentioned the New Franklin Fifth Reader and the late edition of Monroe's Fourth Reader as ex-

cellent text-books. With well-chosen text-books, every reading-lesson can be made a literature lesson as well. Miss Sullivan spoke from a wide experience in private and school work, and her earnestness impressed her hearers with a sense of her efficiency as a teacher.

Miss Catharine Tinker, '97, followed Miss Sullivan and spoke of the work of the Emerson College graduate in the Normal school. Miss Tinker was associated with a large State Normal in the West before she was called to a position on the Faculty of Emerson College. She spoke with her accustomed earnestness and forcefulness, and her suggestions were eminently practical and inspiring.

After speaking of the genial atmosphere that one finds in the Normal school, where the students are imbued with the teaching spirit, Miss Tinker presented some problems which confront the Normal school teacher. First, she is placed in charge of a Methods class in "The Evolution of Expression." This class is supposed to be ready for the study of the philosophy underlying the steps. The teacher is expected to prepare them to go down and teach in the model school. She must also grade the work for them, and examine text-books, telling what constitutes the merits of those which she finds good, and wherein they fail if they are not good. She must be able to select in the primary readers those best adapted to illustrate the steps in "The Evolution of Expression." She must supervise the reading in the model school, and see that the teachers are carrying out the principles.

The teacher of oratory may also have a class in connection with the history courses to study the orations which have influenced the world. Putnam's series of orations may be used in this class. This work is very valuable from an educational standpoint, and can be made intensely interesting, but will require careful preparation on the part of the teacher. In

addition to these classes, the teacher will undoubtedly have the entering class in "The Evolution of Expression." Here she must exercise care to inspire the student with a wholesome respect for the subject by requiring real work of him. Students are too apt to think that reading is very easy and needs no special preparation. Require them to look up every reference from a literary standpoint or a historical, as the case may be. Occasionally require that an entire selection be committed to memory.

The teacher will be expected to prepare the pupils for entertainments frequently. Have your programs new and varied, but classical. One who expects to fill such a position may profitably outline programs before. Programs of unity are most pleasing; as "An Evening with Tennyson," or a program arranged from the New England poets.

Miss Tinker said, in closing, that the Emerson system is honored in the Normal schools into which it has been introduced. Teachers of mathematics, of science, of history, say, "You deal with the development of the mind. You have something which will help me in my work." The chief difficulty of the new teacher is to get hold of the minds of the students. Our work does more in awakening the minds of the pupils than any other line of college work.

Miss Maud Gatchell, '93, discussed the private schools, which she classified as those which aim at a thoroughly intellectual development and those known as "finishing schools." It was of our relation to the latter class that she spoke especially. They will ask, "Do you teach elocution? Do you teach posing, æsthetic culture, etc?" Tell them that you do; that you teach a *new* kind of posing. Surely our physical culture is *æsthetic* culture, and through that and the responsive work we certainly attain a "new posing," though it offends our sensibilities to apply the term. But we must have some

common ground of meeting. When you show them what the aims and the results of our physical culture and responsive work are they will no longer talk about "posing." People will not cling to the artificial when they recognize the true.

Introduce as much of all the work as possible, voice, physical culture, and "Evolution of Expression." Perhaps the voice work is the most difficult to introduce. The teacher must use infinite tact.

"The Evolution of Expression" may be adapted admirably to little children. They can appreciate many of the selections, including some of the beautiful nature sketches. Read these through in class, talk them over, have a committee from the class report on the meanings of words which they were previously appointed to look up. The next day, the selection having been memorized, have the drill in class. One may profitably give the little ones simple exercises in responsive work, also, to develop greater freedom of movement. For instance, place one child behind the others and let him tell a story (which he has previously prepared), using only the letters of the alphabet. Let the little ones in front respond to what is reported in his voice.

Miss Gatchell gave an interesting ac-

count of her experience in a college town in Missouri. She emphasized the importance of the teacher's standing for the college work,—a consummation which is certainly illustrated in Miss Gatchell's own person.

The general discussion which followed the formal program pertained especially to the physical culture. Mrs. Whitmore, Professor Kidder, and others testified to having found most gymnasium work, as it is conducted to-day, thoroughly opposed to expression. A tendency toward rigidity of muscle seems to result from the use of the appliances. The Emerson System of Physical Culture meets the needs of all; the problem is to grade it and relate it to the children so as to interest them.

An informal reception was held at the close of the session, and refreshments were served in the library, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

The next meeting will occur February 19, at 7.30, and a large attendance is desired. The topic for discussion will be, "What Does the Public Want from the Readers?" A number of experienced readers will be with us, and a most profitable evening is anticipated.

F. T.

JULIA T. KING, *Secretary.*

Emerson College Alumni List.

For the first time in the history of the College an attempt has been made to prepare a complete list of all who have ever been graduated from Emerson. It is impossible, at this time, to prevent certain errors from appearing. We have not the present addresses of all, nor have we record of all who have been married, or of all who have been called to the higher life.

Any one into whose hands this list may

fall who can give any additional information regarding any of the Alumni will confer a favor by communicating with Charles W. Kidder, Emerson College.

[Those marked † are deceased. Where no State is given, Massachusetts is understood.]

Abbey, Lotta Pauline, '93,	Utica, N. Y.
Abbott, Amy Louise, '98,	Keene, N. H.
Abbott, Carlotta, '96, Box 268,	Claremont,
	N. H.
Acken, Augusta, '90,	Metuchen, N. J.

- Acken, Eva A., '92, Metuchen, N. J.
 Adams, Elizabeth E., '93, Hingham
 Adams, May Belle, '97, Ashburnham
 Aiken, Eva E., '92, Ellsworth, Me.
 Alden, Mary, '88, 68 Warrenton St., Boston
 Alden, Silas A., '83, Emerson College, Boston
 Allen, Alice Marion, '98,
 12 Saginaw Ave., North Cambridge
 Allen, Marjorie L., '95,
 44 East Manning St., Providence, R. I.
 Allyn, Louise Hulburt, '95,
 29 Federal St., New London, Conn.
 Anderson, Annie M., '93, Stoneham
 Andrews, Ellen Maria, '96,
 Bethel College, Hopkinsville, Ky.
 Andrews, Maude S., '99,
 State Normal School, Gorham, Me.
 Armstrong, Albert, '96,
 89 Worcester St., Boston
 Arnold, Annie J., '96, 6 Harlow St., Roxbury
 Ashton, Mrs. Grace Jones, '95,
 24 Mall St., Roxbury
 Aspell, Grace E., '97. See Dunn.
 Atkins, Mattie Josephine, '92. See Jackson.
 Atwater, William E., '93, Westfield
 Austin, Mabel, '97, 536 Tremont St., Boston
 Averill, Flora H., '82. See Huff.
 Axford, Rachel Morgan, '95.
 Ayers, Mrs. Evelyn B., '88,
 The Hamilton, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Bacon, Ina Harriett, '95, Geneseo, N. Y.
 Bailey, Eva A., '86. See Southwick.
 Baird, Fermine Du Buisson, '91.
 Baker, Ellen L., '94, Friendship, N. Y.
 Baldwin, Alice A., '94,
 277 Wall St., Meriden, Conn.
 Ball, M. Ella, '97, 123 Otis St., Cambridge
 Banks, Maude E., '95,
 4 Harvard Ave., Waltham
 Barnes, Eleanor B., '99,
 Cor. Hawthorne and Maple Sts., Malden
 Barnes, Elizabeth Maria, '98,
 64 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 Barnes, Ellen Estelle, '98,
 3617 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Barnes, Mary Maud, '98,
 3617 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Barrett, Eleanor Gordon, '98,
 Emerson College, Boston
 Bartlett, Jessie, '88.
 Bass, Mrs. Zitella Ebert, '95,
 25 Kellogg Bldg., Washington, D. C.
 Batchelder, Ethel M., '99,
 Winter Hill, Somerville
 Baxter, Mrs. Effie F. Monroe, '86, Brighton
 Baxter, Marion Lavina, '97,
 119 Banks St., Attleboro
 Beals, Mrs. Myra Moriata, '83.
 Beatty, Ella Faber, '93, West Chester, Penn.
 Beebe, Gertrude, '93, Hyde Park
 Beck, Sophia, '90,
 162 Van Buren St., Battle Creek, Mich.
 Beede, Mrs. Hilda Lee Drew, '90,
 Tyler Park, Lowell
 Beemis, Mrs. Henrietta Clarke, '85,
 Swampscott
 Bell, Leon Edwin, '93.
 Bennett, Flora M., '91. See Moore.
 Bennett, Helen Louise, '97,
 94 Camp St., New Britain, Conn.
 Bergstrom, Mrs. Linda Curtis, '94,
 Honolulu, Hawaii
 Berney, Maude Alice, '94,
 140 Bellingham St., Chelsea
 Bickford, Gertrude M., '92, Woburn
 Bidwell, Margaret, '99, Deep River, Conn.
 Billingsley, Romaine, '98,
 Beaver College, Beaver, Penn.
 Bingham, Marie Leslie, '98.
 Black, Viola E., '89, Nacogdoches, Tex.
 Blaisdell, May H., '94, Franklin
 Blake, Marian E., '90. See Campbell.
 Blalock, Annie, '91, Emerson College, Boston
 Blanchard, Fred Mason, '96,
 Chicago University, Chicago, Ill.
 Blanchard, Rosalie, '83.
 Bliss, Ella Frances, '93.
 Blodgett, Belle, '85, Newtonville
 Blood, Hattie M., '90, University Pl., Neb.
 Blood, Mary A., '82,
 Steinway Hall, Chicago, Ill.
 Bly, Carrie Gibbs, '97,
 304 County St., New Bedford
 Blythe, Anna M., '99, Clearfield, Penn.
 Boadway, Maude M., '98, Rockingham, N. H.
 Boardman, Emma F. See Finney.
 Bolles, Mrs. Harriet Emily, '97,
 40 Huntington St., Hartford, Conn.
 Bond, Mrs. Ernestine McDuffee, '93.
 Bonette, Carita Barbara, '99,
 Hotel Dieu, Chatham, N. B.
 Booth, Mrs. Hortense Matteson, '97,
 3 Lake Pl., New Haven, Conn.
 Boynton, Bertha J., '99,
 207 South 8th St., Monmouth, Ill.
 Bradford, Alice I., '86,
 161 Summer St., Somerville
 Bradford, Minnie B., '99, Claremont, N. H.
 † Breakstone, Adella, '91.
 Breckenridge, Mary C., '97, Ware
 Bridgman, Ida E., '82, Hardwick, Vt.
 Bridgman, Ina M., '82, Hardwick, Vt.
 Briggs, Florence E., '88,
 4937 Rubican St., Philadelphia, Penn.
 Brightman, Addie Randall, '93,
 Vassalboro, Me.

- Brockway, Rosamond A., '93,
26 St. Stephen St., Boston
- Brodie, Mrs. Mary Woodbury, '86,
Genesee, N. Y.
- Brooks, Ada Jean, '99,
143 West Canton St., Boston
- Brooks, Alida W., '93,
112 Howe St., Kingston, N. Y.
- Brooks, Anna Isabel, '99, New Berlin, N. Y.
- Brown, Henrietta L., '84, Malden
- Brown, L. J., '86.
- Brown, May Prescott, '97, Canterbury, N. H.
- Brown, Maud L., '86.
- Brown, Nellie, '93, Delaware, O.
- Brown, Saidie N., '87, Box 248, Salem, Ore.
- Bruce, Annetta, '99,
117 Gordon Ave., Hyde Park
- †Buchanan, R. Carruth, '84.
- Burbank, Mabelle R., '96,
Tremont Building, Boston
- Burgess, Clinton B., '95,
107 West Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.
- Burgess, Mae Alma, '96,
14 Warren St., Everett
- Burk, Mary Elizabeth, '93.
- Burnett, Elvie Everett, '92, Millis
- Burr, Arthur H., '92, South Sudbury
- Burrell, Emma A., '82, Quincy
- Burrill, Charles W., '83.
- Burrill, Mrs. Mary A., '82.
- Burrows, Nettie V., '97, Deposit, N. Y.
- Burt, Grace A., '95,
97 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Bush, Cora Ella, '97,
2459 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Bush, Mrs. Martha A. Hatch, '92,
147 Sigourney St., Hartford, Conn.
- Butcher, Alice L., '97,
185 Duke St., St. Johns, N. B.
- Butler, Ella Tower, '92, E. Greenwich, R. I.
- Butterfield, Dr. L. Alonzo, '86,
19 Walnut Park, Roxbury
- Butterfield, Mrs. Ruhanah, '83,
19 Walnut Park, Roxbury
- Butters, Carrie A., '96,
Training School, East Northfield
- Cairns, Lillian Mae, '97, Scio, O.
- Cameron, Mary E., '95,
1552 Mississippi Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
- Cameron, Tina A., '97.
- Campbell, Mrs. Marion Blake, '90,
Plymouth, N. H.
- Campbell, Mary Gertrude, '92. See Carmine.
- Canney, Mary Teresa, '93, Fall River
- Canney, Minetta, '94. See Edson.
- Capron, Grace Woodhouse, '91,
Wethersfield, Conn.
- Carey, Laura M., '93. See Conant.
- Carleton, Helen E., '89.
- Carleton, Helen Merrill, '92,
49 Green St., Lynn
- Carlton, Jennie Pearl, '93, West Newbury
- Carmine, Mrs. Mary G. Campbell, '92,
1084 12th St., Oakland, Cal.
- Carpenter, Mary A., '82, Lowell
- Carroll, Emma L., '90.
- Carter, Mrs. Ruth Holt, '93.
- Casler, L. Adell, '97, Tinton Falls, N. J.
- Cass, Mrs. Mary Packard, '91.
- Cassett, Bitha, '94. See Martz.
- Cattern, Mrs. Clara Newton, '93,
800 South Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- Chadwick, Maria K., '83. See Short.
- Chainey, Rev. George, '83.
- Chamberlain, Gertrude, '99,
11 Rue Goethe, Avenue Marceau,
Paris, France, chez Mdle. Bou-
ringue.
- Chamberlain, Grace, '90,
28 Blagden St., Boston
- Chase, Carrie Dana, '93.
- Chase, Hattie Louise, '92. See Emery.
- Chase, Gertrude M., '90, Kittery, Me.
- Chase, William E., '93,
84 High St., Newburyport
- Cheney, Estelle Francis, '90, East Barre, Vt.
- Childs, Maud S., '95,
809 Dunlop Ave., Menominee, Mich.
- Churchill, Grace Edna, '98,
Box 411, Exeter, N. H.
- Cilley, Annie L., '95,
164 Holy Rood Ave., Lowell
- †Clark, Edna S., '97.
- Clark, Hattie B., '86.
- Clark, John W., '90,
21 Elm St., North Woburn
- Clark, Mrs. Lillian A., '93,
124 Sycamore St., Somerville
- Clark, Mrs. May Crawford, '89, Winchendon
- Clarke, Emily Ann, '89,
2 Pine St., Concord, N. H.
- Clarke, Henrietta B., '85. See Bemis.
- Clarkson, Mrs. Carol Colgrove, '98,
166 Mineral Spring Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.
- Clay, Minnie W., '87.
- Cleaves, Caroline W., '99, Bridgeton, Me.
- Cleaves, Fordyce, '90,
Denver Normal School, Denver, Col.
- Clifford, Flora H., '92.
- Clifford, Grace, '96,
11 Waverley Ave., Newton
- Clowe, Bertha W., '99,
349 Union St., Hudson, N. Y.
- Coates, Ada M., '92. See Phillips.
- Coe, Clara M., '89,
Bradley St., Meriden, Conn.
- Colburn, Bertha Louise, '88,
167 West 81st St., New York City

- Colburn, Hattie E., '86. See Saunderson.
 Colby, Gerta Mignon, '93,
 47 Sargent Ave., Somerville
 Colgrove, Carol L., '98. See Clarkson.
 Colie, Flavia V., '83.
 Collins, Etta Josephine, '98,
 164 East River St., Hyde Park
 Collom, Winchie Lee, '96,
 Normal School, Oneonta, N. Y.
 Coman, Zelotie A., '89,
 270 Elenwood Ave., Providence, R. I.
 Conant, Albert F., '93,
 12 Westland Ave., Boston
 Conant, Mrs. Laura Carey, '93,
 12 Westland Ave., Boston
 Cone, Mary Bolles, '93,
 East Hampton, Conn.
 Conkling, Caroline T., '97,
 546 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Penn.
 Connor, Mrs. Helen Nichols, '90,
 Stevenson Building, Pittsburgh, Penn.
 Corey, Lottie May, '90, Bedford
 Cornish, Emily B., '98, Lewiston, Me.
 Cotton, Nellie Louise, '98, Windsor, Vt.
 Countryman, Della V., '97. See Shaw.
 Cousens, Harriet S., '98,
 349 North Tisga St., Ithaca, N. Y.
 Cousins, Elvira L., '92,
 461 Fifth Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.
 Cox, Edwin Eugene, '93, Chicago, Ill.
 Cox, Margaret G., '99, Parsons, Penn.
 Crampton, Mrs. Ida May Remick, '95,
 63 Grafton St., Newton
 Crane, E. Gardner, '93,
 277 Walnut Ave., Roxbury
 Crawford, E. May, '89. See Clark.
 Crawford, Helen, '91.
 Crawford, Norma D., '91, Minersville, Penn.
 Crocker, Adelaide M., '93, Lexington
 Crommett, Jessie B., '93.
 Cronkhite, Mrs. Nettie L., '97,
 Hastings, Neb.
 Crosby, Joseph Henry, '98,
 10 West St., Middleboro
 Cross, Grace A., '99,
 Box 520, Naugatuck, Conn.
 Crossman, Antoinette E., '90, Needham
 Cunningham, Mrs. Mabel Shepard, '92,
 1722 Wilton Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.
 Curry, Mrs. Sarah Jefferis, '92.
 Curry, Thomas Albert, '93.
 Curtis, Lena A., '91,
 28 Grove St., Rutland, Vt.
 Curtis, Linda M., '95. See Bergstrom.
 Cutter, Inez L., '98,
 Toronto Conservatory School of Elo-
 cution, Toronto, Canada.
 Daghistanian, H. Toros, '99,
 Potsdam, N. Y.
 Darrow, Fannie G., '89,
 25 Harris St., North Cambridge
 Davies, Helen Gertrude, '97,
 Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 Davis, Annie Grace, '94, Warren, Penn.
 Davis, Grace Delle, '99,
 Holbrook St., North Adams
 Dawson, Garafelia M., '93.
 Dean, Ada B., '98,
 29 Carey Ave., Wilkes Barre, Penn.
 Dean, Marion King, '95,
 39 Oak St., Hyde Park
 Delano, Clara Mae, '98,
 39 Cedar Ave., Montclair, N. J.
 De Lue, Ida May, '95,
 13 Savin Hill Ave., Dorchester
 Denison, Harriet M., '94,
 260 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
 De Vol, Mrs. Alice White, '95,
 387 Broad St., East Columbus, O.
 Dewey, Helen Pernal, '98,
 Salem Normal School, Salem
 Dewsnap, Minnie, '97. See Soule.
 Dickinson, Mrs. Caroline Earnest, '91,
 Bickley Mill, Va.
 Dill, Lina, '87.
 Dithridge, Rachel L., '99,
 16 Brown Ave., Norwich, N. Y.
 Doak, Florence Sterling, '91.
 Dole, Ellen E., '97, 48 Cedar St., Haverhill
 Dougherty, M. Angelo, '87.
 Doughty, Hattie Marie, '95,
 803 Elmey St., Vineland, N. J.
 † Dow, W. Mart, '91.
 Dowling, Millie T., '88.
 Downer, Emily L., '98,
 33 May St., Worcester
 Dresser, H. B., '85.
 Drew, Ethelwyn, '99,
 31 Marshall St., Somerville
 Drew, Hilda Lee, '90. See Beede.
 Drew, Susie Durand, '86. See Miller.
 Drought, Mabel H., '98,
 Mrs. May Wright Sewall's Classical
 School for Girls, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Drummond, Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds, '92,
 West Haven, Conn.
 Dubia, Lizzie Estelle, '90. See Marvin.
 Dunklee, Grace Ellen, '90.
 Dunn, Mrs. Grace Aspell, '97,
 Fort Plain, N. Y.
 Durgin, Ella G., '86, Dover, N. H.
 Durham, Lydia J., '94, Yorklyn, Del.
 Earle, Daisy Grace, '96,
 178 Washington St., Boston
 Earnest, Caroline, '91. See Dickinson.
 Ebert, Zitella, '96. See Bass.
 Edson, Mrs. Minetta Canney, '94,
 95½ Congress St., Portsmouth, N. H.

- Edwards, B. C., '96, Normal, Ill.
 Edwards, Mary F., '99, 21 Pleasant St., Newton Centre
 Eldridge, Jessie, '85. See Southwick.
 Ellwood, Mary Emmagene, '91.
 Emerson, Mrs. Alice W., '97, Emerson College, Boston
 Emerson, Mrs. Susie Rogers, '85, Emerson College, Boston
 Emery, Mrs. Hattie Chase, '92, Waltham
 Emery, Mittie Louise, '97, Tilton, N. H.
 Emmons, Frederick A., '91, East Canaan, Conn.
 Emmons, Mary J., '92, East Canaan, Conn.
 Esterly, Ola, '93, Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y.
 Evans, Addie I., '87, 18 Wentworth St., Malden
 † Fagan, Annie A. E., '82.
 Fairbanks, Mrs. Eva Macey, '96, Cliftondale
 Fairchild, Mrs. Nellie A. Wood, '95, 1445 California St., Denver, Col.
 Falk, Fannie Fern, '92, New Haven, Conn.
 Fallon, Blanche M., '97, 127 Thomas Ave., Dallas, Tex.
 Farmer, Mrs. Florence Woodruff, '93, Newton Centre
 Farmer, Mrs. Gertrude Jones, '93, 53 Appleton St., Arlington Heights
 Farnham, Edith Helen, '97, 3 Deering St., Portland, Me.
 Farr, Charles J., '96, 12 Charles St., Dorchester
 Farrell, Lizzie Drake, '95, Stoughton
 Farrington, Mrs. Grace Safford Jones, '92, Washington St., Wellesley Hills
 Farrington, Isabel H., '92, East Milton
 Fearnley, Mabelle, '98, La Marita Pl., 325 14th St., Denver, Col.
 Felton, Carrie E., '88, Danversport
 Ferris, El Fleda, '98, 212 East Court St., Paris, Ill.
 Ferry, Mrs. Ada M. Firey, '96, 530 Massachusetts Ave., Boston
 Field, Mrs. Clara L., '84, Vineland, N. J.
 Field, Phineas P., M.D., '83, 90 West Springfield St., Boston
 Finney, Mrs. Emma Boardman, 396 Broadway, Somerville
 Firey, Ada Minerva, '96. See Ferry.
 Fiske, Mrs. Hattie Leonard, '96, Durham, Conn.
 Fitch, Cora St. John, '97, Normal School, Shippensburg, Penn.
 Fitch, Elizabeth W., '93, 64 Green St., Fairhaven
 Fleming, Florence E., '92. See Noyes.
 Flitner, May Elizabeth, '92.
 Flynt, Lucy Stoddard, '91.
 Foster, Junia M., '98, 615 State St., Madison, Wis.
 Foster, Herman, '96, 140 St. Botolph St., Boston
 Foster, Mrs. Mary Woolsey, '96, 140 St. Botolph St., Boston
 Fox, Gertrude, '98, 406 Garfield Sq., Pottsville, Penn.
 Fox, Nellie Florence, '99, Add-Ran University, Waco, Tex.
 Freeman, Edith Estella, '93, Lansing, Mich.
 Freeman, Jeanette B., '84.
 Frost, Elizabeth M., '93.
 Fuller, Harriet E., '98, Gorham, N. H.
 Gahm, Annie S., '86.
 Gatchell, Maud L., '93, 1513 Washington St., Boston
 Gay, Alice Marion, '91.
 Gaylord, Joseph S., '93, State Normal School, Winona, Minn.
 Gazaille, L. Corinne, '96, 718 Bush St., Manchester, N. H.
 Gelbart, Hallie Florence, '92, Meriden, Conn.
 Gibbs, Ella E., '96, Blanford
 Gibbs, Emma Drucilla, '93, Orange
 Gill, Clara S., '96, 49 Williams St., Chelsea
 Gilman, Josephine M. R., '90. See Pierce.
 Gilmore, Augusta Helen, '98, Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Penn.
 Ginn, Mary, '93.
 Goetz, Mrs. Mary Lucas, '85, 1218 Upper 8th St., Evansville, Ind.
 Goldthwaite, Lena H., '89. See Stephens.
 Gore, Alice M., '99, 47 Harvest St., Dorchester
 Gould, Edith M., '98, 23 Bellevue St., Roxbury
 Gould, Ethelynd, '93, South Royalton, Vt.
 Gould, Mrs. Genevra L. Hill, '86, 1 Union Park, Boston
 Grant, Lois Prescott, '90.
 Graves, Carrie A., '95, 201 Washington St., Marblehead
 Greely, Mary Ann, '93, Ellsworth, Me.
 Green, May E., '89. See Jones.
 Greenfield, Caroline, '99, Albany, Ga.
 † Greenleaf, Emma G., '83.
 Greenleaf, Mrs. Nettie Littlefield, '92, 95 Pearl St., East Somerville
 Greenwood, Grace, '96, 228 Church St., Marlboro
 Greenwood, May A., '96.
 Gregory, Clara W., '93, 148 North Main St., Rockland, Me.
 Griffeth, Bernice W., '99,
 E. Greenwich Academy, E. Greenwich, R. I.
 Grilley, Charles T., '93, 8 Thane St., Dorchester

- Gulick, Lizzie A., '93, Tom's River, N. J.
 Gunnison, Gertrude M., '90,
 55 St. James St., Roxbury
 Gurnsey, Anna Julia, '97.
 Hackett, Bessie A., '97, Middleboro
 Hackett, Sadie A., '93, Webster, Me.
 Hadley, Fannie C. B., '89. See Kimball.
 Hagemann, Effie Mae, '97,
 145 Main Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J.
 Haight, Leah, '99, 9 Stone St., Oneida, N. Y.
 Hall, Frederick Manning, '98, Rockport
 Hall, H. Horatio, '99,
 Portage, La Prairie, Manitoba, Can.
 Hall, Virginia, '96,
 44 Arlington St., North Cambridge
 Hamblen, Helen, '89.
 Hamilton, Beatrix Maude, '99,
 196 Wellesley St., Toronto, Can.
 Hamilton, Mabel C., '98, Newport, Vt.
 Hamilton, S. Alice, '89,
 21 Ashland St., Medford
 Hamlet, Lucile T., '99, Pamplin, Va.
 Haney, Mary Elna, '98, Fairhaven
 Hanson, Ellen, '90,
 4443 Sydney Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Hanson, Jennie L., '83,
 Mt. Pleasant, Dover, N. H.
 Harden, Mrs. Anna B. Snow, '82,
 South Brewer, Me.
 Hardy, Angie Bertha, '94,
 Seminary, Tilton, N. H.
 Hardy, Grace Maud, '93,
 23 Harvard St., Somerville
 Harlow, Mabel, '97,
 Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, Vt.
 Harper, Rev. Cecil, '92, Y. M. C. A., Boston
 Harper, Meta D., '88, Ionia, Mich.
 Harris, Albert Mason, '93,
 Box 94, Mt. Vernon, Io.
 Harris, Anna, '96, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
 Harris, Jeanette, '97, Box 107, Waverley
 Hart, Grace, '97, Albion, N. Y.
 Hasie, George Edmund, '92, Centerville, R. I.
 Haskell, Mary H., '82, Chelsea
 Hastings, Henry Whitney, '91, Mt. Hermon
 Hatch, Martha A., '92. See Bush.
 Hayward, Lizzie L., '97, Yarmouth, Me.
 Hayward, Susie L., '97,
 8 Ash Grove Pl., Albany, N. Y.
 Henderson, Mabel, '97,
 7 Chester St., North Cambridge
 Hersey, Agnes O., '97, Foxcroft, Me.
 Hewlett, Rev. John C., '86, Roslindale
 Heyworth, Edith E., '91,
 22 Dyer Ave., Olneyville, R. I.
 Hill, Estelle M., '93, Evansville, Ind.
 Hill, Evalena M., '89. See Holton.
 Hill, Florence, '91.
 Hill, Florence W., '90. See Lockwood.
 Hill, Geneva Leveretta, '86. See Gould.
 Hill, Hattie Maud, '91.
 Hilton, Mrs. Nellie Holt, '91,
 22 Whittier St., Cambridge
 Hinckley, Harriet D., '82.
 Hoadley, Francis Clark, '93,
 Mt. Vernon, Io.
 Hoaglin, Sue D., '92, Emporia, Kan.
 Holbrook, M. Frances, '98. See Pfeiffer.
 Hollingshead, Mary E., '94, Chardon, O.
 Hollingshead, W. B., '95, Seattle, Wash.
 Holman, Fleta M., '85, Erie, Penn.
 Holt, Mrs. Lulu M. Pike, '96.
 Holt, Nellie May, '91. See Hilton.
 Holt, Ruth Baldwin, '93. See Carter.
 Holt, Sadie A., '96, Waverley
 Holton, Mrs. Evaline Hill, '89,
 39 Spring Park Ave., Jamaica Plain
 Holzner, Eva J., '92, North Attleboro
 Hornick, Ethel A., '93.
 Houck, Mrs. Edna Little, '91,
 87 Ash St., Nashua, N. H.
 Hovey, Annette E., '92.
 Hovey, Annette M., '93.
 Howe, Elizabeth Pearl, '99,
 Cuthbert College, Cuthbert, Ga.
 Howe, T. Lillian, '92. See Wyant.
 Howell, Harriet Alice, '98,
 1305 South 31st St., Omaha, Neb.
 Hoyt, Daisy Carroll, '88. See Powers.
 Hubbard, Hattie E., '99, Little River, Conn.
 Huff, Mrs. Flora Averill, '82, Campello
 Hume, Leila Olivia, '90.
 Humphrey, Marcia, '82, Scituate
 Humphrey, Margaret L., '85,
 Care of Columbia School, Steinway Hall,
 Chicago, Ill.
 Huntley, Ada S., '90. See Pillsbury.
 Hussey, May L., '91,
 Normal School, Lowell
 Husted, Edith Maud, '92,
 288 Jersey St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Hutchinson, Alice M., '96,
 Bloom St., Lexington
 Irons, Catherine R., '98, Tom's River, N. J.
 Ives, Ella E., '83.
 Jack, Abigail, '96,
 424 West Broad St., Hagleton, Penn.
 Jackson, Mrs. Mattie Atkins, '92.
 James, Mrs. Emma Tuttle, '91,
 7 Haley St., Dorchester
 Jefferis, Sarah W., '92. See Curry.
 Jefferson, Rev. Charles E., '87, New York City
 Jenness, Mabel, '84.
 Jessup, Harriet B., '99,
 Peddie Institute, Heightstown, N. J.

- Jilson, Jeannie L., '89,
219 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Johnson, Emma Fales, '93, Orange
- Johnson, Everett P., '99, Elyria, O.
- Johnson, Mary, '92, Nahant
- Johnson, Mary A., '98,
77 Summer St., Malden
- Johnson, Mrs. M. Florence, '86, Milford
- Johnston, Mrs. Flora C., '98,
35 Millet St., Dorchester
- Jones, Clara, '92, Wolfboro, N. H.
- Jones, Ella M., '99, Hamilton, Ont.
- Jones, Gertrude S., '93. See Farmer.
- Jones, Grace Eve, '95. See Ashton.
- Jones, Grace Safford, '92. See Farrington.
- Jones, Lottie A., '89, 74 Pine St., Milford
- Jones, Mrs. Mae E. Green, '89.
- Joy, Grace Winifred, '95,
139 Mathewson St., Providence, R. I.
- Jump, Adelaide B., '99,
21 Yarmouth St., Boston
- Kane, Lillian A., '96, Blue Hill, Me.
- Karesek, Ferdinand J., '95,
807 Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Karnan, F. Nellie, '86,
The Griswold, San Diego, Cal.
- Karnan, Mrs. Ida White, '92,
51 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge
- Keating, Blanche Louise, '96,
Grove City College, Grove City, Penn.
- Kelley, Lilla E., '90.
- Kelly, Abbey, '95, Le Grande, Io.
- Kendall, Sylvina Brigham, '88.
- Kent, Jennie I., '97. See Paine.
- Keyes, Mrs. Alice Dana, '94,
140 West 105th St., New York City
- Kidder, Dr. Annie W., '94,
18 Robeson St., Jamaica Plain
- Kidder, Dr. Benjamin F., '95,
High St., Winsted, Conn.
- Kidder, Charles W., '89,
Emerson College, Boston
- Kidder, Mrs. Theresa L., '98,
17 Addison St., Arlington
- Killiam, Mary Helen, '94.
- Kimball, Clara L., '96,
33 Prospect Ave., Revere
- Kimball, Mrs. Fannie Hadley, '89,
5436 Cornell Ave., Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.
- King, Julia Thompson, '91,
Emerson College, Boston
- Kingman, Annie Frances, '94,
Ferrisburgh, Vt.
- Kingsley, Fannie Rest, '90,
25 North Main St., Rutland, Vt.
- Kingsley, Lettie Mabel, '93,
8 Richmond St., Brockton
- Kirby, Rev. Edward, '82.
- Kirby, Mrs. Ernestine Witherell, '97,
17 Campbell Ave., Revere
- Klein, Margaret A., '90,
1215 Gervais St., Columbia, S. C.
- Knapp, Marion, '95, 28 School St., Somerville
- Knestrick, Rose Evylene, '90, Akron, O.
- Kordes, Bessie L., '99, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Kuhns, Morris S., '87,
4407 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Kuhns, Mrs. Rosalia Strasburg, '87,
4407 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Kulp, Clara B., '98,
113 East Hanover St., Trenton, N. J.
- Kurzenknabe, Ellen M., '98,
40 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., Room 501
- Lacy, Harriet, '95, 315 3d St., Warren, Penn.
- Lake, Marion, '93, Oconomowoc, Wis.
- Lambkin, Grace Mae, '93.
- Lamprell, Sadie Foss, '95,
Emerson College, Boston
- Lamson, Ethel M., '97, Merrimac
- Landers, A. S. Jean, '90.
- Lang, Thomas, Jr., '84.
- Latham, Ethel Louise, '98,
17 Sanford St., Melrose
- Latimer, Elsie Mary, '96,
Geneva Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y.
- Learoyd, Adelaine K., '93, Saugus
- Leavitt, Gertrude A., '95, Marblehead
- Le Furgey, Lucy, '97,
Care Mrs. C. W. Robinson, Moncton, N. B.
- Leonard, Hattie R., '96. See Fiske.
- Lewis, Ada Evelyn, '99,
Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga.
- Lewis, Hattie S., '92, East Falmouth
- † Lewis, Loretta C., '99.
- Lick, Emily, '93. Oshawa, Ont.
- Lindsey, Alton C., '93.
Care of Empire Bureau, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Little, Edna L. Carleton, '91. See Houck.
- Little, Grace I., '98,
Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky.
- Littlefield, Minnie E., '85,
181 Milford St., Manchester, N. H.
- Littlefield, Nellie B., '86.
- Littlefield, Nettie Ella, '91. See Greenleaf.
- Lockrow, Daisy, '90,
287 Hanover St., Meriden, Conn.
- Lockwood, Mrs. Florence W. Hill, '90,
107 Ring St., Providence, R. I.
- Lockwood, Grace A., '93. See Wood.
- Lord, Clara W., '86.
- Lord, Elizabeth W., '97, 41 Upton St., Boston
- Lougheed, Lillias J., '98,
Whitworth College, Brookhaven, Miss.
- Lovejoy, Maud Taylor, '93.
- Lovell, Annie H., '94, Chatfield, Minn.
- Lowe, Hortense, '86, Waterville, Me.

- Lowell, Sadie A., '99, Dexter, Me.
 Lucas, Amelia F., '90, East Carver
 Lucas, Minnie R., '86. See Goetz.
 Luscomb, Fannie C., '96,
 39 West Newton St., Boston
 Lyman, Lizzie Doten, '91. See Tharp.
 Lyons, Virginia, '99,
 212 Huntington Ave., Boston
 MacColl, Christina J., '93,
 147 Avenue B, New York City
 Macey, Eva B., '96. See Fairbanks.
 † Mack, Minnie L., '86.
 MacRobert, Annie, '89. See Riggs.
 † Mann, Sara A., '96.
 Mansfield, William A., '89,
 Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Marsh, Linda Bell, '99, Dexter, Me.
 Marshall, Sarah Elizabeth, '99,
 Room 402, Vista Block, Grout St. and
 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 Marshall, Susie B., '95,
 13 Rippen St., Malden
 Marsland, Cora, '88,
 State Normal School, Emporia, Kan.
 Martin, Mrs. Anna D., '99,
 616 Rock St., Little Rock, Ark.
 Martin, Mrs. Blanche C., '93,
 Laselle Seminary, Auburndale
 Martin, Edna C., '95, Tom's River, N. J.
 Martin, Isabelle M., '89. See Pingree.
 Martz, Mrs. Bitha Cassett, '94,
 Norwood, Cincinnati, O.
 Marvin, Mrs. Estella Dubia, '90,
 58 Trowbridge St., Cambridge
 Masson, Maud, '98,
 Toronto Conservatory School of Elo-
 cution, Toronto, Canada
 Matteson, Hortense A., '97. See Booth.
 Matthews, Harriet H., '97,
 8 Weshu St., Augusta, Me.
 Matthews, Mrs. Nonnie Wright, '82.
 Maxwell, Mrs. Fannie C., '95,
 300 Broad St., Chester, Penn.
 Mayhew, Della A., '91. See Smith.
 McBride, E. Hilda, '92, McKeesport, Penn.
 McBryan, Gertrude D., '96,
 Bowling Green, Io.
 McConnville, Minnie F., '97,
 96 Carlyle St., New Haven, Conn.
 McCord, Vera, '99, Hanford, Cal.
 McCormick, Sarah Jane, '92, Danvers
 McDiarmid, Belle M., '94. See Ritchey.
 McDonald, Jennie L., '99, Westville, N., S.
 McDuffee, Cora Emeline, '93. See Bond.
 McDuffee, Edith M., '99,
 Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.
 McEbright, Carita, '95, Akron, O.
 McIntosh, Emily L., '97,
 259 Kirby Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 McKie, George M., '98,
 University of North Carolina, Chapel
 Hill, N. C.
 Merrill, John C., '97,
 "Elmhurst," Arlington Heights
 Merriman, Mary E., '94,
 220 Colony St., Meriden, Conn.
 Merritt, Mary B., '97,
 Emerson College, Boston
 Merritt, Mrs. Sarah E., '82.
 Messer, Mrs. Minerva, '98,
 212 West Springfield St., Boston
 Metcalf, Frederick A., '89,
 State Agricultural College, Manhattan,
 Kan.
 Metcalf, Mrs. Winifred Woodside, '93,
 Manhattan, Kan.
 Miller, Mrs. Minnie Tapley, '87,
 Box 28, Haverhill
 Miller, Mrs. Susie Drew, '96,
 47 North 2d St., Meriden, Conn.
 Miller, Zibbia C., '95, 26 Smith St., Roxbury
 Milliken, Nellie L., '82. See Winchester.
 Mills, Anna D., '93, Milford, N. H.
 Mills, Edna Bateman, '98,
 312 West 142d St., New York City
 Minchen, A. Louise, '96,
 1422 West Locust St., Des Moines, Io.
 Minchin, Lila Genevieve, '99,
 14 Kneeland St., Malden
 Minot, Clara M., '92.
 Monroe, Effie F., '86. See Baxter.
 Monroe, May, '84.
 Moor, Emma A., '97,
 Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.
 Moore, Alice L., '92,
 1618 Pennsylvania Ave., Denver, Col.
 Moore, Mrs. Flora Bennett, '91,
 Cor. 9th Ave. and Ann St., Home-
 stead, Penn.
 Moore, Henrietta F. R., '87.
 Moorhouse, Helen Isabel, '97,
 Care of Mr. Henry P. Moorhouse, 155
 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, France
 Morgan, Minnie L., '93,
 133 North Shippen St., Lancaster, Penn.
 Moriata, Mira, '83. See Beals.
 Morrison, Ida Gage, '95,
 Franklin Falls, N. H.
 Morse, Annie Mathewson, '96,
 Christian College, Columbia, Mo.
 † Morse, Mrs. Edith Smith, '89.
 Morse, Hattie Charline, '92.
 Motsch, Mathilde L., '91.
 Moyer, Bertha M., '99,
 1312 Park St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Munson, Minnie Stone, '90, Bethlehem, Conn.
 Murdock, Mary F., '98,
 394 Broadway, Somerville

- Myers, May E., '97,
Box 272, Collinsville, Conn.
- Myers, Nellie A., '97,
Box 272, Collinsville, Conn.
- Mygatt, Laura, '96,
Drew Seminary, Carmel, N. Y.
- Nason, Mrs. Eleanor J. Sanborn, '87,
South Berwick, Me.
- Nason, Parker Hills, '91, West Newbury
- Neill, Sara A., '97,
Room 7, Eagle Building, Germantown,
Penn.
- Neilsen, Theodora H., '93.
- Newton, Clara Drysdale, '93. See Cattern.
- Newton, Marie Isabelle, '91,
West Junius, N. Y.
- Newton, May Titus, '93,
South Pasadena, Cal.
- Newton, Nellie Harriet, '92,
West Rutland, Vt.
- Nichols, Adeline A., '92, Malden
- Nichols, Cora D., '91,
31 Green St., Brockton
- Nichols, Edith Lulette, '92,
54 Vinal Ave., Somerville
- Nichols, Madine Clarissa, '97,
241 South Main St., Barre, Vt.
- Nichols, Nellie Gertrude, '90. See Connor.
- Nichols, Nellie M., '95, Hope Valley, R. I.
- Nicholson, Carrie Eliza, '93. See Payson.
- Noonan, Mary E., '98, Gorham, N. H.
- Noone, Mary Elmira, '93, Phœnicia, N. Y.
- Northrop, Cora E., '92,
1725 Arch St., Philadelphia, Penn.
- Nourse, A. Ardelle, '95, Manchester, N. H.
- Noyes, Addie E., '84,
56 Princeton St., Lowell
- Noyes, Edith C., '96,
Texas Female Seminary, Weather-
ford, Tex.
- Noyes, Mrs. Florence Fleming, '92,
222 Huntington Ave., Boston
- Nunn, Elizabeth L., '96,
1130 McCulloch St., Baltimore, Md.
- Oakes, Marcia, '98.
- Ogden, Florence, '93.
- Ormsby, Mrs. Jennie Ray, '92,
22 West Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
- Osborne, Emma J., '96,
7 Silby Ave., Westfield
- Osden, Alice M., '97,
Higbee School, Memphis, Tenn.
- Otis, Caroline, '97,
805 Windsor Sq., Philadelphia, Penn.
- Overton, Florence M., '98,
South West Institute, Bristol, Va.
- Packard, Inez B., '98,
High School, Essex Junction, Vt.
- Parkard, Mary Wallace, '91. See Cass.
- Page, Ida M., '96, Guilford, Me.
- Paige, Caroline May, '91,
30 Clifton Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Paige, Fannie E., '82, Stoneham
- Paine, Mrs. Jennie Kent, '97, Hyannis
- Palmer, Almond E., '93,
Washburn College, Topeka, Kan.
- Palmer, Olive May, '97,
Care "Public Improvements," 21 Park
Row, New York City.
- Parke, Agnes W., '85, Whitehall, N. Y.
- Parker, Bessie E., '95,
Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Penn.
- Parker, Inez Louise, '97,
554 Tremont St., Boston
- Parker, J. A., '85.
- Parker, Susan W., Blackstone Bank, Boston
- Parks, Mrs. Lulu Stanley, '85,
457 Massachusetts Ave., Boston
- Parry, Sarah, '85, Box 421, Geneseo, N. Y.
- Patch, Emma Frances, '97,
12 Prospect St., Gloucester
- Patten, Sara J., '89. See Slocomb.
- Paul, Charles Wakefield, '97,
215 Forest Hills St., Jamaica Plain
- Payson, Mrs. Carrie Nicholson, '93,
566 Massachusetts Ave., Boston
- Payson, Mrs. Cordelia A., '85,
272 Fairmount Ave., Hyde Park
- Payson, J. W., '85, Hyde Park
- Peck, Mrs. Emily B., '82,
24 Alexander St., Roxbury
- Perry, Will C., '96, Waterville
- Persson, Agnes E., '99, Lincoln, Neb.
- Pfeiffer, Mrs. Frances Holbrook, '98.
- Phelps, Carrie Berry, '88,
Adrian College, Adrian, Mich.
- Phelps, Pauline I., '93.
- Phillips, Sarah Luella, '98,
Miss Rounds's School for Girls, Brook-
lyn, N. Y.
- Phoenix, Lydia E., '91,
State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.
- Pickard, Edward L., '97, East Northfield
- Pierce, Alice Ruth, '93, Greenfield
- Pierce, Rev. Granville, '82.
- Pierce, Mrs. Josephine Gilman, '90,
Bristol, Conn.
- Pike, Lulu M., '96. See Holt.
- Pillsbury, Mrs. Ada Huntley, '90,
1066 Middlesex St., Lowell
- Pingree, Emma A., '83.
- Pingree, Mrs. Isabel Martin, '89.
- Pinneo, Edith C., '99,
53 Brook St., Brookline
- Pinney, Mrs. Lucy D., '95.
- Piper, Carolyn Knight, '91.
- Piper, Harriet M., '99,
Kent's Hill Academy, Kent's Hill, Me.

- Plummer, Clare Louise, '92,
28 St. Stephen St., Boston
- Plummer, May L., '92, Medway
- Poole, Grace Linwood, '93, Rockland
- Porter, Sadai Prescott, '95,
Andover St., Peabody
- Powers, Mrs. Daisy Carroll Hoyt, '88,
Lexington
- Powers, Elsie Shortt, '95, Randolph, Vt.
- Pratt, Bessie Louise, '90, Quincy
- Proudfoot, Eirene, '99, London, Ont.
- Puffer, Mabel E., '93, Ayer
- Puffer, Mrs. Priscilla C., '98,
24 Hall Ave., Somerville
- Pugh, Genevieve, '93, Mazomamie, Wis.
- Purman, Lola, '91. See Thurston.
- Purves, Jennie, '96, Olean, N. Y.
- Putnam, M. L., '85.
- Rainey, Ada E., '93, Lake Forest, Ill.
- Ramsdell, Edith E., '92, Woburn
- Randal, Margaret Bairde, '97,
51 Falmouth St., Suite 5, Boston
- Randall, Elizabeth L., '95,
Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Penn.
- Rannels, L. Etta, '99, Wilmington, O.
- Raymond, Bertha A., '96,
13 Westley Park, Somerville
- Raymond, Glenn, '92, Oneonta, N. Y.
- Reade, Mina A., '95,
Normal School, Truro, N. S.
- Remick, Ida May, '95. See Crampton.
- Reynolds, Mary E., '92. See Drummond.
- Reynolds, Nellie A., '95.
- Rich, Martha Lothrop, '98,
Box 207, Norwood
- Riggs, Mrs. Annie MacRobert, '89,
53 Summer St., Gloucester
- Riley, Mrs. Ida M., '89,
Steinway Hall, Chicago, Ill.
- Ringle, Grace, '97,
516 South McKinley Ave., Canton, O.
- Ripont, Adele, '91, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Ritchey, Mrs. Belle McDiarmid, '94,
619 West 7th St., Cincinnati, O.
- Roach, Caroline, '82, Malden
- Robbins, Clara Evelyn, '98,
High School, Wellesley
- Roberts, Mrs. Effa Frederick, '96.
- Roberts, Jesse M., '92.
- Roberts, Mrs. Mary E., '83.
- Roberts, Mrs. Sara M. Weeks, '92,
55 Eleanor St., Chelsea
- Robertson, Frederick, '82.
- Robinson, Emily, '93, Cuthbert, Ga.
- Robinson, Mary Smith, '92.
- Robson, May, '99,
Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution, Toronto, Can.
- Roes, Addie Estelle, '93.
- Rogers, Catherine E., '92,
Emerson College, Boston
- Rogers, Susie J., '85. See Emerson.
- Root, Edith M., '98,
Columbia College, Columbia, S. C.
- Ross, Harry Seymour, '97,
Worcester Academy, Worcester
- Rossiter, Irmagarde, '95, Rockville, Conn.
- Rowe, Susan H., '89,
157 West Canton St., Boston
- Ruff, Laura M., '99,
State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Penn.
- Rummell, John, '88,
101 Hamilton St., Buffalo, N. Y.
- Russell, Maud, '93, Oakland, Cal.
- Russell, Pauline A., '92, Highlandville
- Ryder, Mrs. Carrie Miller, '82,
Eustis St., South Boston
- Safford, Agnes Mabelle, '92,
Westbrook Seminary, Deering, Me.
- Safford, Clara L., '92, Oakland, Cal.
- Sanborn, Mrs. Carrie, '82,
31 Water St., Salem
- Sanborn, Eleanor J., '87. See Nason.
- Sanborn, Helen J., '90, Pittsfield, N. H.
- Sanborn, Helen M. S., '89,
Normal School, Oneonta, N. Y.
- Sanborn, Nellie R., '82, Hallowell, Me.
- Sands, Nellie G., '98, West Buxton, Me.
- Sargent, Mrs. Ella, '86.
- Saunderson, George W., '88,
Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.
- Saunderson, Mrs. Harriet Colburn, '86,
Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.
- † Saunderson, L. H., '86.
- Sawyer, Mary Gertrude, '93. See Young.
- Sawyer, Mabel G., '97,
Normal School, Indiana, Penn.
- Schofield, Charles I., '95.
- Scott, Florence May, '96, Uxbridge
- Scott, Maude Amanda, '91,
70 Franklin St., Cambridgeport
- Scrafford, Grace, '89. See Voorhees.
- Severy, Melvin L., '83,
236 Park Ave., Arlington Heights
- Seymour, Florine I., '91, Chicago, Ill.
- Shanks, Margaret E., '92,
97 Clarendon St., Springfield
- Shapleigh, Bertram Lincoln, '93.
- Shaw, Mrs. Della V. Countryman, '97,
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- Sheldon, Flora S., '96, Perry Center, N. Y.
- Shepard, Mrs. Jessie L., '92, Westminster
- Shepard, Mabel, '92. See Cunningham.
- Shepherd, Laura M., '98, Gardner, Me.
- Sherman, Marion, '97,
Dean Academy, Franklin

- Sherman, Mrs. Mary L., '93,
65 Cedar St., Somerville
- Sherwood, Florence, '95,
307 Grape St., Syracuse, N. Y.
- Short, Mrs. Maria Chadwick, '83,
43 Holbrook St., Jamaica Plain
- Shrader, Louise H., '87. See Webber.
- Slocomb, Mrs. Sara J. Patten, '89,
7 Myrtle Pl., Roxbury
- Smalley, Mrs. Elizabeth A., '99,
Corinth, N. Y.
- Smith, Mrs. Addie Chase, '89, Springfield
- Smith, Bertha A., '99,
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- Smith, Mrs. Della Mayhew, '91,
North Stoughton
- Smith, Edith L., '89. See Morse.
- Smith, Edith Mae, '95, Box 65, Ludlow
- Smith, Lillia Estelle, '89,
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- Smith, Lilla Hayward, '91.
- Smith, Mary E., '99,
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Conn.
- Smith, Orissa J., '81,
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- Smith, William P., '93, Winchester, Conn.
- Snow, Mabel C., '93.
- Snowe, Anna B., '82. See Harden.
- † Soule, Mrs. Minnie Dewsnap, '97.
- Southwick, Mrs. Eva Bailey, '86,
10 Charles St., Dorchester
- Southwick, Henry L., '87,
Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Penn.
- Southwick, Mrs. Jessie Eldridge, '85,
Emerson College, Boston
- Sprague, Edna May, '93,
Orchard Park, N. Y.
- Stace, M. Elizabeth, '97,
The Gilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Stacy, Lelia M., '86, Wellington
- Stambaugh, Mary E., '93, Sharon, Penn.
- Stanley, Marion L., '85. See Parks.
- Stanton, Jennie B., '92, Westerly, R. I.
- Steatson, Mrs. Mary Frances, '83,
Presque Isle, Me.
- Stephens, Eleanor G., '88,
21 Elm St., North Woburn
- Stephens, Mae E., '95,
36 Holyoke Block, Seattle, Wash.
- Sterns, Marion H., '86, Springfield
- Stevens, Mrs. Lena Goldthwaite, '89,
Portland, Me.
- Stevenson, Bertha, '99, Radcliffe, Cambridge
- Stewart, Laura V. C., '98,
60 Sherman Ave., Newark, N. J.
- Stillings, Florence E., '96,
33 Arthur St., Somerville
- Stowe, Frank J., '95, Lebanon, Tenn.
- Stowe, Rev. Leroy S., '89.
- Strasburg, Rosalia, '87. See Kuhns.
- Strong, William J. H., '99, Beloit, Wis.
- Sullivan, Eleanor L., '93,
2 Forest St., Roxbury
- Sullivan, Helen R., '96,
201 Clarendon St., Boston
- Sullivan, Katherine L., '94,
70 St. Stephen St., Boston
- Sullivan, Kathrynne J., '95,
80 G St., South Boston
- Sutherland, Edna Louise, '96,
1116 Boylston St., Boston
- Sweet, E. Carrie, '98,
82 West Seneca St., Oswego, N. Y.
- Swift, Frances Gould, '92, Falmouth
- Swift, Willis Leslie, '91, Provincetown
- Swigert, Emanuel L., '95, London Mills, Ill.
- Taggart, Anna G., '94, Norristown, Penn.
- Tait, Clarice, '94, Orillia, Ont.
- Tapley, Minnie F., '87. See Miller.
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Contents.	
Editorials	III
President Emerson's Lecture, "The Perfective Laws of Art"	113
The Perfective Laws of Art as Criteria for Literary Composition. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	121
The Perfective Laws of Art in Their Application to Statuary. <i>Minnie Bradford</i>	123
Relation of Perfective Laws of Art to Painting. <i>Anna Isabel Brooks</i>	127
Mrs. Southwick's Talk to the Students, "Opportunity"	130
Speech and Song. <i>E. Parker Johnston</i>	133
Studies of the Poets—II.: Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." <i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	135
College News: The Students' Benefit, the Southwick Literary Society, Personals	137
Alumni Notes	138

Good taste is essentially a moral quality. . . . Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the *only* morality. The first, last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" . . . And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things. . . . What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character. — RUSKIN.

Art an Expression of Life.

THE notes from Dr. Emerson's lectures on "The Perfective Laws of Art" in the present number are presented as finger-points. They form but a very small part of the many things which Dr. Emerson has said concerning art in the numerous lectures delivered during the long period in which he has

been student, critic, and teacher of art. Hence they must be regarded as suggestive, rather than exhaustive. Perhaps they are not so technical as applications of the laws which he has made at other times; possibly to the superficial reader they will seem less technical than they are. Dr. Emerson seldom separates the technical from the ethical. To him, art and life are one—the art is but an expression of the life. Art, then, does not concern itself primarily with the matter of mere surface facility; the physical agents of expression must indeed be freed, but of how much greater moment is the culture of the inner man, the real man, who is projected in his art! Nay, more; the highest freedom and development of the physical agents are attained only by training the physical with direct reference to its mission as servant of the spiritual.

These truths apply especially in the study of our art, — oratory. Dr. Emerson has said, "The technique of oratory is the technique of the imagination." He is the greatest orator who can see most clearly the relationship of things. Hence the study of oratory has primarily to deal with the expanding of man's spiritual vision.

The greatest philosophers and art critics have ever held this exalted ideal of art. However men may differ as to the art standards held by that light of England's bright constellation which has latest set, no one can be in doubt as to John Ruskin's lofty ideals of art. "Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man; and mean art, that of the want of mind of a mean man. . . . You may read the characters of men and

of nations, in their art, as in a mirror; nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundred-fold; for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights. Nay, not only as in a microscope, but as under a scalpel, and in dissection; for a man may hide himself away from you, or misrepresent himself to you every other way; but he cannot in his work." And again: "But the moment that inner part of man, or rather that entire and only being of the man of which cornea and retina, fingers and hands, are all the mere servants and instruments; that manhood which has light in itself though the eyeball be sightless, and can gain in strength when the hand and the foot are hewn off and cast into the fire; — the moment this part of the man stands forth with its solemn 'Behold, it is I,' then the work becomes art, indeed, perfect in honor, priceless in power."

If it be a great thing to command lofty conceptions of the origin and mission of art, how much greater is it to embody such ideals in practical formulations through which humanity may realize the potentialities of its higher nature and project these in expression; to formulate in definite principles the ideals to which the greatest minds have aspired, and apply them in education! The *ideal* is not the *abstract*, to Dr. Emerson. In founding a system of education based upon the laws of the mind according to its evolution, he has recognized in the highest ideals of the soul *laws* which are universal and eternal; and in "The Perfective Laws of Art" he has given to the world a series of criteria, absolute and comprehensive, which form a standard for all art.



Frontispiece.

We present, in our frontispiece, one of the less imaginative themes of that

great idealist, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In "The Golden Stairs" we have simply a procession of young girls descending a winding flight of stairs, bearing musical instruments in their hands. In accuracy of detail, in the undulating curves of the figures, in the perfect unity of the scene, the study wholly satisfies. It is the poetry of motion.



Dr. Lewis.

A report of Mr. Lewis's lecture, "The Passion Play," will appear in a later issue. Mr. Lewis will attend the "Passion Play" during the coming season, and he extends a hearty invitation to all Emersonians, who for so many years have been privileged to see the simple peasants through his eyes, to accompany him in person, and witness the marvellous ceremony with him.



Erratum.

The lecture in the January number "Why I Believe in the Emerson System of Education," attributed to Luverne Elizabeth Hall, was delivered by Mrs. Sara J. Hall, '00.



Just as She Left It.

HARRIETTE M. COLLINS, '01.

Just as she left it, I keep her room;
Just as she left it, save for the gloom
Of the down-drawn shades. Come, see,
Here 's her piano, and on it laid
The last piece that her loved hands played,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Just as she left it I keep her room —
See that rose, dead and reft of perfume;
She wore it, the day she died.
'T is priceless now. Here 's the last page, look —
She ever read in the sacred Book;
'T is marked and opened wide.

Just as she left it her table stands,
Strewn with the work of her busy hands —
But, dear heart, my eyes grow dim,
For here is the tiny baby gown
Half finished — just as she laid it down —
Ah, blame not my love-taught whim!

The Perfective Laws of Art.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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PEOPLE have ever believed that the upper world has power over the lower; they have ever looked to the starry heavens for power over this earth. There is an intuition in man which leads him to believe that this earth is governed by its relationship to what man, in the highest flights of his imagination, cannot limit. This idea has given rise to the term "universal." Apollos may plant and Paul may water, but God gives the increase. The farmer may prepare the soil ever so well, yet he knows that his labor will not insure the crop; it is only a condition that he must fill, for he knows that the crop is finally dependent upon the influences that govern the seasons. The earth is not its own governor, its own master; it is only a planet governed by its relationship to other planets.

If it is true that the earth is governed by what is above it, it is pre-eminently true that man's earthly being is governed by his spiritual being. The philosophy of Socrates reveals the idea that the lower is governed by the higher, or that the lower is in correspondence with the higher. Man, then, like the earth, is governed by universal being. No man lives unto himself; no man dies unto himself; no man lives for himself alone; it cannot be possible. Sever his connection with the universal and he would not merely die, in the ordinary sense of death, but he would cease to be. Existence depends upon it. Sever man from the universal and it is like severing the branch from the vine. Our power is in the ratio of our harmonious relation to

this higher being, this universality of existence.

It is my purpose to present to you some of the elements of power in oratory; and the first is *Purity*. Purity in expression comes from obedience to this larger self of which I have been speaking.

In the study of oratory, first of all, we seek an intellectual perception of the truth and to reveal it to others. If the thought is in your own mind, throbbing and pulsating, thus uniting you with its author, your mind will move the minds of others. In this way you get into *rapport* with great minds — not through any magical performance, but through a legitimate and natural process. You are not studying words as words, but to the receptive mind words suggest the ideas for which the words stand, and that thought, held persistently before the mind, awakes emotions; the words furnish the occasion for their awakening. Now, with the blazing-out of these activities, your own mind vibrating to the great central thoughts which you are receiving, you go before others and carry to them not so many words, merely, indicating so many things, but the truths which those words indicate and which they have communicated to you. You are for the moment the embodiment of that truth — you are a living torch; your fires have been lighted at another's altar, and now you bring those fires to light other minds. Your oratorical growth depends, then, upon how much you can live into the minds of others the truths which you yourselves have received.

In expressing the truth which the mind has received, we must depend upon reporting it *purely*, not obscuring it with some emotion which we may have concerning it.

Purity of expression results from vigor of thought at the moment of utterance. Vigor of thought results from a perfect obedience to the thought — results from yielding every agent of expression to the thought, and letting the truth speak through every agent.

Truth is pure, and obedience to truth develops purity in its servant. We speak of being "born again." I like the term. Born into a higher life, born into higher relationships, born into obedience to the highest! Except ye be "born again" ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. A better figure could not be given us. You do not receive power from the heights of your being until you are born into those heights. You do not have power from the spirit until you are born of the spirit. Nowhere else is this truth more manifest than in the orator. Oratory is a vital thing. It is an expression of the life of the individual, not a performance. We can learn to perform many things, but no man ever learned, no man ever can learn, to perform oratory. A speaker may live one thing and say another; but his word touches no one. People hear it and say it is well stated; but they are not moved, and their lives are not changed.

People speak of the good and the bad elements of man's nature. These elements separately considered are in themselves neither good nor bad; they are characterless. These elements are merely seeds of possibilities. During the mediæval period, in the name of religion, men tried to cut off, as a spiritual surgeon might, elements of their nature which were supposed to be a kind of fungus. God put these elements there. They are not pure? No. They must be purified. Your reason is not pure; your memory

is not pure; your imagination is not pure; your reverence is not pure; your benevolence is not pure; your consciousness is not pure; none of them are pure until they are purified by obedience to the laws of God.

Purity involves other elements, the first of which is *Progressiveness*. There is no such thing as progress until you have enlisted your entire activity in trying to reveal that which you see to be true. The fundamental principle in all art consists in revealing the truth. When one follows the form of truth which he sees, other forms will soon minister unto it. So the orator who is faithful to one truth will soon come to present each truth in the light of all the preceding. It is like a river which is continually enlarged by its tributaries.

Purity also involves *Self-Command*. Every one knows instinctively that one's power to command others through oratory is in the ratio that he is self-commanded. He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.

Obedience to truth, we say, involves self-command, which comes as a result of a complete surrender to truth; or in other words, to the thought which you are expressing. The truth shall make you free. There are a great many people who tell the truth when they can really see it is convenient to do so. A man cannot command the truth; he might as well attempt to command God. Notice that speaker who lacks self-command; he is agitated, nervous, conscious that he is trying to do something which he wishes some one else would do for him. He is not surrendering himself to truth. He is trying to command himself. When a man surrenders himself to the truth his responsibility ends. Truth becomes responsible, and the orator resting upon it will be carried serenely in its arms. Tongue, get out of the way! Gesture, get out of the way! Physical forms of

all sorts, get out of the way! Why? Truth, the king, is coming! Yield to thy lawful commander. When you are thus yielding your whole being to Truth you have *self-command*; for the real self, the inner self, the larger self, has commanded you, and the little self kneels in reverent surrender.

This obedience will develop one more element of power,—*Foresight*,—which means looking forward. To one standing in the centre of a sphere all ways are forward. Moving out from the centre, widening the circle or enlarging the sphere, is foresight. How, then, shall obedience to the truth bring foresight? "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things," said the great I Am. "Thou hast been faithful to report a few forms of truth that thou hast seen, I will make thee to see more extended and remoter forms. I will extend the relationship of thy powers." The person who does not obey the truth he sees to-day will never see any more. Nor is that all. Every day that he lives in disobedience to the truths he sees to-day his vision grows dim concerning them. If a person obeys the truth he sees, very soon he sees a greater truth. In art we have what is termed the realistic, which is the forerunner of the suggestive. The realistic is the forerunner of the suggestive; and if an artist continues to follow the realistic, trying to represent the real, he will find that a line here and a shade there will suggest what he could not really paint. Art is nature passed through mind and fixed in form. Nature is not art, though you represent her ever so perfectly, until she has passed through mind and has had its stamp left upon it.

Nothing can be higher, nor diviner, than the impulse that moves a person to search for truth for the sake of obeying it. Obedience to what I see will enable me to see something else. I have sometimes told a story of Swedenborg. When

he was travelling through the heavens from one sphere to another, led by his angel guide, they came across an uneasy spirit who besought the angel to let him go up into a higher heaven. The guide consented, and the spirit went on his journey, while Swedenborg watched. Having reached that heaven above, the spirit stood and stared blankly around. The angel and Swedenborg could see bright and beautiful angels moving about, obeying high behests; but this spirit looked on with a vacant stare. "What do you see?" finally asked the angel. "I don't see anything," was the reply. He had no foresight. He had not obeyed fully so as to be fit to be graduated from the heaven he was in to the heaven above. Now I say not merely to students, but to all the world, learn the heaven you are in; for on the ladder of obedience you will mount from the heaven you are in to a vaster heaven.

The second great power of the orator is *Luminosity*. Light is the means by which our senses, and our minds through our senses, discover objects. Without light these objects could never be known. The heavens would still be full of beauty in themselves, but not to us. Our senses are brought into contact with objects at a distance by means of this medium light. So in the psychical world our souls are brought in contact with mental objects by means of the light that art furnishes. This light we call *luminosity*.

No form of art has immortality except in its use—its use as a revelation. The heavens are full of truth and beauty and good, but they are to be revealed to the human soul before men will join with the stars in singing "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The sun, every day, in its course through the heavens, is preaching the gospel of Christ, but men do not interpret the message. Their

minds must be illumined before they can read God in His universe. Hence the necessity of a revelation. People sometimes say that science is sufficient, — that there is no need of a revelation, that the heavens were spread out for the astronomer, the earth for the geologist, the plant kingdom for the botanist to study; and that man can draw his own lessons from these things. But man will never feel lifted to his highest possibilities through these alone. There must be a revelation through the souls and spirits of men to men. The artist must be the revealer, the translator, of the language of the universe to the souls of men.

How does this test of luminosity apply to any work of art? Does the statue, the painting, the musical performance, reveal anything to the soul? Does it carry your mind beyond its outward form to something behind the art? The inferior work of art says, "Look at me. Am I not beautiful?" — and you admire and pass on. Every great work of art says to the beholder, "I am not the end. Look not at me, but at what I reveal," — and new avenues of thought and feeling are opened to the mind of the beholder. I listened once to the voice of a minister who was said to preach the funeral sermon of every church of which he became pastor. I had read one of his sermons and found it good. So I listened to ascertain wherein he failed. He had a large voice, with grand organ tones, and for awhile, as I listened to him, I said, "Magnificent!" With this thought in my mind I continued to listen to him — as long as I kept awake. I listened to another voice afterward. During the first moment that I listened, I thought, "Inferior!" After that moment I did not hear the voice, but I have been listening ever since to what that voice revealed to my soul.

One of the demonstrations of luminosity is *Repose*. What does repose in

art indicate? It indicates that all the parts of an art specimen are used at the same time for the purpose of illuminating the subject to the mind of the beholder or hearer. If there is any part of the person that is opaque, — in oratory, for instance, — it will show itself by a want of repose. When there is a part that is so inert that it will not be moved by the purpose of the orator, there will be lack of repose. Repose, then, is not inertia; it is the opposite of inertia. It can be developed in no other way than by making every part of the person subservient to the purpose of the mind. Every part, then, must be educated to reveal thought. In this process of educating the body to serve the thought there will be many gestures which are not reposeful; for culture results only through years of training. When every part becomes thoroughly informed, so that it unites harmoniously with every other part in communicating, then no part will call attention to itself, for the law of repose will be obeyed.

The next law which demonstrates luminosity is *Persuasiveness*. If art is not persuasive it is not art. What constitutes persuasiveness in the orator? The ability to touch the powers in men and direct those powers as he would. Here is a piano. I wish this instrument to be persuaded to discourse music. I try my fingers upon it, but no music comes. My powers of persuasion are small. A musician puts his hands upon the keys, and they discourse music which satisfies your soul. Why could not I make music? I touched as many keys as did the musician. "Ah," you say, "you don't understand the instrument!" The orator is a musician; the keys upon which he plays are in the human soul. He touches the strings of your heart and discourses the music that his ideal demands. Some one says, "I have piped unto this people and they have not danced; I have

mourned unto this congregation and they have not lamented." Ah, you must understand the instrument you would persuade, — you must know the keys of the human soul. You must understand the constitution of man, and how to adapt your arguments to his constitution. He is the orator who finds the common chords of mankind and touches them.

The next demonstration of luminosity is *Positiveness*. The perversion of positiveness is dogmatism — the abortive attempt to be positive. The dogmatic speaker is the one who tries to force the truth upon the people by the direct energy of will manifested in the stress of his voice — and the distress of his congregation. The speaker who is truly positive elevates the subject so high that all can see it. Christ gave us our greatest lesson in oratory: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The orator who subordinates himself and elevates the truth will find in the truth a mighty power to move men.

What is the third great power of the orator? *Adoration*. An orator is truly great only when he possesses this activity, for adoration is one of the needs of the human race, and an orator is great only in the ratio that he speaks to human needs. This element not merely enters into the study of oratory, but into the study of all forms of art, for "Art," a great German has said, "is the service of religion."

The history of religion reveals the fact that the ancients feared or flattered their deities, seeking to appease their anger through sacrifices and libations. The modern idea of God is a beneficent being who causes the rain to fall alike upon the just and the unjust. Love is the basis of adoration. Every man worships God through his own highest ideals. Through them he sees God; he

never can see Him through anything else.

The ideals of the moderns are radically different from the ideals of the ancients, of the heathen. The ancient did not love his god, because his ideals of God were so unlovely. The modern religionist loves his God and seeks to find revelations of the ever-inspiring spirit of divine goodness. A person's power to adore the Supreme Being is derived from his power to love mother or father, brother, sister, or friend. The human soul intuitively, spontaneously, worships its ideals. A man can only adore what he sees, not what some one else tells him about.

Adoration involves *Prescience*, or *Faith*, which is insight. The power of prescience enables one to see deeply, and thereby discover things which a superficial observation would not reveal. Paul has given the most satisfactory definition of this power of prescience, or faith, which is "*the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*" Faith deals with the thing *itself*, not with statements *about* the thing. All great prophets and poets possess this power, and while this insight has enabled them to perceive and describe a Utopia and a New Jerusalem, yet it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive of the things prepared for him; for there is a glory coming to man which the most inspired seer or poet has never been able to describe. This glory is unfolding day by day: faith beholds it — faith, which is *the evidence of things not seen*.

Faith fixes no limitations; it is only the infinite that can satisfy man's vision. Fastening the mind upon the illimitable leads the soul onward. Ruskin says that one of the charms of looking at a distant landscape is that limitations are removed. The soul will not endure limitations of beauty, of righteousness, nor

of religion. The soul was made for infinity. Woe be unto that orator who places limitations in his theory, in his vision, or in his sermons. The soul moves on from negation to affirmation. It moves from the "Thou shalt not" to the "Thou shalt;" and when the "Thou shalt" comes, all the world follows it. An orator who sets forth to destroy makes a mistake. Suppose we should enslave all the birds in China and attach them to a machine with which to pry down the ancestral Chinese wall. The poor birds would suffer, but the wall would remain the same. But suppose the birds should bring a multitude of seeds and drop them into the ancient wall! The seeds would not directly attack the wall; they would send their roots deep down into its crevices; the rocks would be forced apart by the roots, and down they would tumble. The seed of truth is always affirmative, not negative. I never yet attacked an old institution or an old theory directly; I believe that the way to eradicate error from the world is to affirm the truth. When you find people in the dark do not scold at them; do not say, "It is all dark around you." Advance toward them with the torch of truth, and they will leave their dark corners; for human nature loves the light. It is blasphemous to say of human nature that it does not love truth and light. Why, trees in the forest and the vegetables in the darkest places climb up to get the light. Bury the seed in the earth and it will grow up. For what? Light. Is the human soul less responsive than the plant? Orators, lift up the light and it will draw all men unto it.

Another element which enters into adoration is *Reality*. Where shall I find it? I look at the mountains as they rise in their tranquil beauty, strangely suggestive of *immutability*. A thousand ages roll by, and where are the "snowy

summits, old in story"? They have been slowly and steadily dissolved, and have become the bed of the ocean. If these everlasting mountains pass away, what then is real? *The real is the unseen*. The force that dissolves the mountains is the force that built them. The force that built them is the force that existed before the earth was; and it will exist forevermore. That force is *Love*, which is the only reality. If you speak of anything, O orator, that does not end in love, you speak of the unreal. The history of oratory reveals the fact that the great orators have gained their matchless power through love,—love of country, love of home, love of humanity. See the temples and churches all over Christendom with their domes and spires pointing heavenward. Love for a Supreme Ruler is the impulse which built them, and they are built to Him who portrays love as the most perfect reality; to Him who through love has been the instrument of the mightiest power that ever has existed on the earth.

What other element enters into this power of adoration? It is what all the world is seeking,—*Beatification*. Beatification is the highest form of happiness: it is a deep, abiding, inward joy which springs from an inward source and is not dependent upon material environment. Beatification is born of two parents,—the one is love of doing good to others, and the other is the love of seeing good done to others. Rejoicing in the blessings of another, even though we have not been the means of bringing about that blessing, is the supreme test. This supreme power of the spirit the human race is enabled to attain under the influence of the Spirit of God, which leads ever onward and upward. The orator must stand for the future development of man as well as for his present development. The hand of proph-

ecy points forward, never backward. The hand of love points upward, never downward. Love is the brooding bird that hatches her young and leads them forth out into the sky and into the fields that belong to them by right of their birth.

The fourth great power of the orator is *Weight*. The value of a thing was once determined by its measure, but now, in all commercial affairs, the value of everything bought and sold is determined by its weight; by the relation it sustains to the law of gravitation. It is believed that nature, through the law of gravitation, judges and determines better of the amount of substances than measure possibly could; therefore no one questions the wisdom of this modern idea in commerce. As weight applied to a substance determines its commercial value, so weight applied to thought determines the value of the spoken word. There is no power that can resist the weight of the inner life, the weight of manhood, the weight of womanhood. A person's success in oratory depends not upon the quality and character of his voice, nor upon his style, but upon the moral and spiritual weight which he suggests. I am eager to have my students believe that their success depends upon their *weight of being*.

The word "value" is synonymous with the word "weight." That which determines weight, or value, is *Service*. It is recognized in every avenue of life that that which is of the greatest service is of the highest value. This principle in its application to oratory is a striking illustration of the inspired words of Jesus: "He who would be greatest among you let him be your servant." If I have knowledge, I must use it for others, or I have no weight. This question of weight is a most important thing, for into it enters

everything that makes up the individual and his influence.

What is the highest service which one can render another? It is that service which enables him to serve himself and others. If I meet a poor man, and he is in need of money, I can easily provide for his immediate needs; but I have not yet done him the greatest service until I have put him in the way to help himself.

He who carries the welfare of others in his conscious purposes is poised. He is in perfect relation, not merely with the centre of the earth, but with the centre of the universe. He is one with it. As the universe moves, he moves. We might almost say that at his beck all the powers of the universe yield their forces to sustain him. As a person ascends the spiral way to the highest possibilities of the soul, he ascends by the steps of service. The greater the height from which he speaks and acts, the greater the momentum given to his words, to his deeds.

Another element which enters into service is *Profundity*. In oratory it results from viewing the central idea of the literary composition from many aspects. Thus each aspect of the subject throws light upon every other aspect and upon the central idea, thereby revealing it the more clearly to the hearers. The ordinary conception of the profound man is of one who plunges so deep into mysticism that nobody can grasp the idea he seeks to reveal. O young men, if you would be profound, study those philosophers whom you can never understand and whom nobody has ever understood! The true test of philosophy is in the service it renders mankind,—service of a practical nature; service that will enable men to more clearly solve the problems of life; that will enable them to live well with each other; that will enable them at all times to reveal the spirit of the Nazarene. The

profound man gives eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf, thereby enabling spiritual things to be spiritually discerned: he does not leave his hearers in darkness and confusion.

Another element which enters into weight is *Fervor*. What is fervor? Enthusiasm not of the fashions, but of the heart—a heart so warm that, as was said in reference to Henry Ward Beecher, it beats thoughts into his head. This principle of art finds its finest illustration in the realm of architecture as seen in the great cathedrals of the Old World, where the columns and arches are arranged in a way to suggest vast perspective with a warmth of coloring about the altar. One sees this principle illustrated in natural scenery when gazing between stately forest trees at a glowing sunset. In the realm of oratory fervor is realized when the central idea of the literary composition which the speaker has contemplated in its many relationships becomes warmed into a flame. Each thought throws light upon every other thought, until the central thought becomes illuminated; in this way progression goes on until it reaches heat and fervor. The greater the number of facts through which you see the truth, the more intensely the truth affects you. Each fact is a light to the imagination which lights up the one central fact until it becomes all ablaze; each fact is a luminary which lights up the object the speaker is seeking to reveal.

Another element that enters into weight is *Authority*. What gives authority to art—more especially to the art of speech? In the first place, the artist must live the truth before seeking to reveal it. The words of the orator must be a part of his life; then his speaking is "living aloud."

In the second place, the orator must use such forms of expression as make

the truth appear self-evident. I do not mean that the orator must use sophistry: the orator understands human nature, he has a knowledge of the human mind and its activities, consequently he will use such expressions as will make truth clear to others; then the truth will be self-evident. No truth becomes an authority to one's mind until he has seen it. Even if he finds certain truths recorded in the Bible they do not become authority to him until he has seen them for himself. The authoritative speaker is the one who makes his audience think his thoughts after him or with him.

In the third place, the orator must have faith in the spirit of truth. Among the words of consolation which Christ spoke to his disciples before his final departure from them were these: "If I go away I will send you the Comforter, which is the spirit of truth; he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Although Christ had carefully taught his disciples for three years, yet he promised to send to them the spirit of truth which should teach them all things, and would also bring all things to their remembrance. This spirit presides wherever truth is spoken, and carries it into the hearts and lives of all who hear it. Before Christ's ascension his disciples were merely disciples,—that is, learners. After his ascension the spirit of truth made them masters among men; they were no longer pupils merely, but teachers; they went forth to teach and to preach, thereby bringing about a revolution which proved to be a reformation.

If an orator ignores the power of the spirit of truth, he ignores the final power. If he trusts to his words merely, his house will go down like one built upon sand. If he trusts to the spirit that presides wherever truth is spoken from the heart, he trusts in Omnipotence.

The Perfective Laws of Art as Criteria for Literary Composition.

FRANCES TOBEY.

LITERATURE and vocal expression are so closely allied that it is easy to trace the relation of the laws governing our special art, oratory, to that other art upon which oratory is in a degree dependent,—literary composition. In Emerson College, indeed, no attempt is made to separate them. The highest appreciation of literature is gained through vocal interpretation; while, on the other hand, a school of oratory is of necessity a school of literature, in the very nature of the case. An orator, no matter how lofty his powers of eloquence, cannot take entire advantage of them, give them full scope, use them with the greatest effect, unless the subject-matter of his address be worthy, both in spirit and in literary construction. One may be an orator—i. e., he may be capable of influencing others toward the true, the beautiful, and the good, through speech, action, and personality—without being a rhetorician; but his power and range of usefulness would be increased a hundred-fold were he master of the delicate relationships which make up the intricacies, the lights and shades, of any work of literary art.

But we may go a step farther and assert that the great orator, whether or not he be a scholar, a student of literature, will intuitively conform with good usage in the construction of his discourse. "True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech," but the same habits of thought which make one eloquent will impel a forcible style in his speech. Many instances might be cited in illustration of this truth. What induced the unsurpassed clarity, vigor, and dignity of that model of English prose, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address? It was not the learned ex-

pression of a scholar; it was the expression of an orator who spoke from a great heart in vital sympathy with the occasion. The same vigor and definiteness of thought that prompted the eloquence commanded the faultless English.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The orator is the poet; he has the clearness of vision, the faith in the ultimate triumph of right, and the fearless advocacy of truth, wherever he see it, that mark that seer of God, the poet. That which we term the oratorical style more nearly approaches poetry than does any other form of prose.

"The Perfective Laws of Art," then, which constitute our criteria of eloquence, govern any piece of literary art no less, whether they be consciously applied by the author or not. I need hardly dwell upon the application of the first law,—*Purity*. What constitutes purity in speech? The absence of everything which might obtrude between the speaker's thought and his audience. It demands that the speaker stand as a transparent medium through which truth is revealed to the minds of his audience. So it is in composition; the writing should possess the same merit of transparency, that words may not interpose between the thought and the reader's mind. Purity is the first requisite of style, though perhaps it is one of the last things attained. Purity of style forbids verbosity. Is that clause, that phrase, that word necessary to the whole? If not, it cumbers the whole and its use transgresses the law of purity. Purity of style involves absolute clarity.

Again, every piece of literary composition, if it be a work of art, obeys the law of *Progressiveness*. Progression, or

development of the theme, naturally involves the logic of the discourse. Does each step grow out of the preceding as a natural sequence? Are the thoughts arranged in logical order? If the production be narrative, is the progressive development of the action definitely marked? If we be in the realm of the dramatic, is progressiveness manifested in the development of the characters, as well as in the action? For an illustration of the latter, study George Eliot, and compare her with Dickens, that prince of story-tellers, who, nevertheless, in the multiplicity of his characters, created many that have been likened to puppets bobbing up whenever he pleased to pull the strings. The sunny optimist, however, could create characters that were more than a personification of some one quality, and could develop them. Study the great orators for keen, discriminating logic,—progressiveness in thought. Read the "Paradise Lost," the "Iliad," "Macbeth,"—any great epic or drama, for development of action.

We must remember that "The Perfective Laws of Art," as formulated by Dr. Emerson, while they include all the tests of excellence that may be applied to any art, recognize especially in their phraseology the personality of the artist as orator. Hence it is more difficult to define the application of some of them in another art, since no other art is in quite the same sense, or perhaps to the same degree, associated with the personality of the artist, although every art, indeed, is an expression of the artist's personality. But we will find, on closer study, that each principle is involved and can be felt, even though difficult to define.

What do we mean by *Self-Command* in oratory? He who is yielded in the service of the truth is self-commanded. This involves an entire elimination of the personal. A discourse, then, that is obedient to this law is marked by an attitude of

earnest surrender to the central truth which it seeks to impress,—an attitude which transcends the personal. The author speaks from a consciousness of truth in his own soul to a need in the soul of the reader. When the self-command has become habitual, and all the thoughts and their expression serve the central purpose without friction, the perfected self-command becomes *Repose*.

Again, *Foresight* is as necessary to the perfection of a literary work as it is in oratory. Much of the suggestiveness of the discourse is dependent upon this law. Does the author, by a word, by a subtle atmosphere, flash upon the mind of the reader a suggestion of something greater to follow? Is each part colored by what is to come? Omit the opening scene of "Macbeth" and plunge immediately into the action; how would the strength of the drama suffer! Why? Because the consummate artist has foreshadowed the entire tragedy by suggestion in that opening situation. And so every great literary artist not only presents every new thought, every dramatic situation, in the light of all the preceding, thus obeying the law of progression, but he also suggests, through innumerable ways, all that is to follow.

And so we might trace the application of the sixteen laws, and find that they would include all excellencies to be desired in the literary art. It is far from my purpose in this fragmentary talk, however, to attempt an application of each criterion in its full significance. I can only hope to recall to the consciousness of the student of "The Perfective Laws of Art" that he cannot afford to study any art as a separate thing in itself. An appreciation of art principles in their broadest and most varied application is necessary if he would become a worthy exponent of his special art. He must see wherein the arts are allied; must feel their common origin and mission.

I can conceive of no more adequate

training for the creative faculties than the discipline afforded in a school of expression whose teaching is based upon psychological laws. The evolution in the original work of the classes in Emerson College from year to year is confirmation of my theory. Not all who go out from the College go out as literary artists; but each one has gained to some extent the power to marshal his thoughts and to

clothe them in language intelligible to the reader. The culture of the imagination, the establishing of habits of definite thought and of powerful concentration, the constant study of the best models of literature,—such culture cannot fail to bring to the surface whatever latent creative faculty may be in the soul, and to direct it in expression.

The Perfective Laws of Art in Their Application to Statuary.

MINNIE BRADFORD, '99.

[NOTE.—All of the statues here mentioned can be found at the Museum of Fine Arts, and, with one or two exceptions, prints of them can be obtained of the Perry Pictures Co.]

THERE is every reason to believe that the art of sculpture was very early, if not at first, employed in the service of religion. It seemed necessary that the people have images of their gods before them, that through the visible they might worship the invisible which seemed so far away and so intangible. They tried to express their conceptions of divinity; and though their conceptions were not of the highest, and their attempts at expression were crude, yet, because of these attempts, there was a gradual evolving, until the perfection of Greek art was reached.

After a time other subjects than the gods were chosen; different phases of human life were mirrored forth. All came from a desire to *express*; indeed, every form of art originates in this desire.

Art is one, and therefore all its branches are subject to the same great laws. We in our work at Emerson College deal with these laws in their relation to that branch of art called oratory. A deep study of any one branch of art

implies a general knowledge of all other branches, and brings with it a keener appreciation of all forms of expression.

If we understand "The Perfective Laws of Art" as applied to oratory we shall be able with a little study to trace an obedience to these laws in music, in painting, and in sculpture. Let us consider these laws for a few minutes, and try to show how they are obeyed in some of the great statues with which we are familiar.

The first law is *Purity*. A statue fulfils this criterion when it, as a whole, is a perfect revelation of the subject it represents,—when there is no part that at first glance calls attention to itself; when there is nothing that in the least obscures the revelation of the truth. I know of no more beautiful illustration of *Purity* than the famous "Venus de Milo." The whole figure is a revelation of beauty, and that the highest type of beauty. Nothing calls attention to itself; the statue is a medium through which the light of beauty is seen. As we study the figure closely, we find that every part serves to enhance the revelation of beauty. Note the dignity of bearing, the perfection of proportions,

the pure, majestic expression of the head and face, the undulations of the torso, the delicate folds of the drapery, and the perfect simplicity of all.

When every part of a statue serves to enhance the subject presented the law of *Progressiveness* is obeyed.

"The Spinarino," or "Boy Drawing a Thorn from His Foot," furnishes another illustration of these first two laws, — *Purity* and *Progressiveness*. Throughout the figure of the youth there is complete absorption in what he is doing; every part of the person is concentrated upon removing the thorn.

Now let us look at "Apollo of the Belvedere," the best-known and most universally admired of all the ancient statues which remain to us. This well illustrates many of the Perfective Laws, but I shall speak of only two that it obeys, — *Self-Command* and *Foresight*.

The old myths represent Apollo as doing many petty, childish things, but here we have the ideal god. There are many theories as to what the god is doing. I prefer this one, — that he has just killed the Python with one of his deadly arrows.

Ancient mythology tells us that "the slime with which the earth was covered by the waters of the flood produced an excessive fertility, which called forth every variety of production, both bad and good. Among the rest, Python, an enormous serpent, crept forth, the terror of the people, and lurked in the caves of Mount Parnassus."

The arrow has just been shot. The god is watching its deadly effect. There is in the attitude of the figure an expression of love for humanity — for all good — and a contempt for evil. There is divine anger directed toward the Python, an incarnation of evil. Perfect *Self-Command* is revealed in the statue: the god is *utterly commanded* by a desire to conquer evil for the love of good. That

which shows complete surrender to the truth it presents always reveals *Self-Command*.

Again, as we gaze at this statue of Apollo, many vivid pictures are formed in our minds. We see the Python in all its horrors; the people who are suffering from its deadly venom; Apollo as he bends his bow; the arrow as it whirrs through the air and deals its deadly blow; we triumph with Apollo at the destruction of the terrible monster, and follow him in imagination to Mount Olympus, where he is joyfully greeted by Jupiter, who orders festivities to be held in his honor. All this we see through the one figure presented. It is a great example of *Foresight*.

"The artist by his art
Must suggest the whole
And present the smallest part."

Another illustration of *Self-Command* and *Foresight* is "The Discobolus" of Myron. This shows a youth in the act of throwing the discus. The action is most violent, the attitude of the body and the tension of the muscles showing that the position is held but for the moment. There is expressed in every part of the body utter command of the situation. As we watch, we feel like holding the breath and keeping out of the range of the discus when it flies. We close our eyes and hear it spinning over the ground.

Next we will consider the laws of *Luminosity* and *Repose*. As an illustration of these we will take Jean de Bologne's "Mercury" — the favorite "Mercury" of the world.

Mercury was the messenger of the gods. This statue represents him just starting on some commission. He rests one foot upon Æolus, the god of the winds, and is about to float through the air. In the left hand is the staff of his office. The figure is a perfect masterpiece of lightness, equilibrium, and

grace. Every part radiates life and vitality and readiness to obey the commands of the gods. The spirit of the message flashes forth and fills the beholder with inspiration to act. This is *Luminosity*. In this readiness to obey the commands of a higher power lies the secret of *repose* of manner. Perfect obedience implies a trust which does away with all effort. In this statue, although great action is suggested, there is not the least appearance of effort—but perfect *Repose*.

Next comes the law of *Sympathy*. The "Niobe" beautifully reveals this. Niobe was Queen of Thebes. She had seven sons and seven daughters, and her pride in them caused her to forget the superior power of the gods. On an occasion of the annual celebration in honor of Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, Niobe appeared and commanded her people to cease their worship. "What folly," said she, "is this!—to prefer beings whom you never saw to those who stand before your eyes! Why should Latona be honored with worship, while none is paid to me? I am more worthy. My father was Tantalus, who was received as a guest at the table of the gods. My mother was a goddess. Latona has but two children; I have seven times as many. Away with these solemnities—have done with this worship."

The people obeyed. The goddess Latona was indignant. Apollo and Diana were sent to kill with their deadly arrows all of Niobe's offspring. The statue presents the poor mother after all but one have been slain, and that the youngest daughter, who in terror has fled to her for protection. The grief-stricken woman clasps the remaining child in her arms. "Spare me one, and that the youngest! Oh, spare me one of so many!" she cries in anguish—but her cry is unheeded. Her grief touches a common chord in all

hearts, and our sympathies are stirred to the utmost. The sculptor by appealing, through his work, to a common chord in humanity has obeyed the law of *Sympathy* or *Persuasiveness*.

Now let us turn to the statue of "Mother and Son," formerly known as "Elektra and Orestes." The youth seems about to start on a journey. He speaks of his hopes and aspirations. The mother listens in close sympathy with him, looking at things from his point of view, and living in imagination his life. Because of this sympathy between the two, the mother is able to lead her son to think of higher things. We feel her desire and her ability to do this as we look at her. That sympathy which leads one on to higher thought and action is positive sympathy—is *Positiveness*.

Let us turn next to a piece of sculpture that only those who have visited the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston can know,—Duveneck's memorial to his wife. Those who have seen this truly marvellous work of art can never forget it. It represents the beautiful dead, with hands folded upon her breast, and the smile of heaven on her face. Upon the drapery of the couch lies a palm-branch. As one gazes on this vision he feels he stands on holy ground. This piece of sculpture is the only one of any size that Duveneck has ever done. The drawings were made a few hours after the death of the wife, in Florence, Italy. The same work, in bronze, stands over her grave there. She was a Boston woman. Her life must indeed have been a rare and beautiful one.

I know of no piece of sculpture that to me more beautifully illustrates the Perfective Laws of Art than this. I have spent hours before it, and I always come away feeling richer and better for having seen it. While standing there all fear of death melts away,—one is "lifted to God and heaven."

We have spoken of the first eight Perfective Laws. Let us trace in this statue some of the last eight.

Adoration. To obey this law a work of art must express a love of the Infinite, — a love of God as the Father of Infinity, and a love of that spark of Infinity which exists in every human soul. We have but to look at the face of the statue we are considering to see that this law is fully obeyed. There is also in this face a revelation of spiritual perception, — our law of *Prescience*, — a clear revelation that all things that *seem*, to the outward eye, are naught, and all that *is* is Spirit. This illustrates the law of *Reality* in art.

Beatification. The joy coming from the possession of spiritual truth lights up the face with deep spiritual happiness. Because of the spiritual heights from which this vision speaks to us the lessons it teaches sink into our hearts and become a part of our lives. They carry *Weight*.

Let us now turn reverently away, thanking God that he has given to man the ability to perpetuate in stone a source of so much inspiration and help.

Here stands Demosthenes, — the greatest orator the world has ever known. This statue represents him in the latter part of his life, and suggests that he is thinking deeply on some subject which he is later to present to the people. Great *Profundity* is expressed here. We feel that the great man is dealing with his subject from all points of view, — that he is throwing on it the light of all his varied experience in life. When he speaks it will be with *Fervor*, for when truth is related to person it always takes on the spirit of *Fervor*.

There is an Etruscan statue of an orator, called "The Arringatore," that presents a profound man discoursing to the people. The whole figure is an embodiment of *Fervor*. We can almost hear what is being spoken, — we catch the

spirit of it and are moved. We feel the moral height from which the man speaks; we know him to be obedient to truth, and therefore he speaks to us with *Authority*, — the highest law of art, the law to which an obedience to all the others leads.

Do all masterpieces of art obey all the Perfective Laws? At first thought one is inclined to say, "No." Let us see. There are some works — Duveneck's memorial to his wife, for instance — that reveal to us a perfect obedience to them all. In others, like "Apollo of the Belvedere," we find no difficulty in tracing the first eight laws, but it is more difficult to trace some of the last eight, — those dealing more directly with the spiritual. But the statue satisfies our feelings in a way which suggests that these laws are not disobeyed nor neglected. If we analyze this feeling we shall find that there is a half-unconscious picture in the mind of the *same figure* under different circumstances obeying the laws we find difficult to define in the statue itself. All the laws are obeyed suggestively. The artist possesses the power of *Foresight* in a marked degree to be able to create these pictures in the mind.

But there are statues that do not lead us to form these pictures in our minds. For example, see "The Discobolus," and the numerous figures of wrestlers and warriors. These, we say, present the power, ease, and grace of physical strength. Such statues always appeal to people, and this is as it should be; physical strength is a glorious thing. But it is not enough. There is something within us that demands more. These statues are works of art in that they are perfect expressions of man in a certain degree of development. Here is "a god, though in the germ." There is nothing in the figures that turns the mind away from a higher form of development, else the

work would not be art. Art ever reveals *truth*, not error.

How about the statue of a thief or a murderer? These reveal truth through error. If there is not something behind the error that points to truth, the work will die as soon as it is created; no one will look at it long—it will repel. As in the presentation of a villain on the stage there must be as a background

nobility of character in the actor, that the presentation may be artistic, so in a statue of a villain there must be as a background the character of the artist which shall pervade his work and point to higher things.

Thus we see that in all art the heights of perfection are either reached or in some way suggested.

Relation of the Perfective Laws of Art to Painting.

ANNA ISABEL BROOKS, '99.

WE are studying the principles which underlie all art, and if we have fully mastered these principles as applied to oratory we hold the keys with which to unlock the mysteries of all the other arts. We resort to one or another of the arts as a personal resource, according as our habitual enthusiasms are for nature, for literature, or for music. Perhaps it is less usual for people to appropriate great pictures to themselves in this intimate fashion, so that they can be called up before,

" . . . The inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Plato informs us that painting had been practised by the Egyptians for ten thousand years. The most ancient paintings to be seen at the present day are in Egypt, supposed to have been executed seven hundred years before the Christian era. Their subjects were principally warlike weapons. Their figures were as though they had taken mummies for their models. Little attention was given to action, and no attention to expression. Not until the art was transplanted into Greece did it reach its freedom and highest cultivation. Here it advanced with rapid strides. Nature was the guide, and the object of the artists was to de-

velop her various charms in expression, shape, and color. Ultimately, the knowledge of expressing the passions and emotions of the mind was attained, but the Greeks used it to portray subjects taken from the pagan mythology.

About the end of the thirteenth century there was a great revival in art, when an important change had taken place in the moral world and the artists began to choose for subjects incidents from our Saviour's life. Religious ideas and sentiment restored life to paintings. DeQuincey says:

"There was a reciprocity of good service, if we may so express ourselves, in this matter. Arts and artists in their turn contributed by their works to propagate and to nourish sentiments of devotion. But it must be observed that these works can only produce their full effect where the author owes to the faith he has in the beings, or the ideas the representation of which he submits to our senses under a determinate form, that efficacy of *belief* which is to him what entire persuasion is in the justness of his cause is to the orator; that is to say, the surest means of affecting those to whom his work is addressed. Nothing can supply the want of this sympathy

between the subject to be painted and him who paints it."

The painting of "Joan of Arc" by the French artist Jules Bastien-Lepage, the original of which may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, immediately awakens our sympathy. She has no girlish beauty, but we see her as a common peasant girl listening to the supernatural voices that called her to save her country from a foreign foe. There is a firmness and resolution about her attitude; and when we look into those eyes, even if we knew nothing of her history and sad fate, we feel that some dire calamity is about to befall her; and we are conscious of an irresistible desire to offer some consolation. We feel that her cause is our cause. The artist has fulfilled the law of *Persuasiveness*.

In "St. Anthony of Padua," by Murillo, we are first attracted to the figure of St. Anthony. As we dwell upon it the mind is led to a recognition of an infinite power. The saint's whole attitude is of deep reverence and *adoration* for the Christ-child. See how tenderly he clasps the child, his face bearing an expression of rapt devotion. The child responds with an expression of readiness to cheer and strengthen the saint, bringing him the "peace which passeth all understanding."

The works of Michelangelo are noted for their grandeur, dignity, and force; an expression of strength from which grace perhaps is excluded. He made a special study of anatomy, and had a thorough knowledge of the physical man. Let us look at his "Jeremiah." We see a strong man terrible in his expression of despair; the shoulders bowed with grief; the eyes filled with tears; the powerful arms and legs seem to have lost all power of action; everything combines to overwhelm us with the feeling of hopeless sorrow, proving unmistakably the

artist's obedience to the law of *Self-Command*.

What do we mean by *Repose* in the artist? Repose comes from awakening high mental activity in others, which is reflected again in the artist's own mind. The rest which the soul craves is the rest which comes from high mental activity. No effort is discernible. Look at "The Shepherdess," by Lerolle. The parts of the painting are in such perfect harmony that you are hardly aware of action. Yet you are conscious that the shepherdess is leading the sheep to pasture. They are all grazing as they go, except the one which follows so affectionately at her side, evidently expecting something from her hand. At the left of the picture we can dimly see the farmer ploughing, oblivious to all about him.

"Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down."

To Millet the humble life of the peasants was full of grand poetry. His work breathes the religion of humanity. It is this in his works which always satisfies. In "The Angelus" we come in touch with the peasants, and their spiritual meditations become a *reality* to us. The two figures express such devotion, such faith, that we feel that whatever their walk in life they are led by "an unflinching trust."

The things of the spirit are the only real things. The orator suggests infinitely more than he says. So it is with a great painter. His power lies in his ability to suggest more than his brush can paint.

In Raphael's "Atila," the rapid march of the army, its sudden halt, and its precipitate retreat are brought into the unity of one aspect. Surely this is obeying the law of *Progressiveness*.

Raphael eminently possessed the secret of representing to the eye the feelings

of the soul. Does he obey the law of *Profundity*? In reading his life, I was impressed by the similarity of the atmosphere of his school to this — our Emerson College. To quote from the author:—

“Such was the ascendancy of his superiority and the charm of his moral character that the school of which he was master created for him a sort of empire under which men were at once happy and proud to live. They who might have aspired to become his rivals deemed it an honor to be merely his disciples, and all were his friends. The same tie of friendship united all the members among themselves. The jealousies, too common among artists, were here unknown. Their very rivalries of talent only aimed at the advantage of their chief.”

In his paintings, he appeals more to the inward conception than to the eye. Hazlitt says: “All other pictures look like oil and varnish. Our attention is called to the instrumentalities of art; but Raphael seems to fling his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas, alone, prevail. There is nothing between us and the subject. We look through the frame and see scriptural histories, and are made spectators in miraculous events.”

Raphael has created an incredible variety of Virgins or Madonnas, and the mere collection of these would form an abridged history of his genius. The Sistine Madonna is probably the most widely known. It is the mother who most attracts our eyes. We are impressed by the wisdom and purity expressed in the lines of the figure, and the far-seeing eyes look not so much at us, as through our present selves into our far-off destiny. It is a marvellous instance of *Profundity*.

A painting which leaves a very deep impression upon the beholder is “Christ and the Doctors,” by Hoffmann. Here we see the Christ-child addressing the learned doctors with dignity, poise, and absolute authority. He stands for truth, and the doctors listen with profound interest. The Christ-child’s face expresses a spiritual earnestness mingled with a consciousness of his responsibility that he must “be about his father’s business.” There is perfect unity expressed in the figure; we feel that he is one with God, fulfilling the will of the Father.

I have selected a few of the masterpieces in painting and endeavored to suggest their relation to some of the Perfective Laws of Art as we know them in oratory. So all the laws might be applied, for every great work of art fulfils every criterion in a greater or less degree.

“If permanent admiration be our hope, its course must not be directed by the caprice of fashion, but governed by unalterable laws conformable to the great and general principles of nature. In proportion as they exhibit the power of the understanding or the sensibility of the heart, they will be destined to immortality.”

We should remember that a great piece of art is the judge of our capacity, not we of its excellence. What an inspiration would ever be in store for us if we could feel with John Ruskin when he speaks of a great artist’s power being grievous to see because so wonderful and so hopeless of attainment:—

“It is delightful and full of hope if your hope is the right one of being one day able to rejoice more in what others are than in what you are yourself, and more in the strength that is forever above you than in that you can attain.”

Opportunity.

NOTES FROM A TALK TO THE STUDENTS OF EMERSON COLLEGE BY
JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

IT gives me great pleasure to stand here again in the light of your hearts. For we are called together to-day, not that we may say something new and startling, but that we may take this occasion to bring our hearts more closely together. To talk earnestly, at least, in order that we may feel a little more strongly the reinforcement of each other; that we may realize a little more the power of our responsibility, the strength of our influence, the purity of our purposes, the largeness of our opportunities, and the *greatness of life*. In behalf of the teachers of Emerson College, I want to assure you to-day that we stand ready to serve you. This does not consist of anything we may do; there is such a large family here that we do not find ourselves able to give constant attention to each one, and sometimes it seems as if we were a long way off — when the crowd is between you and us. We want you to know, however, that this is not a matter of circumstance, but of the attitude of our hearts: you *can* come near to us in heart; and at those times when there is especial need, you can make the call because of your need. Emerson College has always aimed to stand for the spirit of helpfulness. Opportunities come, if our hearts are right.

Endeavor to recognize our aims and aspirations — as we do yours. That is our word of greeting. May the soul speak! — that we may feel its presence and be lifted above trivial things, into the realm of purpose!

I want to say a word to you upon the greatness of our opportunities, — the opportunities of life. What can we make of them? What do they mean to us as students? Opportunities exist, in the school, in the family, in society, in the

world. Opportunity is measured only by the power of the individual to meet it; and purity of purpose is the greatest thing.

Many of us feel that we want great opportunities, and we wait negatively, like Micawber, for something to "turn up!" When the soul is awakened within us we realize that the opportunity is in the *ever present now*. Ralph Waldo Emerson has said: "Man goes along with his head over his shoulder, lamenting the past, or stands on tiptoe to foresee the future — unheeding the riches that surround him," and "he shall never find peace until he, too, lives with nature, in the *present*, above time."

We must live in the Eternal. How many of us are interested in our *present duties*? It is not what we do, but what we *are* that counts. If the opportunity seem ordinary, it is nevertheless great if *we* are great. Greatness does not consist in aggrandizement, talent, ability, or any of those things which we strive after; greatness is of the soul, and is the heritage of all humanity. The divine strength within will, if we but recognize it, throw its light of peace and wisdom upon our path, and we shall learn that higher indifference which is absolute trust in the Law. We perceive the inevitable progression of the human race and that we cannot escape it if we would. But we can hinder the progress of our souls by wasting our energy upon trivial things. Those things which are eternal are ever present. We should feel that *there is opportunity* in *all* situations. Opportunity does not exist solely in *extreme* conditions. It will be seen that every occasion which is called "a great occasion" results from the greatness of some person upon occasions which

were not called great. You will remember that when Webster was asked how long he was in preparing his reply to Hayne, he said, "Forty years." We do not know him by the incidents of those forty years, but by the *fruit* of them which his voice expressed *because he was ready*. If we could realize that the things we are preparing for in life are only the culmination of that which we have now, life would then become "a moral adventure;" great occasions come by virtue of our being ready for them.

Look out over the world, and see what shall be done when souls are potent enough to make history anew! What might be done with the world to-day if there were *enough* of earnest, trusting, conscientious persons who had lived well the opportunities of their small lives, and could stand, with certainty and selflessness, to deal with the great questions of the age?

Our relations to each other are important. Our daily living is something; the greatness of the present moment is much; in fact, it is *all*; and there is great significance in our influence upon others. We go abroad into the world and feel the influence of other people upon us, but we do not realize that we are radiating to others an influence which is equally potent to that which we feel from others upon ourselves. Do we ever realize that every one who meets us is better or worse for having known us? Could you but realize that, young people who come here from distant homes! You are now thrown upon your own responsibilities. I am speaking especially to young girls, who have been heretofore protected by home influences. I appeal to you in the name of womanhood, to accept the responsibilities of womanhood in the world. You are not irresponsible girls any longer. You may be girls in one sense, but there must be the woman's responsibility, for woman makes the society of the world.

Man either helps or hinders her, but he is influenced much by her, though his strength seems to predominate. In your social relations, in your associations with your fellow students, wherever you are, in society, at home and abroad, do not forget that, as women, you have womanhood to uphold. Your responsibility here is greater than when you were guarded by home influences. Oh, hold it as a sacred trust! Prove the strength of your womanhood by uplifting all with whom you associate; do not allow yourselves to be carried this way or that by mere pleasures. It may seem somewhat superfluous to say this, yet we would reiterate the appeal. Uphold the womanhood of our race! Remember that the world will try to influence you,—thoughtlessly or intentionally,—largely according to its own *inclinations*, not often according to its *ideals*; that in yielding, in consenting to *amuse* people simply, you are not holding your rightful influence. As a woman speaking to the womanly heart of every girl and woman in this College, I say to you, as I would echo it down the ages, Awake to the responsibility of your influence upon men! Uplift! with womanly gentleness, but compelling firmness! Woman's influence *can be* like the sunlight, melting away the hardness of life; potent in its integrity and purity, its light not to be dimmed!

Let us now consider the opportunities of education. Do you realize what you are doing? You desire to accomplish something—that you may be able to read in public, or to teach, or that you may become cultured. You have some specific motive in mind. But, first of all, you come here to learn how to *become*; in order that you may rise to the greatness of all occasions in life. The aim of this school is to establish those conditions which will enable you to grow best. President Emerson, our great and inspiring teacher, endeavors to make ideals potent

among you, to call out the best there is in you, to awaken you to a larger perception of what life means. Therefore, do not simply try to learn your lessons, but hold yourselves receptive to the best ideal you can discover in the light of the lessons learned.

Learning is but the aid to becoming. The awakening influence of true education will enable you to become something greater and nobler in life than you have ever been, or, perhaps, ever dreamed of being. If you see things to criticise, never mind them. If you cannot decide the matter, *drop it*, and go on. You will always find the ideal, the inspiration, the paths that lead upward and onward. Never mind the bushes whose berries you do not relish; *let them alone* — go on!

We like the spirit of criticism to take the form of the keen discrimination which perceives the trend of things, and endeavors to help upward everybody within its influence. Set aside that spirit of criticism which is unhelpful. Criticism has usually appeared as the spirit which enables us to find fault with people. That is the *easiest* thing to do. The less we are doing ourselves the more we are annoyed by what other people do. In general, the less we know about a thing, the more we are puzzled about the methods of people who do know about it.

Be trustful and helpful. Never antagonize anything because you do not understand it. Take what you do understand, live to that, and, by and by, more light will come; and if, in your advancing path, you meet things which are *really antagonistic to the truth*, your perception of the real truth will itself be a light in the darkness. You will be able to fight as the Sons of Light when you meet wrong. Save your energy for that which tells for progress.

Many persons have the idea that life is for the purpose of enjoyment; that

we live for the purpose of enjoying *ourselves*. Do we? "Canst thou be happy while the whole world mourns?" "Well then," says one, "we are living to deny ourselves everything we want, and make ourselves miserable, simply because there is some virtue in it!" *Are we? No!* Do you make any one else happier by being miserable? No! What truth is voiced in that beautiful poem, "The Psalm of Life"!

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined
end or way,
But to *act* that each to-morrow find us farther
than to-day."

If we will only realize that this commingling of people in the world, and in schools, and in society has some deeper meaning than the fact that people get in each other's way, and have to strive for the "survival of the fittest"! No, that notion is obsolete! The new principle, the "new thought," the new ideal, is the *brotherhood of all humanity*! We are all strands in the web of life, and when one is pulled awry all are marred. Life is a web woven of human strands. Our mission is to see that our individual existence shall make more beautiful and even the fabric of the whole. When we find other threads weak, and needing that which we can give, it is our part then to let our strength sustain them, to stimulate the best that is in them. If we can only see the truth, it is impossible, in the economy of God, for any individual to ever attain *and maintain* any advantage whatever of his fellow travellers on the road toward eternity. This is true, else God were not just. There is, somewhere in the mystery of the past and the future, a solution. All things have a solution. We all intuitively know, by virtue of our perceptions, that everything which seems incomplete has somewhere its fulfilment, for, —

"Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

The mission of all of us is to lift the race a little higher. That is the use of education; that is why the teacher labors, or else he is not a teacher. He labors that the race in which he moves may be lifted a little higher because he has lived; and if, perchance, in this short section of time which we call the "to-day" of our existence, we have a little advantage of our fellow travellers on the path toward the Most High,—if we have,—it is a sacred trust.

There is the old saying that no man has the right to lift his hand and ask from above until the other hand reaches downward to help those who are below.

The key-note of work which was given to us this morning was "Inspiration." What is inspiration? Inevitably it involves a high motive. We are inspired from above, and it is only when we climb up to the heights, where we catch the rays of the morning sun and shed them upon others, that we can be inspired. There is no inspiration which is for self. There is no inspiration which is not infinite in its character, though, of course, limited in its manifestation, as everything is. How shall we obtain that inspiration, then, as teachers and pupils? *Aspire! help! lead on! never falter!* Remember that not until you have done *all* that lies within your human power to do have you

reached the height where human endeavor joins hands with Infinite Power,—that power which is able to use the individual agent in a way men call inspired. Such action always has in it some reflection of the Infinite Light, of the Eternal Day.

And now, in this dawn of the New Century of progress, when the air is full of promise; when all struggles seem culminating to a point where something must be evolved more than has been in the past; when the "higher criticism" and the new study of the spiritual life and of Universal Brotherhood are all forcing an answer to the question of what life means;—let us arise to the call of the times, and advance into the light of the new century, with the feeling that we will be one with the forces of nature! With perfect surrender of all the best that every opportunity in life can bring to us, we will stand ready to grasp the opportunity which seems insignificant, and make it great because of our endeavor; ever consecrated to the upliftment of all who surround us, never forgetting our responsibilities in our new relationships, but remembering that Love is the quickening power of character, of life, and that we can only *advance* when in harmony with that infinite music which is made in loving service and recognition and fellowship of all that live and work together.

Speech and Song.

E. PARKER JOHNSTON,

Instructor of Reading in City Schools of Elyria and Lorain.

ONE might say that singing is to talking as dancing is to walking; and as a person walks better for having danced a little, so he will talk more fluently if he has studied singing somewhat.

The dance claims a multitude of fantastic forms in which to express its fan-

cies; yet even more varied are the figures, the glides, and the turns of song. The skipping of the child is not the settling tread of age, nor are its fickle words to be compared with the measured cadences of the gray-haired man.

Sometimes we are asked, "Do you like

singing?" It would be quite as pertinent to ask, "Do you like talking?" for song varies in meaning as much as does speech. The question should be, "Whose compositions do you love best?"—as in literature we prefer Browning or Wordsworth.

True song is the *melody of speech enlarged*; it is impossible to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Probably the cadences of the inhabitants of Inverness might be set down in musical notation if one tried, so musical is their speech. Cicero mentions certain orators so given to impractical musical flights in speech that they frequently stationed a friend near by with a flute to sound for them the proper pitch of voice.

These thoughts suffice to suggest again the familiar truth that *all art* is fundamentally *one*, and that the common purpose of speech and song is the reflection of the good and beautiful through a sensuous medium for the gratification and inspiration of mankind.

The medium through which a truth shines classifies it as to the arts. If it employs tone it is speech or song; if form or color, it is painting or sculpture; if it use stone, or wood and earth, we call it architecture or landscape-gardening.

The relation between these external manifestations of truth is intimate and inviting to the student. The universal artist looks upon the Crystal Palace and says, "Frozen music!" He hears "The Messiah" and exclaims, "Spiritualized mathematics!" He looks upon the orator and says, "Behold a living statue."

Speech and song are the brother and sister arts, for they depend upon the same media for their expression; and the perfection of the reflecting agency for one is a help to the perfection of the other. It follows that correct training for the voice in song is also correct training for the voice in speech, and contra-

riwise. Indeed, many singing-masters begin by teaching the musical pronunciation of words, gradually enlarging their melodies till the phrase becomes wholly musical. Need it be said that in addition to some knowledge of singing a teacher of reading should know musical notation and analysis? For the notation and analysis of music are to song what writing and spelling are to speech. The analogies between the two arts are constant, their terminology interchangeable, and the aims of each are identical.

Some thoughts are suggested here as to the application in music of a few Perfective Art principles as we know them in speech.

In song the lyric ballad is like the short story in speech. If you know the tests of the short story you know the tests of the ballad. Again, the recitative and aria in music correspond somewhat to the oration in speech. The immortal oratorios of Handel find their counterpart in deathless Shakespearean drama. So if you have mastered the principles of dramatic composition you possess already the criteria of the perfect oratorio. I never hear an orchestral symphony but I think of a conference, a peace commission, or a theological discussion.

Let us say, then, that every good musical composition fulfils to some degree the art principles as laid down in "The Perfective Laws," some element always predominating. Time forbids the multiplication of illustrations; I shall have done well if the many parallelisms in the two arts be brought to your notice and study; a few examples for comparison only may be cited.

If purity and simplicity be elements of good style, note how perfectly both are illustrated in the words and melody of "Annie Laurie." Here is the union of the simple and the strong; these words seem married to their melodies as by some divine inspiration. And like the



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

melodies of many similar songs, they should never be separated.

By way of punctuation, let us here protest against this growing custom of the secularizing of church worship by the introduction of popular airs to serve as tunes for Scriptural texts. Here the most beautiful word-pictures of the tenderness and power of Christ are often mated to the most flippant dance rhythms with neither power nor purpose,—except to be sold,—and the cause of Christ is in danger of the contempt of all thinking men. The tendency of this movement, which has been developed in the past twenty-five years, is wholly one of retrogression. It undoes the work of the old masters of song, lessens the will-power of those who sing such music, and robs the church of its dignity in the community.

If profundity be the consideration of any theme from many different aspects, then Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah" is the most profound musical composition that I know. When you hear it again think how marvellously this work fulfils the requisites of depth of progression and of solemn weight.

Most church hymns — those worthy of the name, I mean — suggest the ideas of beatification, of adoration, of great affection. All, however, seem somewhat limited because the same melody is made to sustain the varying sentiment of many

stanzas. For marked examples of contrast and opposition, compare "The Battle Hymn of the Reformation" with the madcap "Dixie" of the late Rebellion. Again, contrast the endless "loitering by the way" of a Strauss waltz with the stately progression of "Old Hundred."

For further study in the parallelism of the works of authors and musicians I suggest the fugues of Sebastian Bach compared with the numbers of Pope and Dryden; the operas of Wagner with the dramas of Shakespeare or the epics of Milton. Once more, note the similarity of the churchliness of Charles Gounod to the religious feeling of Tennyson. In fact, Gounod selected much of the text for his musical compositions from the works of Tennyson.

These somewhat fragmentary thoughts are enough perhaps to suggest to us some of the things we may look for in our study of comparative art. Let the spirit of analysis possess you, for so only can you gain the creative power of synthesis. The finding of the new in the old is the secret of a happy life. Indeed it is the finding of these new yet old relationships that marks the cultured mind and makes the joy of living. So shall our old world blossom again, and the earth be full of the knowledge of good.

Studies of the Poets. III.

Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves. Oh hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SHELLEY'S "Ode to the West Wind" seems an impassioned cry of the poet's soul to be free, to compel the recognition of the hearts of men. As he contemplates the wild, boisterous, tameless spirit of the wind in its antics with the leaves of autumn, its painting of the sky with swirling clouds that look like locks of hair flung upward from the horizon, in its masterful clearing of a path across the mighty sea, and in the roaring power of the midnight storm, he longs to be partaker in this mighty force of nature; to utter in its tones the might of longing locked within his being; and calls in sad, compelling music to the wind to bear the message of his soul to all the earth, and in the trumpet voice of prophecy herald the spring, which in its turn must follow winter's bitter cold.

What is the meaning of it all? When the soul feels fettered behind the bars of time and space, and wearied with the carping cares of earthly condition, this powerful lyric comes upon one's consciousness with the invigorating power of the tempest that clears the air of its oppressiveness, and we are soothed of our unrest, even as the surging of the mighty ocean soothes the restless heart. The very movement of the verse is like grand, rising music, and the word-painting reveals the vividness of the poet's imagination as he cries:—

"O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being," etc.

The irregular and involved movement of the verse lends itself to the expression of the wild, capricious madness of the wind as it whirls the dead leaves and sweeps the clouds along its path.

The mission of the blast as a preserver is touched upon in the lines:—

"Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed," etc.

And after reading these lines appreciatively, the spirit of nature's great symbolic language seems nearer to the

comprehension of our own. We are, as Emerson puts it, "one with the revolution of the stars," and we seem to feel intuitively that our being is not bounded by the consciousness of "I;" that we live in the activities of all things we are able to contemplate. Our being is but a spark of Being.

The picture of the sleeping Mediterranean, mirroring within its bosom the flower-decked castles, is an airy flight of the poet's spirit into the sunshine of far distant lands; — and then the awakening touch of the wind-spirit comes, cleaving its path through the ocean billows, and making its voice felt in the deeps below. The imagination of the poet flies, daring as the resistless currents of the air, compassing the sky, the earth,

the waters, seeking to sound the vibrations of its soul-cry throughout the universe. The care-burdened heart, like the forest, may have the green leaves of its fresh life withered and fallen, but the music of his aspiration shall rise like the voice of the wind-swept forest, and penetrate the consciousness of all the world.

This cry of the poet's heart is heard adown the years; its mystic music finds an echo in all hearts that strive against the burdens that repress; and the indomitable aspiration of that cry awakens a new impulse as we utter again the potent incantation: —

"Be thro' my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

College News.

[Owing to the pressure of other matter, some of the College News prepared for this issue is crowded out.]

The Students' Benefit.

On Thursday afternoon, February 1, the students of the College and many visitors formed a most responsive audience in Berkeley Hall. The entertainment on this occasion was given for the benefit of the Students' Aid Association. This organization is worthy of our strongest support and encouragement, for it is demonstrating in a very practical way the doctrine of service to others.

The music of the programme was furnished by Miss Hutchins, soprano, Mr. Foster, violinist, and the Emerson Quartette.

Mr. Strong and Miss Drew, of the Post-graduate class, in scenes from "Macbeth," showed us what a four-year student may attain in Shakespearian interpretation. Lord and Lady Macbeth were portrayed with such truth and power that we felt throughout the *reality* of the situations in which they were placed. We were

given a true insight into the motives working within each character. The care and strength manifested were unusual.

Of Miss Holmes as reader we cannot speak our appreciation too warmly. The audience attested its approval by recalling her twice. In "Judith of '64" she held the minds of her listeners on every point of her clear and vivid presentation. Last Thursday's reading predicts for Miss Holmes great success as a reader before the public. A. B. C.

The Southwick Literary Society.

The Southwick Literary Society held a meeting January 11, and elected the following officers: President, Miss Blalock; Vice-President, Miss Tobey, '99; Secretary, Miss Pettingill, '01; Treasurer, Mr. Foland, '01.

Miss Blalock, with customary grace, then announced the entertainment for the afternoon, and introduced Mr. Grilley as "a graduate of the College who returns bringing his sheaves with him."

We are always delighted to welcome Mr. Rogers and Mr. Grilley, for they are students who know how to appeal to the higher sentiments in the minds of their hearers.

Every number on the program was heartily appreciated. We hope we may welcome Mr. Rogers and Mr. Grilley many times in the future.

PROGRAM.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Mazourka, harp solo, | <i>Schuecker</i> |
| Encore, "My Old Kentucky Home." | |
| Mr. Rogers. | |
| John Smith, U. S. A. | <i>Eugene Field</i> |
| Encore, Character Sketch | <i>George W. Day</i> |
| Mr. Grilley. | |
| "Adieu" | <i>Godfroid</i> |
| Mr. Rogers. | |
| "A Straggler of Fifteen" | <i>A. Conan Doyle</i> |
| Encore, Sketches from Life. | |
| Mr. Grilley. | |
| a. Essay in Martial Style. | <i>Rogers</i> |
| b. Fleurette. | <i>Rogers</i> |
| Mr. Rogers. | |
| "Green Grow the Rushes, O," | <i>Wm. E. Penny</i> |
| Encore, "Watchin' the Sparkin' " | <i>Fred Emerson Brooks</i> |
| | <i>L. D. H.</i> |

Personals.

We are happy to report the improved health and the return of Miss Powers, after an extended absence from her classes.

Mrs. Southwick has just returned from a brief visit in Philadelphia with Professor Southwick. During her stay in that city she gave a recital, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Star Course, and appeared before the Ogontz School for Young Ladies, where she gave her lecture-recital, "Macbeth."

Miss King read before the Sorosis Club of New York, Monday, February 5, and was entertained at luncheon by the club, with Mme. Galski and other noted guests. On the following day she gave a program of readings before the Circle of the Divine Ministry, a Metaphysical Club of that city, and by special request spoke of the work of Emerson College.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Estelle Barnes, '98, is teaching and reading at her home in Chicago.

Miss Helen G. Davies, '97, has opened a school of oratory in Ottawa, Canada.

Mrs. Puffer, '98, and Miss Ethel Bat-chelder, '99, have joined the graduate class this term.

Mr. Daghistanian, '99, has accepted a call to preside as pastor over a church in Fabius, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93, continues her work this year in the Woman's Clubs of Winchester, Woburn, and Cambridge, with increased numbers and interest. Mrs. Sherman extends a cordial invitation to all interested in Emerson College work in clubs to visit her classes in the Cantabrigia Club in Cambridge, any Thursday morning at 10 A.M., at the New-town Club-House.

The following corrections have been made in the Alumni list, published in the January Magazine:—

- Adams, Mrs. May L. Plummer, '92,
No. Franklin, Mass.
- Curry, Mrs. Sarah Jefferis, '92,
210 Prescott Ave., Hartford, Conn.
- Curry, Thomas Albert, '93,
210 Prescott Ave., Hartford, Conn.
- Hallett, Mrs. Fannie Thomas, '90,
Lyceum Theatre Building, 310 O'Farrell St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
- Holt, Mrs. Lulu Pike, '96, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Hornick, Ethel, '93, Daly's Theatre,
New York City.
- Latimer, Elsie Mary, '96,
Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y.
- Northrop, Cora E., '92, Hemlock Lake, N. Y.
- Pierce, Rev. Granville, '82, Chelmsford, Mass.
- Terwilliger, Jessica Frances, '91,
Mrs. Hazen's School, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
- Trapp, Harriett J., '92, Westchester, Penn.
- Tripp, Walter Bradley, '89,
84 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.
- Wallis, Charles J., '92, Leominster, Mass.
- Workman, Charles D., '96, Patterson, N. J.



THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.

Emerson College Magazine

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FRANCES TOBEY, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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Contents.

Editorials	139
President Emerson's Lecture, "Thought-Tracks in the Body"	141
The Value of Art Models in Physical Culture. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	146
The Moral Value of Physical Culture. <i>Martha Ott Ellis</i>	148
The Criteria of Criticism for Physical Culture. <i>Eva Olney Farnsworth</i>	150
The Gymnasium in Greece. <i>H. G. Crosby</i>	151
The Progress of the Science of Health. <i>Edith Kincaid Butler</i>	153
The Study of Life. <i>Annetta Bruce</i>	155
In the Night (poem). <i>Rachel L. Dithridge</i>	157
The Human Body. <i>Compiled by Miss Blalock</i>	158
College News: Mr. Malloy's Lecture, The Summer School, Miss Lamprell in Berkeley Hall, Robin Hood, President Frost's Address, The Somerset Y, Personals	160
Alumni Notes: Another Link Severed; Meeting of the Alumni Association	163

Physical Culture in Emerson College.

A YEAR ago, under the supervision of Miss Blalock, a special number of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, devoted to the subject of "Physical Culture," was issued. The enthusiastic reception tendered it was conclusive confirmation of the awakened interest in this most vital of themes. This month, with the co-operation of Miss Blalock, we bring to you a further elaboration of those principles relative to the physical man which distinguish Dr. Emerson's system of physical culture, giving it a place unique as a force in education.

In the evolution of physical education during the last twenty years, Dr. Emerson has done much toward elevating the plane of physical culture; all the while he has held high his ideals; has persistently taught that physical culture is more than athletics,—culture of the body must recognize the divine mission of the body as the servant of the soul. His graduates have gone out into every State and territory and even into distant lands, consecrated to the service of humanity in the cause of liberating aspiring, struggling souls from the chains acquired by heritage or forged by habits of wrong thinking or living, or of manual labor. And everywhere that the principles have been expounded they have won instant recognition for their truth and potency.

Dr. Emerson's ideals find beautiful embodiment in those who, under him, direct the physical training in the College. Mrs. Emerson, radiating vitality, gracious womanhood, high purpose, from every fibre of her being, is an inspiration under whose magic touch passive chests, droop-

How divers persons witness in each man,
Three souls which make up one soul: first, to wit,
A soul of each and all the bodily parts,
Seated therein, which works, and is what Does,
And has the use of earth, and ends the man
Downward: but, tending upward for advice,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the next soul, which, seated in the brain,
Useth the first with its collected use,
And feelth, thinketh, willeth,—is what Knows:
Which, duly tending upward in its turn,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the last soul, that uses both the first,
Subsisting whether they assist or no,
And, constituting man's self, is what Is—
And leans upon the former, makes it play,
As that played off the first: and, tending up,
Holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the man
Upward in that dread point of intercourse,
Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him.
What Does, what Knows, what Is; three souls, one
man.
—Browning.

ing heads and shoulders, and heavy, unresponsive bodies soon respond in elastic, buoyant life. In the department of Responsive Work Mrs. Emerson achieves marvellous results in perfecting unity in action through cultivation of the muscular sense. This is an entirely new field in physical education: the first recognition of reflex action as a power to be systematically developed in a way to make it serve the body in the expression of the higher nature.

Miss Blalock comes to her classes each year with higher ideals and renewed zeal; and every student, as he comes under the influence of her radiant personality, has a vision of what God meant the body to be when He created man in His own image. Too high a tribute could not be paid Miss Blalock for her untiring devotion to the welfare of the students in all the classes. This year she has been devoting her entire time to an elaboration of the work in this department. Increased facilities have made it possible for her to illustrate further the principles of the work by introducing fancy marches, etc.; and to suggest ways and means of adapting the work to the needs of all, from the child in the kindergarten to the student in the university.

Professor Alden, also, is unflagging in his enthusiasm and earnestness in moulding refractory bodies. He has been associated with Dr. Emerson since the early days of the College, and at the present time is supplementing his wide experience in physical training with a medical course in Boston University; and all that he brings to his classes is based upon a thorough knowledge of scientific principles.



Art Models in Physical Culture.

In connection with the line of thought suggested elsewhere in this issue, we present three art studies which cannot fail to be an inspiration in physical training. The teacher of physical culture must fa-

miliarize himself with the perfection of the physical as it is suggested in art; where else, indeed, can he find an inviolable standard?

"The Winged Victory" (frontispiece) speaks to us of the complete surrender of every physical agent to the dominant centre, the chest. The entire person is dominated by exultant faith,—the faith that reaches, that soars, that knows no defeat, no failure.

The group by Dielman, "Industry, Peace, Truth," taken from the larger work, "Law," suggests dignity, strength, moral weight, in every figure. We give it through the kindness of Messrs. Curtis and Cameron, in whose Copley Prints lovers of art are able to possess beautiful reproductions of the world's masterpieces.

No more suggestive model of the human form could be desired than Richter's famous portrait of Queen Louise. The queenly poise of the head, the length of line, the freedom of the torso, the gracious dignity of bearing,—all the criteria are fulfilled. Further than this, the "Queen Louise" is a revelation of the ideal in *dress*; a suggestion of what dress will be when men and women have come to recognize its true office,—when dress shall no longer be an end in itself, or a case to mould the body, but shall serve the person by revealing its natural lines of beauty.



Announcement.

Extra copies of the "Physical Culture Number" are always in great demand by teachers for use with their students and in the organization of classes. Anticipating this need, we have had extra copies of this number printed, and until the supply is exhausted will be pleased to fill orders at the rate of twenty-five cents for a single number or a half-dozen for one dollar.

ARTHUR E. CARPENTER,
Business Manager.

Thought=Tracks in the Body.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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It is true in nature everywhere that form reveals function. Matter conforms with spirit, is shaped by spirit, according to the *use* made of it by spirit. In the animal kingdom the dominating motive determines the nature of the development. Every animal is known by the thought-tracks in his body. Thus we distinguish one kind of animal from another, the herbivorous from the carnivorous, and the different degrees of savage tendencies in the carnivorous. The thought of destruction in the lion's mind is manifested in his body. Not only the power is manifested there, but the thought that has through generations developed that power. In the human race thought-tracks are still more apparent and manifest.

I once heard a learned man say that a young person is not to blame for having an ugly face; having been born with it, he has not had time to rectify it; but an old person has no excuse for not being beautiful. Well, the man who made these seemingly radical remarks meant to imply that thought modifies the expression of the face; that, though by heredity one may have begun life under the misfortune of representing some thoughts in his face that were not his own, yet it is within his power so to correct his thoughts that day by day, year by year, beautiful and noble thoughts will re-form the face. Recall an illustration of this furnished in the splendid stereopticon lecture given by that great and good man, Rev. J. J. Lewis, who is so presenting the Passion Play as to make it a mighty power for good in this country. In the lecture he exhibits two portraits of Josef Meyer,

one taken at twenty-two, the other at forty-two. At twenty-two it is a common face; at forty-two it is a face of almost superhuman spiritual beauty. What wrought this change? Meyer's determination for twenty years to live daily the spirit and practise the virtues of Jesus Christ, to the end of naturally and honestly representing the Son of God. One is continually moulding his features. His thoughts, his feelings, and his purposes are writing a record upon his face. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say of women, "God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another!" The words have a deeper significance than was in the mind of the melancholy prince when he uttered them in his frenzy. Heaven has given us one face through heredity, and as time goes on we make ourselves another; no one has the same expression that he had early in life, neither shall he have the same expression ten years from now that he now has, because even as I speak there is an artist within each of us that is re-carving the face, repenciling the expression. What is now innermost is coming to be outermost. What is taking place in the heart is painting itself on the face and in the form; it is working there perpetually. There is no hiding the workings of our thoughts unless we hide our faces and our forms. We are not merely walking bodies, we are visible, walking portraits of what is within. People looking at us may not always judge aright of what is within; they may not have developed the power of properly interpreting expression. The life of that spirit-

ually minded person may not be so visibly written upon the muscles that material minds can read it, for spiritual things are spiritually discerned. No man can discern a thing above what he has lived. If he sees a picture above the plane upon which he has lived he does not know what it means. If he sees a man upon a higher spiritual plane he cannot interpret the expression of that life.

The belief that a man's character constantly carves itself in his form of feature and of body, in his presence, in his attitudes, influences men in commercial walks of life. How often do we hear remarks like these from commercial men: "Well, that man has been recommended to me for a responsible position, and he has good testimonials; but almost any one can get good testimonials. I have seen the man, and though I did not hear him speak, I don't trust him. I am used to dealing with men in business, and I have criteria by which to judge them." And so, though the man may have testimonials higher than any other candidate, he will not obtain the position unless there is something in the bearing, in the expression, in the atmosphere, that warrants those testimonials. On the other hand, another person may be generally spoken ill of, and yet when you meet him you say, "I discredit that reputation. There is something honest in his face, in his eye, in his voice. I shall trust him until he is proved untrustworthy." These things, I say, affect business men, who are experienced, discerning men; they could not have been successful had they been otherwise. They very quickly read men on certain planes pertaining to their business because they know intuitively that a man's character sooner or later becomes definitely stamped upon his face. One may think that he can make up a face for a time, but he cannot deceive experienced people. "I do not feel like being true when I am with him. I

am used to men in business. I shall not trust him." Some unsophisticated friend near by will say, "Why, don't you see it is an honest face?" I once had an experience of that kind. I had seen many people in business as well as in professional pursuits when there called at my office, a number of years ago, a man of most gentlemanly appearance. He had very honest, open eyes, but I saw that there was a veil drawn over those eyes. I suspected him. Something in me said, "That man is a rascal." He called a few days later and met a young teacher who had not observed many people. When this teacher spoke to me afterward of the call, I said, "Beware of that man; he is a rascal." "How do you know?" "I have seen him." "Well, I saw him, and if I ever saw an honest face it was that man's face." I felt that the man was doubly dyed in sin: first, in the sinful conduct of his life, which was in his face; and second, in the hypocrisy written all over him. He did not mean to write hypocrisy there, but when he tried to look honest nature stepped in and wrote on his brow, "Hypocrisy." An unseen finger was writing it there,—thought-tracks! Within three months he demonstrated to everybody who came into business relations with him that if he was not totally depraved in character it was because in these days the doctrine of total depravity is tabooed. Oh, our souls are writing upon our brows, leaving thought-tracks there; are busy about our mouths and our eyes, leaving thought-tracks there. How busy is thought!—and it always leaves its track.

When Aaron Burr was a refugee from justice, with a price upon his head, he dressed himself as a common laborer, effecting what seemed a perfect disguise. A backwoodsman, in pursuit of him, met Burr, and at first greeted him as one backwoodsman might greet another. But as Burr passed, the other's glance noted

the expression of his feet. "Ah," he said, "no backwoodsman has feet like those! That man has not tramped much among the hills and mountains." He had not the "mark of the beast" in his forehead, but he had the mark of the gentleman in his feet.

Illustrations of this principle are so common that we need not multiply them. Let us consider, then, the philosophy of thought-tracks in the body. Somewhere, somehow, every thought, every purpose, writes itself in the body. The knowledge of the physiology of habit aids us somewhat in discovering these thought-tracks in the human body, for all physiologists agree that through repetition muscular and mental habits are acquired, and that each new thought either creates a new thought-track or deepens an old one.

An evil thought once carried into execution paves its path so that it will go over that track much more easily. Channels smooth and easy are being formed from the brain out through the body through which the thought, the motive, can easily travel ever after. One may have coming into his mind evil thoughts, evil suggestions, evil impulses. They are not his yet, but when they have gone forth into an act they become organized as a part of the man's character. This act will have a tendency to repeat itself, fixing for itself a channel which is made smoother and smoother each time the act is repeated. The same principle applies to good thoughts, good impulses, which materialize into acts. A man may have impulses as high as the impulses of the angels and the redeemed and yet be a bad man; but when the impulse has once gone forth into act, there is a road fixed for it in the structure of the man. When the passions of a little child are aroused he feels an impulse to strike; after he has acted upon this impulse two or three times, the act becomes almost

involuntary. The wise mother so directs and influences her child that his belligerent instincts are early converted into benevolent instincts.

Professor James suggests that a man does not strike because he is angry, but he is angry because he strikes. Professor James means that a man is not *possessed* by anger until he has struck. When he has struck that anger burning in his mind has made a track for itself.

Observe the man who has lived a benevolent life. Benevolence is written all over his body; it is written upon his face, upon his brow, upon his mouth,—all are benevolent. He did not intend to write it there; the law of nature has written it. Nature will not leave her thought-tracks of benevolence in the body if benevolence is simply an impulse. When benevolence has passed into an act then it becomes a part of the structure of his being. When action of this character has become habitual waves of benevolent impulses vibrate all along his nerves until they act almost automatically in carrying out these impulses. Having lived in obedience to impulses year after year accounts for the change wrought in the expression of his face.

We read in Scripture about the recording angel, whose books are kept in heaven. "The kingdom of God is within you," and the recording angel at this moment is recording the tendencies of your thoughts; and when you have acted in response to those thoughts, then they become a part of your structure. It is the *doing* that makes the record. Do the thing and you shall have the power. In the description of the final judgment, as revealed by St. Matthew, no man is judged by his thoughts nor by his emotions; each is judged by *what he has done*. Christ virtually said, "I was sick and in prison, and you visited me; naked, and you clothed me; and when you clothed me you made a record in

your brain and in your muscles and you are judged by the record." "Depart from me, ye wicked." Why? "I was hungry and ye gave me no food. I was cold and ye did not warm me; naked, ye did not clothe me; I was sick and ye did not minister unto me." No doubt those who were thus condemned felt very innocent and thought that Christ judged them very harshly. No doubt they had benevolent thoughts. They wished the hungry could be fed; perhaps they were willing to pay their town tax so that the town could feed them. They had had very pious thoughts in church. They had felt and said many times, "The Lord is good," but these thoughts had not materialized into acts. These impulses came and went without blossoming forth in acts, therefore they did not improve the characters of these men. They left no record in their being.

The nervous system, for convenience in study, is generally classified under the cerebro-spinal system and the sympathetic system, the former being called the nerves of animal life and the latter the nerves of organic life. The cerebrum is the agent of the intellect and the will, so that when a person chooses to do something he finds those muscles that are governed directly by the spinal or motor nerves ready to obey his will. The sympathetic nerve controls digestion, circulation, respiration, etc., and is very much affected by the emotions. In "Psycho Vox" the cranial nerves are described somewhat in detail, because through some of these thoughts feelings and purposes are expressed through the vocal organs, thereby establishing thought-tracks over which they pass more and more easily, until vocal expression of these thoughts, feelings, and purposes becomes free and spontaneous.

Now let us turn our attention more especially to the sympathetic nerve;

which when affected by the emotions either discharges its emotional activity upon the motor or spinal nerves, or upon the vital organs.

The sympathetic nerves, becoming charged with some emotion, may discharge themselves upon the spinal nerves with which they are interlaced and give impulse to an act of some kind, perhaps a gesture; or they may discharge themselves upon the nerves of the vocal organs and impel speech. Again, they may discharge themselves upon the vital organs,—the stomach, the liver, the lungs, or the heart. Consequently these organs are much affected by the emotions. If it be an unpleasant emotion, as an emotion of fear, they are weakened. Fear is one of the worst emotions that ever agitates these nerves. Discharged upon the vital organs, it will often cause the person to faint; and chronic fear so deranges, so devitalizes, the vital organs that in time they succumb to disease. On the other hand, when pleasant emotions discharge themselves there, the result is good appetite, good digestion, and consequent health.

Emotions may be the means of lifting the body into health or of plunging it into disease. They will either help or hinder the vital organs. Hence it is important to find what are the healthy emotions and invite them. Observe a person who is seized with sudden terror; he quivers and a pallor spreads over his face. Whence the pallor? That emotion of fear flowing along the sympathetic nerve partially closes the little arteries that bring the blood to the face. The blood cannot circulate through these capillaries and the person is pale. On the other hand, sometimes the face is suffused with color. An emotion of embarrassment or bashfulness has thrilled along the sympathetic nerve to the arteries that control the flow of blood to the skin, opened them a little wider, and more

blood flows through and produces the blush. Nothing is more interesting to study than the effect of the emotions upon the blood. Physiology teaches that the sympathetic nerve controls the arterial system, thereby regulating the flow of blood to the different organs of the body. This would seem to throw us into a very helpless condition. If we see a thing that excites fear we cannot help being terrorized, although we know that it is harmful to the organs of the body. What are we to do? *We can control our emotions.* We can hope. Hope is favorable to the circulation of the blood. Hope is a friend of the sympathetic nerve.

When I am made angry it acts upon the glands through the sympathetic nerve so that those glands will secrete a poison. I am angry; how can I help it? Can I change my emotion? You can. God has given us the control of our emotions, and we can change them. How do I know? Because we have just said that one object of thought will bring fear, another will bring courage. What we need is to develop the power of choosing the right objects of thought. Choose with great care your objects of thought, for if you look at an object of hope you cannot help being hopeful. If you look at an object of fear you cannot help being depressed, sad, fearful. *We can change our objects of thought.* Some can do this better than others. This is largely a matter of discipline. You are educating yourselves here from day to day to hold before your minds certain objects of thought that they may be reflected in certain gestures and certain tones of the voice. Thus you are developing your powers through right objects of thought, and these objects of thought will govern the emotions. Your work in expression, then, is a most important part of your physical culture.

We must have *expressive* physical culture; merely going through certain performances will never do one much good. Exercise of the muscles alone will not restore the health. That is why so many persons who have undertaken to build up the nervous system by gymnastics have found the nerves weakened all the more. What we must have is expressive physical culture; and "express" means "to press out." Now if we are going to have anything pressed out, and the pressing-out is going to determine the health, it will make a great difference *what* is pressed out. If it is a noble thought expressed, it thrills along the nerves, makes a track there, passes over that track again and again, and the way is paved with health. No exercises are physical culture exercises simply because they are gymnastics, no matter how vigorous or how scientific they may be; they must be expressive of the noblest things in the man or he will not receive the highest benefit from them. You may have read in some work on expression that prayer draws the head upward. Well, it does if the man is praying *in his spirit*. As his spirit waxes warmer and warmer in devotion it is as if there were something fastened to the organ of veneration, which is the middle of the top of the head, drawing him up. Every emotion that elevates bears health on its pulsating wings; every emotion that draws downward tends toward death.

"Hope toward God." That is a definite command. When a man believes that God is within him and is all-powerful, he hopes toward Him; when he is on the brink of despair and feels weights drawing him down, hope is his only deliverer; it raises the man into harmony, and all along the nerves of emotion speeds the uplifting influence of hope. The vital organs are made well and strong. The man breathes

more freely than before. See the man who is depressed by fear; he hardly breathes at all; but inspire him with hope, and it is as if a white-winged angel had descended and borne him up. His chest rises, his countenance rises, the lines of his face point upward; you say, "That man is living from on high." In a certain sense, there may be said to be two forces of gravitation; all depends upon what we gravitate toward. Gravitation is said to draw us toward the earth; the same law draws us toward the sun. So we have a gravitation of the spirit as well as of the body. The gravitation of hate draws downward; draws down the jaw and the corners of the mouth. In this state of hate the emotional nerve is poisoning the blood. Jealousy and hate will change a person's complexion in an instant, making it become literally *green*. Can we expect such things to pass through the body and leave

no track there? Not so. The emotions are mighty influences.

This is no superstition, no mere fancy. The God who made the human body made it to be influenced by the mind; to be influenced for good by holy emotions, and to be influenced toward destruction by wicked emotions. He made the human body to be the servant of the soul; and all culture of the body should be to that end. The body must be trained as servant, not as master. When it is made to be a governor, then that beautiful servant that would help the soul if it fulfilled its mission becomes the soul's chief enemy. The study of physical culture, then, in all its phases, is as broad as life itself. It is not concerned with the physical merely; except it educate the body with reference to its master, the soul, it cannot claim the name of *culture*.

The Value of Art Models in Physical Culture.*

FRANCES TOBEY.

THE end of physical culture can be nothing less than the development of the body toward the ideal—toward perfection. Where, then, shall we turn for a standard, if we do not find it in the realm of art?

Art models, as the Venus de Milo and the Venus de Medici, represent the normal, hence the perfect, human form, as we can hardly hope to find it anywhere else after "lo, these many centuries" of physical deterioration. True, the tide has turned—an era of physical regeneration has dawned; but we can hardly hope that one generation shall witness the ultimate redemption of the bodies which have so long known imprisonment, and give us perfect models

in life. How, then, can we dispense with the best art models in our gymnasias? Is muscular development to be a thing of accident? Is a promiscuous use of the set of muscles the thing sought, without reference to *kind* of development desired?

How may art models serve us in physical culture? I need hardly point out to you that we have a system of physical culture based upon a thorough knowledge of art principles. Dr. Emerson did not impose an exercise on any part of the body at haphazard. Neither did he take as his model of physical perfection any of the sadly deformed men and women he saw in the world around him. He went back to the age of the

* Lecture delivered before the Graduate Class.

most nearly perfect physical development the world has ever known, and studied the flower of that age, as portrayed by the artist. He marked the perfect unity of the model, and he said, "A true system of physical culture must be an organism—each exercise definitely related to all the rest. No series of detached exercises will bring unity of form and action." He studied the delicate suggestion of continuity,—length of line,—and he said, "Physical exercises must be taken with reference to infinity. They must be of such nature as to suggest no limit." He read the suggestion of living personality that shone from the beautiful model, and he said, "Except a system of physical culture tend toward unifying body and soul, making the one a free servant of the other; except it aim to liberate the soul until it dare stand forth and say, from every fibre of the physical frame, 'Behold, it is I!'—it is not worthy of the name culture; it is but idle play of muscles."

We have come to know that there can be no high degree of education in any line without *ideals*. The mind cannot evolve to the highest point possible to it except it have *the highest* ever before it, *toward which it may evolve*. We can have no adequate conception of what the normal development of the body is, except as we become familiar with the highest models the artist has given us. A true study of art cannot fail to react upon the physical as well as upon the spiritual nature. One whose taste has been formed through continual association with art influences, who has always been surrounded by perfect models of nature, must respond in some measure *in his own person* to the beauty of development and attitude marked therein.

Do you say, "How about the child of luxury, surrounded from birth by only the rarest creations of the artist's brain and hand, who yet deliberately muti-

lates that costliest and most sacred piece of clay that God, the Master Artist, has given into her hands to mould for Him?" Do you ask why such a daughter of fortune, whose tastes should have been formed in accordance with the highest and truest art principles, should seek to mould her form into the likeness of nothing ever seen "in the heavens above or the earth below or the waters that are beneath the earth"? Do you say, "Art principles to the winds! Teach her that she is sinning—that she is transgressing a law of nature, and hence a moral law; lead her to a reverence in the presence of the mystery of Life, to an appreciation of the sanctity of her body and its vital functions, and you will have led her to the point of liberating the poor fettered body! It is an ethical code rather than an æsthetic that shall reach human nature. You must appeal to something *deeper* than the artistic sense!"

Ah, hear Browning:—

"Ah, world, as God has made it! All is beauty;
And *knowing this is love*; and love is duty;
What further may be sought for, or declared?"

Who shall say that my code is not your code, after all?

Our poor girl has not responded to the beauty around her because she has not *known*; she has not recognized it as the true thing. It has been after all such a small part of her life! Perhaps her real life has been a whirl of fashion and conventionalities, artificial and formal enough to crush the art instinct out of any human soul swept into its eddies. The forms that have really been before her have been the forms of thoughtless men and women who—generations since—have lost sight of the ideal of physical perfection, and mould themselves after the abnormal. Fashion is so exacting! Her devotees have so little time for communion in their own

souls with all that is real and true and holy!

If I can bring our girl to a real appreciation of the beauty of the lines in the Venus de Milo; if I can lead her to see that they are beautiful *because they are true*; that "beauty and truth are twin-born" and "He who has made the

world strong has also made it fair;" that "beauty is everywhere the final test,"—

I shall have led her far on the way toward the realization of the vital truth with which you would begin.

"Ah, world, as God has made it! All is beauty; And *knowing this is love*; and love is duty; What further may be sought for, or declared?"

The Moral Value of Physical Culture.*

MARTHA OTT ELLIS, '00.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

THE human mind which can survey the heavens and calculate the motion and destiny of the stars finds itself confounded when, returning from these distant journeyings, it enters its own proper dwelling-place. Man's own organism is still among those mysteries of nature which the finite mind is scarcely able to penetrate, in spite of his incessant efforts to lift the veil which hides it. In all ages man has sought to know himself. In all times he has studied the relations between his own existence and that of the world; and has sought to understand those universal influences which, although evident to him, are at first inexplicable in their action upon living beings.

But as the world has pushed forward in all departments of education, the imagination has given way to a vigorous method of study, resulting in positive ideas. We shall always see in the human body the highest and most perfect creation of nature. In the image of God was man created! and what a wonderful privilege is ours, this of studying the physical organism as a thing sacred—the temple of the Holy Ghost!

We are not sent into the world to be miserable, nor was life given us to be wasted. It is, on the other hand, a sacred trust, a gift from God Himself, to be perfected for His divine use. God has given us life to see what we will do with it. He has made us a part of the great world energy; no atom of its force is ever lost. Every breath of our lives, every noble heart-beat, will pulsate through all eternity. Our lives are indelible, imperishable. To make the most of our lives here on earth, that the world may be the better for our living—can we aim for anything less?

We hear a great deal nowadays about the need of public measures for the preservation of health, and the obligations which rest on the State and community. Let each one think of his individual share of the burden. Every one may be healthy if he will, but health is not something superadded to life. Health-preservation does not so much consist in the avoidance of disease as in the establishing of conditions to which disease is foreign, or by which the invasion of disease will be resisted. We are not intended to pick our way through the world trembling at every step, but to walk boldly, secure in the confidence that a sound mind in a sound body is able to triumph over all ordinary difficulties, and to surmount the perils it can-

* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

not escape. How, you ask, are we to establish these conditions of security? "Through such exercises as are authorized and required by the laws of human economy—not by the use of drugs." The practical aim should be to live a natural life, and to leave contingencies to be met by the force and strength of those safeguards with which the mental and physical being is surrounded—by the collateral effects of its own systematic and habitual healthiness. How are we to reach this lofty condition? Through careful training in a system of physical culture where provision is made for freeing each part of the physical organism and unifying the action of all until the body becomes the servant of the soul. Health can only be secured where there is "freedom in service."

If there is any one thing that robs life of all beauty, and prevents us from being, in the closest sense, akin to God, it is the lack of harmonious, symmetrical development. There is probably no one thing that contributes more to make people beautiful morally than symmetry, or evenness of development, or what may be better called harmonious completeness. This is what contributes beauty in the outward world and in all forms of physical life. The nice adjustments of means to ends, the full and equal play of life in all its parts, is what charms us, for instance, in the greyhound or the deer; whereas the clumsiness, the heavy uneasiness, the apparent lack of adaptation, is what robs such a creature as the elephant of attractiveness. It is not difficult to see how precisely this applies to character as expressed through the body. The beauty of the soul, naturally expressed, is literally "the beauty of holiness," for the literal meaning of holiness is *wholeness*. The holy man or woman, though we too often forget this, is the whole man or woman. That is to say, it is the man or woman who is well rounded,

who is evenly developed. The same law that applies mentally applies physically, for the soul and the body are a unit and cannot be separated.

And as there is no higher, no more entrancing, form of beauty than moral beauty, so there can be no higher calling for any one than to carve well the statue of his character, making it fair and beautiful of proportion. To this great end our powers were given us—our powers of steady endurance, of high ambition, and of worthy appreciation. They are ours not merely to the end that we may carve for ourselves huge fortunes that shall melt away at the touch of death, nor to achieve proud reputations, though these are well; they are ours that we may fulfil God's mission on earth,—that we may perfect in the noblest way His gifts to us, each helping the other to understand and consciously obey the law of his own being, each helping the other to live out that law here on earth, in ceaseless aspiration and outward activity.

When we employ our powers on lower things, we are like the artists who waste their talents in idle and useless works. There is a suggestive incident told of Michelangelo. It is said that on January 14, 1494, a most unusual storm swept over Florence, leaving snow upon the ground from four to five feet deep—a very unusual occurrence in that warm climate. The weak and worldly Piero de Medici was at that time ruler of the city, and his word was law. He sent for Michelangelo, took him away from his workshop, where he was carving figures in enduring marble for the inspiration of future generations, and bade him form a snow statue in the courtyard of the palace. When it was done he was so delighted that he brought the artist to sit at his own table. The illustration serves as an object-lesson. The world's greatest genius wasting his power on material

that next morning's sun would melt away! It is often so with us in life. In obedience to our own selfish commands, our foolish pride and worldly ambition, we put our hands to works and devote our energies to materials that are as fleeting as the mist, and as unstable as the snow, and that vanish with the hour that gave them birth. But to develop our bodies for the spontaneous expression of God's Holy Spirit in us is an enduring work that calls for reverent devotion.

We bow humbly before those who can

put upon canvas the visions of beauty that float before the imagination. We honor those who can take the still, cold marble and chisel it into features of holy feeling. But let the canvas be a human life, the vision of beauty a dream of integrity, of purity, of holiness, and how much grander is the result! Before the artist of the soul, expressed through the bodily agent God has given us, we bow in deepest reverence; and in the presence of moral beauty, unconsciously expressed in human life, we feel the holiest awe.

The Criteria of Criticism for Physical Culture.*

EVA OLNEY FARNSWORTH, '00.

EDUCATING the body "to express spontaneously in a beautiful way the highest sentiments of the soul" is true physical culture. Character is the supreme end of all education. It is not a soul, nor yet a body, that we are educating, but a man, and we must not divide him.

In the study of expression there is a prevailing tendency to consider man as a spiritual being, matter being simply a means by which he expresses himself.

Man, made in the image of God, presents himself to us in three phases: he has a physical, an intellectual, and a spiritual nature. These interpenetrate, interlace, and embrace one another. They hold so close a relation to one another that it is difficult to consider any one of them as distinct from the other two.

A correct insight into this threefold life of man must fix the nature and end of all human education. We must therefore conclude that physical culture, in no less degree than other pedagogical problems, is a psychological one, and that any system which does not consider this tri-

une nature is one-sided. It is also apparent that if the body is the medium of expression, its culture should be the first object of attention, for expression is the indispensable condition for all intellectual and spiritual development.

Whatever power one may possess, it is of no real or lasting value unless dominated by the spiritual. The spiritual being the highest, all things must be subject to it.

This is a fundamental principle. The dominion of the moral sense in the character corresponds to perfect symmetry of body, and symmetry of body represents health of body. Morality has much to do with health. What you are is in the movement of your hand, in your walk, in the tones of your voice. In practising for physical culture, then, we want such movements as express nobility of soul.

Delsarte declares man to be "the object of art." He further says that the physique is transformed by the spirit and cannot be beautiful except it reveal moral and intellectual beauty. Soul and body are so united that they develop only

*Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

through mutual interaction. The right system of physical culture cannot, therefore, ignore the laws of æsthetics.

All systems have, undoubtedly, something of good in them, but in order to judge of the merits of any system we must know something of the fundamental laws of psychology, physiology, and æsthetics. That system is nearest the ideal which is founded upon these laws perfectly adjusted to one another and all conspiring to the one result,—the perfect working of the whole organism.

In the Emerson College system of physical culture every exercise in the course is related to a moral state and is presented with a conscious aim toward moral and spiritual development. Thus while it aims at physical growth by the strengthening of vital centres, the will at the same time is strengthened, increasing muscular force. Grace of mind and spirit develop in proportion to physical grace.

Physiologically considered, the system is so arranged as to place the burden of the work upon the vital centres, strengthening those organs that manufacture life and energy. It would profit little, how-

ever, to work at these vital centres without first assuming a correct attitude.

Physiologically speaking, the first step, then, is correct attitude, or relating one's self to the law of gravitation. The second step involves the gradual working-up of the greatest amount of energy compatible with the present state of vital and functional activity. The third step consists in harmonizing the energy thus generated into psychological force.

From the same standpoint secretory and excretory power is of prime importance. Power to take from the blood nourishment necessary to the health of bone, muscle, and nerve rests upon the former and must be balanced by the latter in throwing off all that is unnecessary in the upbuilding of the body.

Exercise is the condition of growth and development, and is a law which applies to all endeavor. Let us then practise our physical culture; but let us remember that the exercises are in the service of the soul, in the service of noble thought and generous sentiments,—divine gymnastics,—in the service of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

The Gymnasium in Greece.

H. G. CROSBY, '01.

IN Grecian life the gymnasium was an all-important factor. The term "gymnasium" means literally "naked," and was so applied from the custom of the athletes to free themselves from all restrictions of clothing when engaged in physical exercise. The word in Greece, as to-day in continental Europe and especially in Germany, signified a school, and not, as with us, a place for physical exercise merely. With the Greeks the gymnasium was a place of general resort for intellectual pursuits, as well as for physical exercises. It was the centre of physi-

cal, moral, intellectual, and civic training. In it the philosophers, sophists, and men of letters expressed their thoughts and held their disputations. Every town of any importance had at least one gymnasium, and in Athens there were three. These gymnasia were all built after much the same plan, consisting of four porticoes built in a square. Three of these porticoes were arranged with seats for the philosophers, rhetoricians, and sophists who discoursed there. The fourth was a double portico having a large hall in the centre and rooms about for bathing,

anointing, and other purposes. There was a place for each kind of exercise, as wrestling and hurling the discus. There was also a stadium, or foot course. One of the porticoes was covered for use in bad weather, and there were sheltered and covered walks for study.

The gymnasia were supported by the State, and each was under the rule of an officer, called the gymnasiarch, who was appointed annually. The duties of this officer were to adorn and keep up the gymnasium, to conduct the games at the great festivals, to maintain and pay persons training for public contests, and to exercise a general supervision over the morals of the youths. For this last duty the officer was empowered to remove from the gymnasium philosophers or other learned men whose teachings he deemed pernicious.

That the gymnasium was an early institution among the Greeks is seen from the fact that the legendary hero Theseus is credited with having regulated a gymnasium at Athens. The course of training given was afterward reduced to a system in the time of Clisthenes, the first half of the sixth century before Christ.

The Greeks firmly believed that "the *body* of man has a glory as well as his intellect and spirit; that the body and mind should alike be disciplined; and that it is by the harmonious discipline of both that men best please Zeus." Thus they united the physical, intellectual, and religious parts of man's nature into one whole, and for the development of that whole the gymnasia were maintained. Although the gymnasia had their origin in the training of the combatants for the public games, they soon became connected with medicine and education.

Gymnastic exercises were thought not only "to foster the taste for war and the activity and strength necessary for using weapons, but also to produce graceful

carriage and healthy tone of body." The Sophist Prodicus of Ceos (460 B. C.) was the first to point out the relation between gymnastics and health. Among later medical writers we find special exercises prescribed for special diseases. One of the duties of the officers of the gymnasium was to know the physiological effects of each exercise and to prescribe for each youth according to the individual needs. Further evidence of the relation the Greeks saw between bodily exercise and health or disease is found in the significant fact that the gymnasia were dedicated to Apollo, the God of Physicians.

The relation of the gymnasium to intellectual training is clearly seen in the derivation of two of our words now in common use to denote schools of a high order. These are "academy" and "lyceum." The Academy was the name of the gymnasium where Plato taught, and the great Aristotle, with his train of pupils, walked through the porticoes of the Lyceum Gymnasium at Athens.

At an early age the Grecian boys were sent to the gymnasia, there to continue until they became men fit to excel in the arts of peace or war. The first step in their development was the training of the body for the maintenance of health and strength; then the moral nature was carefully looked after by special officers; and, as the boys grew older, strict discipline gave place to social intercourse and conversations on literary, philosophical, and civic matters.

The studies of the Greek youth were divided into three parts,—grammar, music, and gymnastics. To these Aristotle added painting or drawing. But first, last, and always were the gymnastics considered important. The bodily training was given more time and attention than all the other branches of their education. This training was with the Greeks a religious duty, and they held



INDUSTRY, PEACE, AND TRUTH.

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athletic sports in honor of gods and heroes and as a celebration of funeral rites. The Olympic games have come down to us through history as a wonderful example of the consecration of the best of the physical powers of man to the glorification of his religious ideas.

The training of the competitors for the games was considered a matter of public concern, and the victor was honored above all men. His only material reward was a simple crown of wild olive, but the possessor of this was enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, who ranked

him with the heroes and only a little lower than the gods.

It is impossible to study Grecian life and institutions without perceiving the importance of their gymnastic exercises and the gymnasia. One authority writes: —

Much of the healthy, buoyant elasticity of mind for which the Greek race is remarkable, as well as the active and beautiful physical development which no other race has ever equalled, is due to the love of gymnastics. The plastic art also owes its perfection in the treatment of the human form to the constant opportunity which artists had of observing the nude body in various attitudes.

The Progress of the Science of Health.*

EDITH KINCAID BUTLER, '00.

SINCE the close of the dark days of the Middle Ages the history of science has been the history of a triumphant progress. Chemistry, astronomy, geology, — all the *ologies* and *isms*, — have advanced, until it seems as if the human intellect could penetrate no further into nature's mysteries.

There is one exception, however, which is more weighty in its consequences than the aggregate sum of all other sciences, — the science of health. Do not understand me to mean that health has not been sought after. It has been sought long and earnestly, but too often in the wrong direction; so that while other sciences have advanced, the science of health has stood still, or even lost ground. While the machinery of electricity and steam-power has been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection, the machinery of the human body has been getting more and more out of repair; for the human race has been exerting every energy to the developments of wonderful brain-power, and neglecting the house that holds the brain, so that our "wealthy minds inhabit but poor temples."

It was not always so. Go back to the days of the Greeks, when, so far as we may read, or study the examples of their art that have come down to us, the Greeks, as a nation, were our ideal of physical perfection. No others have ever equalled their vast system of gymnasia and the institution of the Olympic games, the former of which perfected the human body, while the prizes, and still more valued honors, which success in the latter brought spurred the youth of the land to ever-continued efforts.

The importance of physical culture was thoroughly realized by those ancient Greeks. They also appreciated the fact that with advancing civilization a systematic course of bodily training must be substituted for that which nature herself gives her children in their struggle for life, when in a wilder state of existence. Solon said, "It is impossible to repress luxury by mere legislation, but its influence may be counteracted by athletic games which invigorate the body and give a martial character to the amusements of our young men." The result of such standards of training was

* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

a national physical perfection that has made Greece the despair and envy of all succeeding nations.

But with the decline of Greece as an empire there came a corresponding decadence in the physical perfection, which was augmented to no small degree by religious influences. About the time that Grecian civilization began to wane new religions were spreading; fanatics began to abound, teaching that in order to glorify God we must humiliate our bodies. Manly exercises, amusements, and health-giving sports were discouraged as unworthy of a true saint; while care for the body was looked upon as an indication of an unregenerate soul. The Olympic games were suppressed by order of a Christian emperor. Following this came a mania for self-torture and superstition, which broke out all over the continent.

As we follow the centuries down, we find that the growth of the most beautiful of religions was marked by a long path of suffering, extending through the dark times of the Middle Ages, when the priesthood held sway and rigorously inculcated the doctrine that strength and beauty of mind and soul could only be obtained through laceration and abuse of the body, while the body's natural instincts and desire for health were indications of a fatal depravity.

To the promulgation of such doctrines we owe to-day the consequences of many sins against the physical laws of God. But, though the effects of those long ages of neglect and error are still felt, with the coming of modern times an awakened interest is felt in that great question of the Greeks, — physical education, — the most tangible proof of which is the establishment of the modern gymnasium. This, though doing a great work, does not seem entirely to fill all requirements; for as the thinkers of the day study the question, they are coming more and more to realize that in this life soul and

body are inseparably united and must be educated with that fact in view. That which gives greater power to the body gives equally increased power to the mind, and physical vigor is the foundation of the highest mental and moral welfare.

The old idea that sickness and depravity are the normal conditions of our nature and can be conquered only by abnormal means is rapidly losing ground as we come more and more to realize that every appearance of ill-health and bodily weakness are nature's indications that her laws are being violated, and the most direct way of removing the ill is to remove the cause. This, in the majority of cases, means a reform of our habits; for health is not lost by mere accident, but by *continued* violation of these physiological laws. In order to bring our bodies into obedience to these laws it is necessary to overcome habits formed by years of neglect or abuse of our bodies. This will require a system of physical culture based directly upon these laws of nature, so that the body may be cultivated in direct accordance with the laws that control it.

On just such a foundation is the Emerson System of Physical Culture based. From the opening exercise of the first division to the final exercise of the fourth division, in the most minute particulars every exercise is in harmony with the universal mandates of nature. Such a system emphasizes the cultivation of the body in relation to the mind; for, being based upon the laws of nature, it must of necessity recognize the relationship that exists between physiological and psychological laws.

When through practice of such a system of physical education the human body has been reclaimed from its bondage and so educated in relation to mind and soul as to become the spontaneous revealer of their highest purposes, then

we shall have achieved as great success in education as did the Greeks, and in our modern centuries will be found a race as perfect in every detail as that of our

ancient ideals. This will be when over all the land, far and wide, is spread the new gospel of health, proclaimed in our day by Dr. Chas. Wesley Emerson.

The Study of Life.*

ANNETTA BRUCE, '99.

WE know from experience in the world around us that all material things are either lifeless or living, and nowhere in nature is the boundary line more clearly defined or more remarkable than between these two. Everywhere we find living matter intimately connected with lifeless matter and closely dependent upon it; in the plant, in the animal, and even in our own bodies, there is much more lifeless than living matter, so that it may truly be said, especially as age advances, that we are "more dead than alive." The intimate relation between lifeless and living matter will be apparent when we realize that the "living substance of the human body, of any animal or plant, is only the transformed lifeless matter of the food which has been taken into the body, and has there assumed for a time the living state;" but sooner or later it dies and is then for the most part cast out of the body.

But how does living matter differ from lifeless matter? A chemical analysis would help us solve this problem to some extent, but as the process necessarily kills living matter, the results would show us but little of the conditions existing in the matter when alive. Nevertheless, it does teach us much. Living matter is distinguished "absolutely from every form of lifeless matter" in "its chemical composition, its power of waste and repair, and of growth, and its power of reproduction."

So accustomed have we become to these manifestations of life that we cease

to regard them as wonderful; but in order to gain an idea of how extraordinary they are, suppose an electric-car to possess like powers; to carry on a process of self-repair, to increase in size by growth, and to detach from itself at intervals pieces of wood, brass, or iron endowed with the power of growing up step by step into other electric-cars capable of running themselves, and of reproducing new cars in their turn. Precisely these things are done by every living thing, no matter how small or insignificant it may be, and nothing takes place in the lifeless world which can in any degree be compared with them.

But let us look a little more closely into this mystery of life as seen in living organisms; and in order to do this, we must know somewhat of their structure. Every organism, whether plant or animal, is built up entirely of cells which differ greatly in form, size, and mode of action, not only in different organisms, but even in different parts of the same individual.

It would be exceedingly interesting to follow the animal or plant through the different stages of development,—from the division of the germ-cell into two, the sub-division of these two into four, of these four into eight, of these eight into sixteen, and so on, continually increasing in number by division and going through a series of changes, thus "becoming modified in different ways, or differentiated," to fit them for the

*Lecture delivered before the Graduate Class.

different kinds of work which they have to do. "Those which are to become muscle-cells gradually assume an entirely different form and structure from those which are to become skin-cells," and the nerve and gland cells assume still other forms and structures. These descendants of the parent germ-cell, at first so nearly similar, are gradually converted into the elements of the different tissues and are thus enabled to perform a "physiological division of labor" in the body.

The early biologists, and even those as late as 1840, regarded the wall of the cell as the important part; but a deeper knowledge of the subject showed them that the really essential part is the living protoplasm enclosed by the walls. This protoplasm, or living substance, is the seat of active changes which are undoubtedly chemical, and which when taken together make up the life of the organism.

One of the most familiar instances of protoplasmic movement is the contraction of a muscle. This motion, which causes the muscle to change its form while keeping its exact bulk, is probably due in the last analysis to chemical action which takes place in the living substance.

The little microscopic animal known as the *amœba*, whose entire body consists of a single naked cell, gives us another most striking and beautiful example of movement in protoplasm. Looked at under the microscope, it is seen to be in a state of ceaseless motion, contracting, expanding, flowing, changing its form with every movement. If particles of food are met with, the protoplasm flows around them and they are taken into the body; for one part of this animalcule is as much a mouth and stomach as any other part.

I shall never forget the deep impression made upon me when I saw for the first time this living matter circulating

in the cells of the nitella, going up one side of the cell, across and down the other, moving around and around in the same unceasing course. So fascinated was I by it that for a long time I sat looking and saying, "What are you, that you can thus move up and down without any motive power that man can see?"

What this protoplasm is no one has answered satisfactorily even to himself. The biologist can tell us the ingredients of which it is composed, and can put them together in the exact proportion in which they are found in the individual cell of plant or animal; but *he cannot make it live*. It gets its life-principle from the hand of the Great Creator, and all man's efforts to unfold its deep mysteries have ended in failure.

But let us carry this thread of life, which binds all organisms together, a little further. Whence comes the energy which keeps up this constant motion? It comes from the food we eat. We take food into the body, but it only becomes a part of it when it has been digested and absorbed or taken up by the blood. The blood, then, as it goes the rounds of the body, carries materials rich in potential energy to these little cells, virtually saying to them, "Do you want anything from me on this round?" and the protoplasm, or life-principle, reaches out and takes from the blood that which it needs. The muscle-cell takes that which can be formed into muscle, the brain and nerve-cell that which they can manufacture into stronger and better brain and nerves, each cell maintaining to a certain extent "a somewhat independent life as to its own nutrition," yet under the guidance of the nervous system all are working in harmony for the good of the whole. This red river coursing through the body might be likened to our produce and provision dealer, who in his daily rounds calls at our door and inquires

whether we want any fruit or provisions to-day; and that which we want may be entirely different from what our neighbor wants. So each individual cell purchases from the general carrier the particular food which it needs.

To the superficial observer there would seem to be little in common between the plant and the animal, except that they are both what we call alive; but when we study more closely we see beneath the many "differences of detail a fundamental likeness," both in the structure and in the physiological action of the two organisms, the chief difference being that the plant is constructive and stores up energy, while the animal is destructive and uses up this energy. Plants, out of such materials as earth, air, and sunshine, construct food; so they might be designated the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for all animal life. We do not see any food in the earth, nor in the air, neither does the sunshine make any visible, but our little plant takes up substances invisible to us and in giving us that food upon which we are dependent, completes its cycle and gives us its life. Surely it has learned the lesson of service!

Scientists have given us many definitions of life. Kant says it is an inner principle of action. Spencer defines it as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," or our adjustment to our environment.

As our environment has changed in the past there have been corresponding changes in the organism. This brings up the whole question of evolution. Bichat says life is the sum of the functions by which death is resisted. But is this all of life? Have they not become so occupied with that which is material that they have failed to see the other side? *Life* is not material, for when it departs it leaves the body, in form, size, and weight at least, just as it was before. Life in its highest sense is not a resistance against death, but the working-out of a plan of our Heavenly Father, who gives us glimpses occasionally of the larger pattern He has for us.

Over and over again, while trying to penetrate into the deep mysteries of nature, we are led to exclaim, "Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!" If our eyes were but open to read nature aright, we could trace the divine hand in every part of His work. Is it because man has failed to read aright this open book, failed to learn the great lessons everywhere taught in nature,—that *nothing lives for itself alone*, and that other equally beautiful truth, that *out of death comes life*,—that God has had to reveal them to us through His written word? Only when we have grasped God's great truths and made them live in us does this life blossom and bear the fruit of the life everlasting.

In the Night.

RACHEL L. DITHRIDGE, '99.

IN the deep night, when Heaven as a gentle
mother

Bendeth adown o'er the sleeping earth,
When the pale stars faintly glimmer,
When the silvery moonbeams quiver
And all is still —

I learn of Thee, O Infinite, Eternal!

In the sweet night, when weary day departeth
Bearing her heavy load of sin and care,

When the low wind softly waileth,
When my trust in all else faileth,

I turn to Thee;
Compass my life, O Infinite, Eternal!

In the calm night, when vanish fret and jar
Of man's discordant inharmonious thought,
Then falleth every self-made bar
That seems to keep my soul afar

From Thee, O God;
Then teach Thou me, O Infinite, Eternal!

The Human Body.

[NOTE.—Believing it would be interesting, instructive, and inspiring to the readers of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE to have placed before them a chain of connected quotations from distinguished authors, expressing their views of the sacredness, beauty, and high mission of the human body, the way it should be regarded, cultivated, and clothed, has led me to present what seems to me a group of literary jewels which furnish an exalted setting for our work in the study and practice of the Emerson System of Physical Culture. —ANNIE BLALOCK.]

THE light of the body is the eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light: but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness. —LUKE.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. . . . Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? . . . Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's. . . . Ye are the temple of the living God. —PAUL.

You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, Visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews: "The true Shekinah is Man!" Yes, it is even so; this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours,—is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? "There is but one Temple in the Universe," says the devout Novalis, "and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We

touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!"—CARLYLE.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the body make.
—SPENCER.

The human body is a holy temple. The external sanctuary of the soul, unlike temples made with hands, is built from within. It is the acme of God's material handiwork; the masterpiece of the Divine Architect. The living statue is modelled and shaped with transcendent delicacy, grace, and symmetry. It is a cosmos in miniature; an epitome of the natural universe. Robing, as it does, the offspring of the Infinite, it is hallowed and sanctified. The breath of God has gently swept through its aisles and corridors and dedicated it as His own cathedral. Its walls and towers are built of living stones. From its deep recesses the aortal organ sends out its rhythmical energy, which penetrates every highway and byway to the utmost limits. Its drum-beat never tires, and its measured pulsation is unceasing. Five temple gates open outward into highways which extend to the world of form, and through them messages and freights are going and coming in endless succession.

The body is a superlative example of co-operation; a general partnership where each member holds a unique office. It unceasingly works, not so much for itself as for all the others. Each one is an example of altruistic energy and ministry. Every tissue and molecule is on the alert, and its part is promptly and intelligently performed. All are good, for each is divinely perfect, and therefore the various offices of the members are alike honorable. Any seeming dishonor is only an abuse and degradation of that which has received Christly consecration. Says Paul in his letter to the Romans, "Nothing is



QUEEN LOUISE.

unclean of itself: save to him that accounteth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean." All God's creations are good, and all impurity exists only in the perverted human consciousness. This beautiful and perfect instrument is the ideal human body, untouched by abnormality.— HENRY WOOD.

'T is not a soul, 't is not a body, we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him.— MONTAIGNE.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in the world. He that has these two has little more to wish for; and he that wants either of them will be but little the better for anything else. . . . The principal end why we are to get knowledge here is to make use of it for the benefit of ourselves and others in this world; but if in gaining it we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that is useless in our hands. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.— LOCKE.

The body must be vigorous to obey the soul; a good servant ought to be robust. The weaker the body the more it commands; the stronger, the more it obeys. A feeble body weakens the mind. . . . If you desire your pupil should improve in mental abilities, let him improve that corporeal strength which is to be subject to their direction. Let his body have continued exercise; let him grow strong and robust to the end that he may improve in wisdom and in reason. . . . It is indeed a lamentable mistake to imagine that the exercise of the body should prejudice the operations of the mind, as if these two actions were not to move in concert, and one ought not always to direct the other.— ROUSSEAU.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?

So, man, propose this test —

Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did
best!

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!" — BROWNING.

Physiology is the servant of psychology; the body is the natural servant of the soul. . . . A healthy spirit will not long carry around a sick body. It will either cure it or cast it off. But the spirit must act according to definite methods. It is not merely that I imagine myself well, and that, therefore, I am well. It is that I become well by lifting the soul into the realms of goodness, of beauty, of truth, of pulsating divine life, and then practising methods of exercise for the body that will invite those beneficent impulses to pass into and through it. Away with the physical culture that makes the body the drudge and the slave! Practise the physical culture that lifts the body until one might really say that the body thinks,—until every fibre of its being shall pulsate under the inspiring touch of thought. . . . We must educate the body with reference to the soul. When we come to the last analysis, we find that the only legitimate office of the body is to express the soul, until

"The tongue be framed to music,
And the hand be armed with skill,
The face be the mould of beauty,
And the heart the throne of will."

— CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

The splendour and phantasy of dress
were, in the early days, studied for love

of their true beauty and honourableness, and became one of the main helps to dignity of character and courtesy of bearing. Look back to what we have been told of the dress of the early Venetians,—that it was so invented “that in clothing themselves in it, they might clothe themselves with modesty and honour;” consider what nobleness of expression there is in the dress of any of the portrait figures of the great times, nay, what perfect beauty, and more than beauty, there is in the folding of the robe round the imagined form of the saint or angel; and then consider whether the grace of vesture be indeed a thing to be despised. We cannot despise it if we would; and in all our highest poetry and happiest thought we cling to the magnificence which in daily life we disregard.—RUSKIN.

False ideas of structure, false standards of beauty, must give way before faithful and reverent study of physical law and the rules of art. The contours of a natural form must take such highest place in regard that they shall be imitated with most hearty respect and veneration. The

essential qualities of the physique of a beautiful woman must be recognized before there can be true grace of vesture. . . .

Humanity, blinded by custom and prejudice, and thirsting for novelty, ignores real or ideal beauty, satisfying itself with fashion, adhering to one pleasing form till wearied, then thoughtlessly accepting another, only to sigh for still another change, and finally to laugh at every past caprice.

Fashion is not beauty. Fashion is fleeting; beauty is eternal, the same through all the ages, its essential qualities never changing. Details may vary, and be beautiful or not, according to circumstances; but certain grand principles, certain standards, are fixed. These are immutable. Good taste is the knowledge of these principles. . . .

The proportions of classic models should be studied with zeal, till their contours can be distinctly remembered. To learn to see grace, refinement, beauty, in them, and to learn to disapprove forms unlike them, is the first lesson in good taste.—STEELE-ADAMS.

College News.

Mr. Malloy's Lecture.

During each school year we have certain regular events to which we look forward and from which we gain much inspiration. Such an event is Mr. Malloy's annual lecture.

He came to us unexpectedly on the morning of February 14, and was as usual received most enthusiastically by the students. This time he brought us, by *personal reminiscence*, a deeper insight into the workings of the great mind of Emerson. His life-study of the philosopher-poet has been so deep, so profound, that Mr. Malloy's own personality

seems permeated and infused with that of Emerson.

Mr. Malloy declares to us that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a transcendentalist. We declare that Mr. Malloy is transcendent in his understanding and insight into the very soul of Emerson. He gives us this advice: “If you have anything that is divine and transcendent give it to all the world and never fear for your white robes,” and we have an instinctive knowledge that he himself lives up to this standard. Emerson, whose personality can never be separated from his writings, has become a part of the consciousness

of Mr. Malloy, and we feel almost that we have been brought in direct contact with Emerson himself.

Each year adds its accumulation of wealth to Mr. Malloy's thought, and he brings the inspiration of it all to us. We thank him as students and friends!

G. A. H.

The Summer School.

Catalogues have been issued announcing the summer session at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, beginning July 10.

Dr. and Mrs. Emerson will conduct the work again this season, assisted by Miss Blalock and Professor Kidder. Miss Blalock will have entire charge of the physical culture in the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.

We quote from the announcement of the Summer Institute:—

"For more than a dozen years, Dr. Emerson and his faculty have had this department (Elocution and Oratory), and every year their classes have been enthusiastic in their praise. It will be observed that Mrs. Emerson, who is a host in herself, will assist the Doctor the coming season."

Miss Lamprell in Berkeley Hall.

The Southwick Literary Recital Wednesday afternoon, February 21, was one of those special occasions which no one is willing to miss, and Berkeley Hall was filled to its utmost capacity.

The business meeting was omitted, and Miss Blalock, after welcoming the audience, introduced Miss Sadie Foss Lamprell as the "Daughter of the Regiment." Miss Lamprell attended Emerson College from childhood, and has been a member of the Faculty for several years. The spontaneous applause which greeted her appearance testified to the appreciative regard she has won from the students.

The dramatic intensity of the first number, "Lily Servosse's Ride," was followed by the scene from "Hamlet" containing the soliloquy beginning, "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" "The Message," a beautiful lyric with musical accompaniment, was given with exquisite taste. But it was in the last number that Miss Lamprell struck the highest note, which gave the dominant tone to the recital. "The Lost Word," by Van Dyke, is a wonderful series of scenes representing successively incidents in the soul-experience of the hero. Not only were these presented with rare appreciation, but we felt that underneath was a strong undercurrent of faith and hope in the Infinite.

The encores from child life were charming, and we were especially touched by the parting words, which came straight to our hearts:—

"Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

Mrs. Annie Hooper Almy has a beautiful voice, and her vocal numbers were much enjoyed.

L. D. H.

Robin Hood.

The Southwick Literary gave a unique entertainment the afternoon of February 8, presenting a program most ingeniously arranged from the play of "Robin Hood," and pleasingly rendered by members of the first year's class.

The atmosphere brought by the quaint introduction on the program-sheets, the merry music, the close response which its interpreters gave to the spirit of the play, pervaded the audience with a wholesome cheer which is the secret of our abiding fondness for the "gay Robin Hood" and his "Merrie Outlaws."

We are glad to express our appreciation to the faithful officers who so skillfully made and carried out the plans for this pleasurable afternoon, as also to

those who took part in the program, an outline of which, following, is self-vindication of the praise awarded:—

PROGRAM.

Overture from Robin Hood *De Koven.*
Miss Vivian.

Prologue
[Which sheweth how Robin Hood gathered
about him his Merrie Outlaws]
Miss Carter.

The Tinkers' Chorus *De Koven.*
The Emerson Choral Society.

The Great Shooting-Match . . . *Howard Pyle.*
[In which the eagle eye and massive brain
of the sheriff availeth him nothing]
Miss Fowler.

Brown October Ale *De Koven.*
The Emerson Choral Society.

The Rescue of Will Scarlet . . . *Howard Pyle.*
[Truly Robin Hood and his men play a
shrewd part]
Mr. Whitney.

The Armorer's Song *De Koven.*
Mr. Skinner.

Robin Hood Shooteth His Last Shaft
Howard Pyle.
Miss Hawkins.

P.

President Frost's Address.

President Frost, of Berea College, Kentucky, recently gave a delightful surprise to the students of "Emerson" by his presence and address.

He presented a subject in which, most evidently, his whole heart is involved,—the educational work undertaken by Berea College among "our contemporary ancestors," the mountain people of the South. The history, through four generations, of a typical family of this region revealed them to be of purest American stock,—of such stuff as we are so proud to have proved grand presidents are made of,—but left, till this noble work was inaugurated, illiterate and lawless, because the westward-working channels of civilization side-tracked them in the early days and left them secluded in the mountains.

That the earnest work of Berea's professors and students gained the hearty interest and well-wishing of those of

"Emerson" was proved by a voluntary collection which resulted in a gift of \$100.20 toward the furtherance of President Frost's great aims.

Those who heard President Frost's address consider him a national hero in this great national work. A. E. P.

The Somerset Y.

Mrs. Katherine Stevenson, President of the State W. C. T. U., was one of the college visitors this month, and a most welcome one. She told us of the origin, labors, and aims of the large body of Christian workers of which she is a leader. Her talk was most interesting, and resulted in an organization called the Emerson Somerset Y, the Somerset Y being an auxiliary of the W. C. T. U. In one week from the time of organizing there were about eighty-five students wearing the "white ribbon."

The men were not excluded, but were received as honorary members. As Mrs. Stevenson says, "They are given the same place they give us in politics. They have the privilege of giving advice, and of using their sweet influence, but they cannot vote nor hold office." Among those helpers who were willing to join the ranks, even under these conditions, was Dr. Emerson, who so expressed his approval of the movement.

The officers elected were: President, Miss Parker, '02; First Vice-President, Miss Clark, '01; Second Vice-President, Miss Barker, '02; Secretary, Miss Tomlinson, '02; Treasurer, Miss Bettys, '02. Miss Blalock was elected as Honorary President.

At the second meeting both Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Caswell, Secretary of the State W. C. T. U., were present. They explained the work in its different departments, and gave suggestions as to that which would be best suited to the Emerson Y.

What movement can be a more worthy one than that against the worst foe of the home? May it be a movement that will grow in Emerson College, for from such a centre its influence would be far-reaching. Let us remember the words of Mrs. Caswell: "The success of the Somerset Y will depend upon the inspiration of individual members."

C. A.

Personals.

Mr. S. Homer Eaton is conducting classes in the Evolution of Expression and Physical Culture in Rust University, Holly Springs, Miss.

Dr. Sherman, whose busy life has of late allowed her little time for relaxation, has been for several weeks travelling in

the South. We hope soon to welcome her home, quite restored to her normal state of health and vigor.

A letter from Mrs. Sidney Lanier brings word of the long and serious illness of her son, Sidney Lanier, who was with the class of 1900 during the early part of their course. Mr. Lanier, who has been ill since December, is now convalescing in Carlsbad, New Mexico.

We are authorized to announce the expected visit of Professor Southwick, during a brief vacation from his work, and to promise the rare treat of one of his lecture-recitals. On the 18th of April Professor Southwick will give his "Richard III." in Berkeley Hall; and all old students and friends of the College in the vicinity are cordially invited to come.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Bertha A. Raymond, '96, has entered the College for graduate work.

Through oversight, the name of Miss Anna Isabel Brooks, '99, was omitted from the list of members of the graduate class, printed in an earlier number. Miss Brooks has been with the class all the year.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith, '99, to Mr. J. M. Kelly, of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, who were married in Waterbury, Conn., February 21, will be at home to their friends at 80 Camden St., Boston, April 18 and 25.

A thoroughly enjoyable occasion of the past week was the appearance of Miss Maud Leighton Gatchell, '93, in Steinert Hall. Miss Gatchell needed no introduction as reader to the public of Boston; a large audience greeted her, in eager anticipation of strong, earnest, artistic work, and no one was disappointed.

Miss Elizabeth Laura Nunn, '96, is conducting classes in the Kindergarten Training School, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Ida M. Page, '96, has been called from the graduate class to fill a position in the Brockton, Mass., High School.

Mrs. Evelyn Benedict Ayres, class of '88, who holds the Department of Oratory in the University of Syracuse, at Syracuse, N. Y., recently gave a luncheon to the Emersonians who reside in the city. It was a very enjoyable affair. Many memories were revived, and a firmer bond of union was established between the local Alumni.

Further corrections in Alumni List (January number).

Bliss, Ella Frances, '93. See Lincoln.
Brush, Josephine Taylor, '95. Salamanca, N. Y.
Fiske, Hattie Leonard, '96. Deceased.
Hackett, Sadie A., '93. See Thornton.
Harrison, Mrs. Benj., '89. Oswego, Kan.
Kelley, Mrs. Jos. M., '99, 80 Camden St., Boston.
Lincoln, Mrs. Eugene H., '93.

38 Dartmouth Ave., Providence, R. I.

Messer, Mrs. Minerva, '98. Deceased.
 Mills, Miss Edna Bateman, '98,
 Saratoga Academy, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
 Noyes, Mrs. Florence Fleming, '92,
 12 Batavia St., Boston.
 Smith, Mary Elizabeth, '99. See Kelley.
 Taylor, Josephine, '95. See Brush.
 Thornton, Mrs. Walter Miller, '93,
 Everett, Wash.
 Webber, Angie B., '89. See Harrison.
 Woodbury, Nellie Louise, '92, Willmar, Minn.

Another Link Severed.

The many friends and classmates of Mrs. Minerva Messer, '98, will be saddened to hear of her sudden death, March 5, after a brief attack of typhoid pneumonia. Mrs. Messer had been engaged in teaching physical culture and oratory since her graduation, and had many classes and private pupils to whom she had endeared herself by her unselfish devotion and gracious spirit.

A strong, brave spirit has gone from our midst to larger, broader fields; a radiant personality will always live in our memory. No one who has come in contact with Mrs. Messer can readily forget her, while those admitted to the inner circle of her friendship can only say, "She lives still; her spirit will go on with ours down the ages." E. C. R. V.

Meeting of the Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association convened in the college office and library, Monday evening, February 19, at eight o'clock, with the president, Professor Kidder, in the chair. In the absence of Miss King, Miss Tobey, '99, was appointed secretary *pro tem*. The topic of the evening was "What the Public Wants from the Public Reader."

Professor Kidder introduced the first speaker, Walter Bradley Tripp, who spoke of "Dialect Recitation." Professor Tripp said that he felt impelled to give a word of warning in regard to dialect work, because it is so little

understood. The dialect recitation must be classified as a distinct type, peculiar to itself, and must be considered as such in its treatment.

What constitutes a dialect reading? What is the basis? Its basis is the dramatic. The impersonation in itself differentiates it from the ordinary reading, and on the other hand, it is distinct from impersonation, *per se*; but it is too often attempted as if it presented no difficulties beyond those which are attendant upon the mastery of an ordinary narrative reading.

The field of dialect work is a broad one. It cannot be entered lightly. Careful observation and earnest work must be the preparation. The dialect recitation is effective with all classes, if it is true, if it means something. Too frequently the form in which the dialect is put is neglected, and is far from being akin to any known language. Whether the dialect be French, German, Italian, — whatever it may be, one should know something of the formation of the language itself. He must be sufficiently familiar with the language not to get a *double* dialect — translated from the English, then back into the English.

It is very necessary, unless through association one is already familiar with the language, to work out the form of each word carefully. Then one must study the type as a type; study the characteristics from nature itself. Ninetenths of the public readers pay no attention to dialect as dialect, they merely give the words as printed. That is not dialect. If one is impersonating the negro he must first absorb the spirit of the negro characteristics, — must have an instinctive perception of the spirit of the type. One should never attempt such things unless he has some groundwork; and if he has an instinctive leaning toward a certain kind of dialect he will probably

succeed better with that than with others.

By request, Professor Tripp gave a dialect reading, "The Frenchman's Dilemma," the rendering of which admirably illustrated the practical application of the suggestions made. In response to a hearty encore, a bit of Yankee dialect was given,—“Sold.”

Mrs. Southwick was then introduced, and spoke at some length upon public reading in general and the lecture-recital, or illustrated lecture, in particular. Mrs. Southwick emphasized the importance of familiarizing one's self with the minutest detail which bears upon whatever one presents in public. A thorough preparation is necessary. Things are too often *re-cited*, and the profession has suffered in consequence of slipshod work. We should have a formulated resolution never to do anything for the sake of making a performance. Show clearly what you believe in; always be ready to say, "This line is toward truth; that line does not lead to the best results." If we do not have the right purpose to begin with our work will be a failure.

Mrs. Southwick spoke of the history of the profession since the days of Nella Brown Pond, Professor Murdock, and a few other earnest, cultured men and women who were the pioneers of the reading platform in America. These men and women appreciated the motive, the inner life, of some masterpieces of literature, and interpreted to others the beauties which they had found, with no thought of posing as performers. Then there sprang up in the minds of many the ambition to *recite pieces*, without any special thought of preparation or any dominating motive. And so we have passed through a period of performances through which we are coming eventually to something higher.

The public reader, of all people,

must be broad-minded; must have the mental grasp behind the work that will make it live. He may not set himself up on a pedestal. He must be in touch with human nature. Find what is the element in what we call *trash* that appeals to human nature. It is not the trash—anything which succeeds has something in it which *ought* to succeed. It may be put to a wrong use, but find out what it is and then use it for legitimate ends. The history of music in the Christian Church illustrates this. The Puritans regarded music as one of the devil's tools; but gradually the Church came to see that if the things which appeal to human nature are left in the hands of the devil he has too great an advantage; so music is restored to its rightful place.

What, then, *do* people want? They want *everything*; life in all its hopeful phases; something to show them that the world moves, that something is *doing*. We must be able to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to show people what they really want; to take them where we find them, and lead them to something that they have not. What does the public want? *It does not know*. You must teach it.

We must not court the temporary or sensational success and lose in the long run. Too often great aspirations and high ideals quail and falter before "What will the public take?" Ah, "the world seeks him because he went on his way!" People will seek you when you do not need it. You must believe in what you have and forget to care what comes of it. When you can lose sight of "Will it take?" you will succeed. Take it and give it for the value you have perceived in it—the little silver thread that goes to the heart. The things which last are the things which have the silver thread. Give only what you feel to be of value. If

you in your heart feel that a certain thing can find a channel of expression through you because you love it,—and if you *don't get scared*,—you can give it! If you want to be helpful you can afford to speak—like the old reformers—to the *future*, knowing that if everything is subordinated to truth you will be heard eventually.

You can find in the wide range of literature plenty of things which will prompt you to say, "Oh, I could have said that!" Take that thing, absorb it, assimilate it; then believe that anything that it may be to you you can make it mean to others if you trust it and are not afraid. There is something which fits every genius; find it by that magnetic soul touch which gathers it as the magnet gathers the steel.

Mrs. Southwick then touched upon the illustrated lecture, speaking especially of the importance of preparing the lecture as carefully as if one had not the pictures, the readings, or whatever the illustrations may be. The field admits of much variety, and it is possible through it to appeal to all classes. Novelty for the sake of novelty is not worth much, but it is better to attempt to present something which has not been specialized, *created*, by some one else. Find what a thing means to yourself, then attempt to say that to some one else, through your pictures and your comments. The latter must be pertinent—not said for the sake of saying something.

Do not be discouraged by criticism. Criticism, unless prompted by a malicious motive, always has something by which you may profit. It may be wrong, or wrongly expressed; yet it is an indication that there is something which you have not touched, something which you might strengthen, something which fails to satisfy. True, tastes differ; but

there is that universal taste which is, in the main, unerring.

Again, do not scorn people because they like to be amused. Life is revealed through contrasts. You must have variety. And, above all, find what belongs to *you*. Do not specialize along a certain line merely because some one else has made a success of it. Somewhere, not only every orator, but every man, will let out all the length of all the reins and express all the force and meaning that is in him.

Mrs. Southwick then gave "The Swiss Good-Night" and "The Bugle Song" as a fitting sequel to the wealth of suggestion embodied in her address. It is superfluous to comment upon the inspiration of the evening, after a mention of the names of the speakers,—Mrs. Southwick and Professor Tripp.

Professor Kidder, in closing, spoke briefly upon the arrangement of a miscellaneous program. The opening number, in general, should be of a nature to gather up the audience, to get control of the situation. It should present some definite phase of human life. Again, too sudden contrasts should be avoided. For the closing selection, it is well to present something classic, something which will leave a thought of intrinsic value. Professor Kidder suggested also that if one were to give an entire program from an author, he should read everything written by that author; saturate himself, so to speak, in the spirit of the author.

After adjournment, refreshments were served in the library, which was charmingly decorated for the occasion, and a pleasant social hour was passed. The next meeting of the association, which will be announced later, will occur Commencement Week. A large attendance is earnestly desired.

FRANCES TOBEY, *Sec. pro tem.*



REV J. J. LEWIS.

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Contents.

Editorials	167
President Emerson's Lecture, "The Seven Pillars in Oratory"	169
Expression Necessary to Evolution. <i>Idelle A. Clarke</i>	175
First Four Steps in the Evolution of Expression from a Teacher's Standpoint. <i>May N. Rankin</i>	176
The Mission of the Voice. <i>Lena D. Harris</i>	178
An Easter Reverie (poem). <i>Harriette M. Collins</i>	179
Lecture by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, "Wendell Phillips"	180
Thalia (poem). <i>George Reginald Lourde</i>	187
The Artistic Life. <i>Lillian Saxe Holmes</i>	188
The Physiological Basis of Habit. <i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	189
Studies of the Poets, III.: Browning's "Prospice." <i>Frances Tobey</i>	190
College News: Dr. Plummer, Miss King's Recital, Mr. Trowbridge's Visit, the New Volume	192
The Light That Fails Not (poem). <i>G. Lawrence Willman</i>	194
Alumni Notes	194

Mr. Lewis and the Passion Play.

MR. LEWIS is a part of our college life no less than is any one of our established institutions. Though his busy life permits him to come to us seldom oftener than once each year, yet we know that he regards each visit as a real "home-coming," and very happy are the students of Emerson to welcome him into the college home.

The great object-lesson that he flashes upon our vision in the lecture on the

Passion Play takes a new hold upon the imagination each time we hear the lecture. The marvel of it all,—a simple peasant people attaining such heights in dramatic expression through literally living day by day lives worthy of associates of the Christ,—the beauty and significance of the lesson, grow upon us each time we hear the story and see those strongly individual types of character found among the devout, simple-hearted peasants. The Passion Play is not a performance, it is a sacred religious service; and the dramatic expression which is the marvel of the world springs from real life. That is why the story appeals to us, why we never weary of hearing Mr. Lewis's sympathetic and appreciative version of it: because it is a vivid object-lesson illustrating the truth to the advocacy of which Dr. Emerson has devoted his life,—*expression and life cannot be separated*. Dramatic art, oratory,—whatever we may call the expression, it must flow from the man; it cannot be assumed at will. We love to hear the story of the Passion Play, because it justifies anew our pursuit of art.

And here a word in passing, lest some one question the phrase "To justify anew our pursuit of art." It is not that our life-study needs justifying in our own sight; the inspiration of the man who has led us to "find ourselves," to strive to be true each to his own nature, has elevated and glorified our art for us, and—we cannot forget. But as we mingle with people in the world, we shall be continually called upon to justify our art. We shall come

in contact with many people — and often people of culture and ability — who will reveal that they think we have been studying surface things, — devoting months and years of our lives to gaining merely a little facility in speech and action. No one, however appreciative of the good he may be, can have an adequate conception of the scope of the work comprehended in a course in Emerson College unless he has been in the atmosphere of the College and has come in vital touch with its founder and head.

Mr. Lewis has told the story of the Passion Play more than two thousand times, but he tells it each time with unabated sympathy and eloquence. He has dwelt among the people of Ober-Ammergau, and speaks from an intimate knowledge of their customs and characteristics. He is a personal friend of Joseph (Christus) Mayr, with whom he will stay on the occasion of his visit in the little village during the production of the Passion Play in the coming season. That brings us to say that we are authorized to extend a hearty invitation to all Emersonians to accompany Mr. Lewis abroad this summer and witness the Passion Play with him.



Mrs. Livermore's Address.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Livermore we are privileged to present portions of that masterful address delivered recently in Emerson College, — "Wendell Phillips." The personal incidents relative to the great orator, coming from a kindred spirit and cherished friend, give us a closer insight into the pure, strong soul which was consecrated to the service of God's weaker ones. The story, coming from such a source, is doubly sacred to us. The sublime eloquence of the woman who told it cannot be suggested through the printed page. Mrs. Livermore's message came to us

with the force of absolute authority and conviction, because she spoke as one who *knows*. If there is a woman living to-day who, out of a full life of service, of rich experience, has the right, the authority, to speak in counsel to the American people, it is Mary A. Livermore. The students of Emerson College love and reverence her more with every visit, and anticipate many returns of the period of inspiration marked by her presence and address.

Mrs. Livermore and a few others, the surviving members of a little society which years ago dedicated itself to the memory of Wendell Phillips, recently placed a beautiful bronze bust of the great orator, mounted on an artistic pedestal of black marble, in the Boston Public Library. The bronze was modelled from a plaster cast found in an Eliot Street shop and recognized as having been made from a clay bust modelled from life in 1869 by Martin Millmore. This same little society, the Wendell Phillips Memorial Association, has recently founded two \$5,000 scholarships in Phillips's name, one in Harvard and the other in Tufts.



"Fra Elbertus."

Another of the most eagerly looked for of the lecturers and friends of Emerson College has permitted us to herald his approach with his portrait, — "Fra Elbertus" of Roycroft and *Philistine* fame; the lover of first editions, the patron of art and literature, the ruling genius in a little world untroubled by conventionalities and commerce, where each one works, "for the joy of the working," at the making of "books and things." Mr. Hubbard, artist, socialist, litterateur, is no less potent as lecturer. May he soon find time again to bestow upon us a portion of his wealth of thought and personality!

The Seven Pillars in Oratory.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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"Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."

THE ancients thought very much of pillars, or supports, in architecture. These were made to be the most beautiful part of the structure; and they appealed to the imagination as did no other part of the building. The weight which a pillar supports must be sufficient to show the need of the column, and, on the other hand, the column must seem to be of sufficient weight and strength to support that which rests upon it.

I purpose speaking to-day of the seven pillars in oratory, which, like the pillars in architecture, serve as supports.

What are these seven pillars? The first we will name is *beauty*. Any speech that in its form of statement or in its illustrations reminds one by association of things ugly or things repulsive, no matter how sound the argument may be,—though that is a good thing,—no matter how many facts there may be,—though these are necessary,—would better not be spoken. It will not persuade, for the people who hear it will instinctively associate the fundamental idea with the feelings they receive while listening to it, and if those feelings are such as are occasioned by objects that are repulsive, that truth, no matter how deep and strong it may be, will fail of support in their minds. The imagination bears the same relation to ideas, statements, and illustrations as the sense of sight bears to material objects. When material objects are offensive, no matter how many fine and valuable things may be connected with them, we are repelled

from them. If a speaker illustrates his thought with a picture that is not beautiful, his audience will be repelled. Beauty is associated with feeling. A beautiful sight to the eyes or a beautiful object to the imagination gives pleasurable feelings. We cannot always define them. You say, "That is a beautiful strain of music." Why do you call it a beautiful strain? Because it arouses pleasant feelings. You say, "The curved line is a line of beauty." Why? Because it occasions pleasant feelings when you look upon it. Certain shades, or combinations of colors, are unpleasant, and you say, "What an ugly color!" You condemn it because it gives you an unpleasant feeling. Feeling, then, enters largely into art. It certainly enters largely into literature and into oratory. Eloquence has always attracted people. Nothing else, perhaps, that man has ever done has so influenced others as eloquence; and eloquence pertains to feeling. Like the other fine arts, it is to be judged, so far as its rank is concerned, by the feeling it produces. Men may find facts in history, they may find facts in mathematics, but these facts do not charm simply as facts; to give us pleasure these facts must appeal to the feelings. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Beauty is one of the pillars of oratory because it produces joy.

The next pillar is *faith*. Without faith, the Scripture says, it is impossible to please God. Without faith it is impossible to be eloquent. Oratory rests upon faith as one of its pillars. Take faith away and eloquence falls,—faith on the

part of the speaker that the universe is governed by good; that God is not only good, but He is omnipotent. I have known a few men who believed in beauty, and in all the other pillars which I will mention to-day, but who lacked this one pillar, faith; they made others doubt rather than believe. All the great classic orators were men of profound faith. They constantly expected something good, something not apparent to the senses; they constantly held out a lamp of hope before the world. Men want hope, and hope is one of the elements of faith. So long as a person will bring hope to an audience he will have the audience; for these seven pillars are as needful to the human soul as breath is to the body. An instinct in man makes him follow any orator who will give him faith in God and faith in man. Faith is one of the mighty columns in oratory.

Our next pillar is *love*. Love is one of the seven pillars upon which every successful speaker rests the greatness of the power which he exerts over mankind. No man was ever eloquent who put another column called hate in the place of love. Such a one may attract attention for a time, as an earthquake or a volcano may attract attention; but people do not like to dwell too near volcanoes or in a region where earthquakes are frequent. I have seen men who were mighty in satire, mighty in presentation of hate, and they were regarded as wonders; but their popularity did not continue for long. We do not instinctively follow an orator who does not rest his oratory upon this affirmative, positive, supporting love pillar. But should we never speak against a wrong? Ah, if a man is wise enough to present and elevate that which is lovely he will never need to speak against that which is unlovely. If a man speaks in high praise of virtue, is dominated by virtue,

is virtue itself, he never need say a word against vice. The human soul does not love vice; the human soul loves virtue. It does not like to hear about vice; it likes to hear about virtue. It does not like to read about vice; it likes to read about virtue. "Well," you say, "how does this view correspond with the facts as we observe them? How is it with the press? Do you suppose there is a publishing company in the country that would dare never to publish anything vicious?" It would not be enough not to publish an attack; it would not be enough to build up any newspaper or magazine by simply never saying anything against any person, institution, or association. That would be simply negative, and we cannot live on negations. No paper will live merely because it does not make an attack on wrong. But I would like to see a paper conducted on the principle of always praising virtue and telling of every good thing that has been done in the city, the county, the state. Your own intuitions are your best judges in this. Suppose that we should learn that a paper has been started in Boston which has called to its aid the most able writers known; and reporters are sent all over the State into every town to collect all the news concerning the good that people have done. Would you not buy that paper? There is not a man, woman, or child who can read who would not buy it as soon as it was on the news-stands. It has not been tried. Have I not a right to say, until it has been tried, that it will succeed? Every activity of my soul says that there would be more good resulting from that enterprise than from any other newspaper enterprise ever started. People do not love filth. Did you ever see anybody enjoy a breakfast more simply because he thought it was not clean? Starve him, and then give him a crust of bread, and no matter how old or how offensive it is,

he will eat it. The only way to make people devour a literature that is mean is to starve them to it. God knows we have had starvation enough in that direction. It is that starvation which sells the unclean sheets, and not because people have a relish for something that is bad.

No reformer ever instituted a reform by telling the people all the time how bad certain things were, and never telling them how good certain other things were. Study the history of those orators who have been pronounced the greatest, and wisely so pronounced because of their great works and their great influence, and you will find that they were men of tremendous affirmations,—affirmations of what is good, what is right, what is true, what is pure, what is of value. They spent little time and few words in simply attacking a wrong. Study the famous orations of Demosthenes, study his Phillippics. A superficial view would characterize them as attacks upon Philip of Macedon; but a more profound study reveals the fact that he is appealing to the instinctive love of freedom. Let your feelings be the judge, and you will find after you have read one of these mighty orations that you will dwell upon Athens, and the struggling states of Greece. Philip appears only as a background which sets out the splendor of freedom. Again, study Demosthenes's marvellous speech, the "Oration on the Crown," where, in order to defend his own reputation and that of his friend, he is called upon to depict the iniquity of the man who has bitterly and meanly attacked him. How does he do it? From beginning to end his speech might be called an anthem of praise to the great and glorious men of Greece. He praises them so highly that they stand out like gods. In contrast to these gods, Æschines, the opponent of Demosthenes, looks like a devil. Herein is displayed the

wisdom of Demosthenes. Had he directly attacked his opponent, pointed him out to the world in his iniquity, and gone no farther than that, he would have met defeat and banishment. If you want to learn what splendid men, what brilliant laws, what sublime heroism, had been known in Greece, read Demosthenes's "Oration on the Crown." No doubt there was a righteous wrath burning in the soul of Demosthenes against the treacherous villain who had accused him; but he does not emphasize that side at first. He speaks first of the virtues of Greece, the virtues of her heroes. He presents them something to love. The human heart is ever seeking objects to love; the orator should take advantage of this instinct.

You say, "What a withering speech was that which Wendell Phillips made at Faneuil Hall; how it withered a certain notable of that time! What a sweeping answer to all that man had said!" Phillips made no direct attack, but in a few touches—for he was a great portrait-painter—he set forth the virtues of those heroes whose pictures hung upon the walls of Faneuil Hall, until every heart throbbed with admiration and pride as it was called upon to remember the noble public acts of those men. Then he simply suggested what those great men, noble men, pure men, men upon whose shoulders rested at one time the Republic, and men who by their reputation and by their teachings had preserved its reputation since,—he simply suggested what they might think as they looked down upon the scene. He kindled within the people a love for the good and the true, then simply stated the position which the certain notable of the time had taken. The eyes of the crowd were opened, and the popular idol was dethroned in their minds.

As students it should be your aim to develop the power to praise virtue so

highly, and present so many pictures of her, that people, being drawn to her, will leave vice. Christianity has largely been promulgated in this way. The orators of the early Christian period did not attempt to paint vice; they lifted Jesus Christ, the Pure, the Beautiful, the Loving, the Divine, before the eyes of the world. Oh, what a mighty power was that! It turned the world upside down. It gave us the Christian era, and it is changing the world to-day. Love is a mighty column, a mighty pillar, in this building of eloquence. No other column can bear such tests. They are all beautiful, they are all good, but in the temple of eloquence this column is so placed as to reflect its own glory and the splendor of all the others.

Suppose I begin to describe health, with its blooming cheek and sparkling eye, its fine curves, so graceful and so easy, its resources of power, its hallelujahs of joy,—you will feel that joy. You will say, “I feel like being well myself.” Now, in contrast, suppose one appears before you and describes to you sickness in all its forms. He paints picture after picture of persons afflicted—one with this disease, another with that. How will you feel? Well, very soon there will be hardly enough left of you to experience sensations; every one of these diseases will be yours at least in part before the oration is over. Look for pictures of health. The human soul demands health. If you would keep your children from doing an imprudent thing, do not tell them that it will make them sick. It is the most ungodly thing you can say. You cannot abuse your child any worse than to tell him that if he does so and so he will “have a fever and die as Peter Brown, his playmate, did.” You are keeping your children in a condition to take cold; they will take cold when there is none to take; they will make up some! If you have a very warm affection for the

doctors and want to pay them heavy bills to help them along, make them a present, and don't make your children sick through fear and thereby make it necessary to employ the doctor. Nothing makes children sick so easily as to keep their minds on disease. The imagination is powerful; it is sufficiently strong to lift us to heaven or to plunge us into hell. You say, “I do not know how to present health to my children, to my friends.” Don't present anything else, then. “Well, how shall I keep them from doing these bad things, these imprudent things?” If there is nothing in your child to appeal to but fear he is lower than a beast; for you can control the beast by something better than fear. The horse, the cow, the ox, can be controlled by something better than fear, though not many people have found it out. Teach your children from the beginning to look for health; they will find it and thereby overcome the tendency to disease. I do not say that under such circumstances nobody would be sick; but I am prepared to say that there would be only one sick at most where now there are a thousand. Why? The body itself does not want the influence of pictures of disease. If the body does not want it, does the soul want pictures of evil? When a person is arraigned for a crime and brought into our courts, and the whole thing appears in detail in the papers, that one paragraph will make a dozen other crimes, to put it mildly. Public hangings in many States in the Union have been abolished because of the influence upon those who witnessed them. More people would go to see a hanging than would go to a country show; a circus would call out about half the people of the town, but the hanging of a human being would call out the people in five towns; they would come the night before to get standing-room near the gallows. After careful investigation, it was found that imme-



ELBERT HUBBARD.

diately after every public hanging there was a great deal more murder committed than at any other time. Bovee says:—

“The law of capital punishment, when executed, can have no other effect upon the criminally-inclined than to arouse the bloody instincts, and to excite those baser propensities which are the dark precursors of bloody deeds. The very spirit of the gallows is infectious. Men have been known to return home from executions and deliberately hang themselves. Boys have been known, after attending an execution, to inflict the same cruelty upon animals. And instances might be cited where children have been strangled by the rope, in the hands of boys, in imitation of the diabolical proceedings which they had just witnessed. The testimony is overwhelming that the gallows ever incites to crime, and is, in no case, promotive of virtue. The glaring wickedness of this odious law has drawn upon it an earnest condemnation from some of the best and wisest men who have ever lived.”

This truth, that the good and the true and the right only should be presented to mankind as objects of thought, is gaining ground, and there is no better lesson ever presented on this subject than the orations of the great orators. See how they managed to bring to the front the good, the true, and thus guide the instincts of the people so they would turn away from and resist evil. Look for that which is lovable. A deep mind finds things lovable that others do not find. That is what characterizes a great poet; his rank is determined by his perception of beauty where others cannot see it. Shakespeare, what makes you the transcendent artist? The spirit of his work answers,—I was able to see and paint beauty where others do not see it.

The next column, which stands close to love, is *worship*. Love supreme embraces worship. None of the greatest

orators can be truly called infidels. Some classes may have called them so; but viewed in the highest and purest light of faith, none of them were really infidels. Some orators have been infidels, but I am speaking of the mightiest orators. They know that the human heart must have a Supreme Being to worship, and the attempt to disregard His existence would destroy their power as orators. If a lawyer pleading for a criminal at the bar should begin by saying, “Gentlemen of the jury, this man has been accused of a great crime before God and man. I want to tell you to start with that there is no God,” would he win that jury? Would he get the sympathy of the people? Would he convince any one? The human soul says that God is. “The fool hath said in his own heart, There is no God.” If the lawyer can show them that God is the defender of his client he will mightily influence the jury. God must not be ignored in oratory any more than in life.

What shall be our next column?

Truth. Imagine, if you please, an orator who has awakened in his audience the sense of *beauty*. They seem to be inhaling all imaginable sweets and to be listening to the music of the spheres. In addition to this he has awakened in them the sense of *faith*, until they do not wonder that a man with faith as a grain of mustard-seed could move mountains. Farther, he has awakened in them a sense of *love*, and the sense of the presence of God, so occasioning their *worship*. If at this point the orator should say that which is palpably untrue he will fail to produce the effect he desires. Is it because his audience are always truth-speaking, every one of them? I will not discuss that point. It is not necessary to the question. This instinct for truth is immortal in the human soul. It may not have dominated the life of every man; he may have been

somewhat false himself; but he wants everybody else to be true. Therefore, if a person presents that which to the audience seems untrue he will lose his audience. You say, "Haven't some of the greatest advocates, the greatest reformers, presented new ideas that the audience did not believe?" Granted; but they associated those new ideas with some truth the people did believe. They braided in with that truth certain other forms of truth with which the audience were familiar until from its association it became acceptable.

The next pillar is *knowledge*. The orator is an advocate of mankind. In order for him to be an advocate, he must know mankind, he must have a knowledge of the human soul. No person was ever a great orator who did not know human nature. Cicero places a knowledge of mankind as the fundamental thing for the orator to learn. A speaker may have a vast amount of technical knowledge, he may know art and science, but in addition he must have a knowledge of the human heart; for the human heart has keys, and he who does not know those keys cannot touch them, cannot make that heart discourse music.

The seventh pillar is *energy*. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Out of the abundance," i. e., out of the fulness of the heart,—the heart so full it bursts into expression. Is not this a manifestation of energy? What a tremendous energy has gunpowder! Shut it in a rock, then ignite it, and the power speaks out of the rock and its thunders are heard afar. Compressed air is elastic. Press it hard enough, and it seems as if it would rend the very pillars of heaven with the explosion. Fill the heart full of these qualities that we have mentioned as the pillars of eloquence, make the feeling abundant, and you will find that your tongue is inspired, that you can speak in the language of men and angels. No

matter how philosophical a man may be, how much knowledge he may have, he is never eloquent in song or in speech until his feelings become aroused and burst into expression. Every song is an outburst of feeling or it is not a song. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The orator is the determined man; he is determined, as Phillips said, "to make other people think as he does." He works upon his audience with mallet and chisel, carving their thoughts into representations of his own. He starts the same activity in them that is in him, and this calls out all his energy.

O Peter, how many languages did you study? "None. I spoke Hebrew, the language of my parents, when I was a boy." But, sir, I am told that once you were heard to speak in all the languages of the world. How did you do it? "I do not know. I only know that I wanted to bring the thousands before me to a knowledge of the Son of God. It seemed to me I could not hold my peace, that if I did the stones around about Jerusalem would cry out. I spoke from the abundance of my heart; and the Elimites said that I was an Elimite, and the Persians that I was a Persian, and the classic Greeks said that I was a Greek. Every one heard me speak in his own mother tongue." The abundance of truth pressed out of his eyes, shot from his hands, flashed from his body, until he stood transfigured before them. Every faculty of his being was set on fire and he was not merely a blazing torch, but a blazing fixed sun. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth was speaking.

From the inspired orators we learn the philosophy of eloquence; it is from them that the scholar gets his data for the study of eloquence, for the study of language, for the study of everything that pertains to art.

Expression Necessary to Evolution.*

IDELLE A. CLARKE, '00.

EVOLUTION involves two things, growth and change: growth from an undeveloped or rudimentary state to a developed or complete state; change from a lower to a higher form of being. In considering the evolution of the individual the question confronts us, What growth and what change shall we look for; evolution *from* what *to* what? The answer is, Evolution in its application to the individual means the gradual growth and change from that state in which the lower or physical nature is the dominating power to that state in which the higher or spiritual nature dominates.

The physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual natures are co-existent at all times, but in different proportions. We do not look for character in childhood; we look only for indications of character. At that period of life a perfect physique is the all-important thing. This lays the foundation of a strong, well-balanced intellect, while the two together make possible the broad spiritual life which is the normal possession of maturity. In the language of Paul, "First that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual."

But although we admit this to be the normal and desirable course for every human being, not all actualize it in their lives. Not every ship sails straight ahead in the course marked out for it by its captain and its pilot. Some are hindered by fogs, some are "driven by the waves and tossed," while some are thrown upon the rocks and wrecked. Similar fates often await the human ships sent out by the great Captain and Pilot; and the precious freight of possibilities with which each one is intrusted is too often injured or ruined by the

rude contact with the fogs and storms of life which all must encounter.

How may these ships be made seaworthy? How may the evolution of the individual be so assisted that instead of this pitiable waste of human abilities there may be development of these abilities and the individual be brought to that ideal state in which the higher nature is in command of the lower? In education lies the answer. It is generally admitted that character is the end and aim of education. As I recently saw it expressed, "True education should develop not experts but men." How may this be accomplished? In the brief motto on the cover of our magazine is a thought as great as its form is small: "*Expression* necessary to evolution." Expression is a giving-out of a definite force for a definite end, the outward manifestation of an inward force, and evolution is dependent on expression. What is it that is to find expression? The entire being,—the physical, the intellectual, the spiritual. To develop our physical powers we must use them; to increase our power of thinking we must express our thoughts; to quicken our sensibilities we must exert them; for expression is *necessary* to evolution.

Suppose a child who is inclined to be timid and cowardly feels one day a tiny thrill of courage. He responds to it, and for once acts courageously. Soon he feels a little stronger thrill of courage; again he responds, and again acts courageously. This goes on, and in time, instead of being marked by timidity and cowardice, the strongest traits of his character are fearlessness and courage. Such a change as this in an individual

* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

is impossible without expression. To bring about the evolution of the individual, then, and so of society, we must secure a constant inward growth and change by securing a constant outward manifestation of that which already exists. Such an end cannot be attained by a haphazard happy-go-lucky method. If expression is necessary to evolution then an evolution of systematic expression is also necessary.

Such a system we have in this College. To render its principles more concrete and definite, and that they may be more easily and surely wrought into the lives of the students, Dr. Emerson has applied them to the art of reading. The principles underlying this system are not merely art principles, however, they are life principles as well, applicable to every stage and phase of life. In this application the evolution of ex-

pression consists in so guiding the life of the child that he shall have the best thoughts and feelings to express, and that his choices shall be for the right and high; and at the same time freeing the channels of expression, that these thoughts and feelings may find their way through body and voice to others. This is accomplished not by trying to change a nature, but by trying to evolve the ideal which belongs to each individual nature. The petals of some flowers turn outward, the petals of others turn inward; but it is the nature of all to open.

Every child has a right to the full development of its own nature, and it is as a means to this end that the principles underlying evolution and expression should become universally understood and applied.

First Four Steps in the Evolution of Expression from a Teacher's Standpoint.*

MAY N. RANKIN, '00.

FROM the conversation that is current it would seem that most of us are considering when and where we shall teach, and we are, subconsciously at least, wondering or resolving how we shall begin to teach.

What will the preparation of a lesson mean? Certainly we shall never feel satisfied to appear before a class without having first analyzed the selection to be taught. We shall acquaint ourselves with the author, if an introduction be necessary, and we must study around the text, understanding every allusion involved in it. Teachers have been sadly embarrassed by being unable to answer when asked by a pupil from what "The Cheerful Locksmith" is taken, or "The Village

Preacher," or "The Ocean." We must study the selection with reference to the period of art in which we are working and in relation to the chapter in which it is found and determine upon some "rallying-cry."

Does any one dread the first day? Fortunately we will all be adepts at lecturing by that time. Certainly there will be plenty to say. The beginning is so important, the establishment of the right atmosphere! Can we so reflect the spirit of Emerson that from the very first helpfulness will be the impulse of our pupils? They must realize what a wonderful opportunity is theirs; that success in oratory comes only through continued practice in dealing with audiences. It is

* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

impossible to develop much power through private work alone, for oratory is controlling other minds.

Doubtless we shall all adopt the plan pursued with the Freshmen this year, of having each student put in his own words the thought contained in his paragraph. This answers the double purpose of affording a little practice in original expression and of fixing definitely in the mind of the speaker the thought in which he is to interest the class.

Again, if we would be of the highest service to our pupils, they must be made to feel that we understand them, and are sincerely and disinterestedly concerned for their welfare. We must study them, analyze them, without their knowing it. Let us avoid the disastrous mistake of allowing a pupil to become conscious of his faults. Such knowledge so frequently causes him to move like the crab, backwards! We know his possibilities. Can we develop sufficient tact to lead him out of error, to lead him ever onward, while the weights which trammel his progress one by one disappear, until at length he is free to express truth?

The pupil must have confidence that what is required can be accomplished. There is no such word as fail. Let us never forget what words of encouragement have meant to us; and if the student can learn to rely on the truth presented and to think of himself merely as the medium through which it is conveyed, his courage and his power will be multiplied. It is said that under the influence of spiritualists ignorant people have been made to believe that some great orator was speaking through them, and that under the belief they have uttered such eloquence as seemed miraculous. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If we believe that Infinite Wisdom is reflected through us our brains can never be overtaxed, our powers cannot be estimated.

Every discovery seems comparatively simple after it is understood, and the wonder is that no one ever thought of it before. It is evident to one who looks into our evolution of expression that the laws upon which it is founded are universal. Upon them all art is dependent. Dr. Emerson has reduced the study of oratory to a science, wherein there is no chance; whosoever follows in the steps marked out by this great leader is absolutely sure of success.

What art does not begin with the colossal period, both in its history and in its acquirement by the individual? Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, drama, literature,—all begin with the bold outline. We call this the period of the Whole; a general impression is in the mind of the artist and he conveys it to others. The beginning, then, in oratory, must be the period of the whole, the bold outline, the creation of the colossal. Unless we had the philosophy well in mind we might forget this essential truth. It is a fatal mistake to try to begin with a student in any other period of art than the colossal. There must be something to polish before finishing touches can be put on. We begin to realize now why undergraduates are advised not to teach; for though they will undoubtedly benefit themselves, and will help their pupils to a degree as they reflect the spirit and doctrine of their Alma Mater, yet they cannot stand for the system as they ought. Three years are short enough for the preparation that is necessary; those who can take four are to be congratulated.

During this first period in the study of oratory we take four steps, each evolved naturally from the preceding and leading a little higher into the realm of power. What is the first purpose of every orator? A year or two hence where shall we be echoing the injunctions: "Arouse your audience," "Attack your audience,"

"Deal with your audience," "Interest your audience in the subject," "The cause he champions makes the orator," "Power comes through advocacy"? It is worse than useless to come before an audience with no purpose, or with an unworthy purpose. People soon tire of a speaker whose motive is selfish. Oratory from the very beginning must be working for others. No one is long interested in the thought of another. We want to do our own thinking. An audience wants to be made to think, and that speaker who is most compelling will please them best.

When he has awakened them to the thought he is presenting he must so intensify their interest, must hold their minds so continuously on the subject, that they will never need to recall themselves from distant wanderings to wonder what he is talking about. As their minds dwell on the thought the speaker will lead them naturally into a realization of

its value, until they see in it infinitely more than he is able to express. Further contemplation will cause each thought to crystallize, to stand out clearly defined, to sparkle with its own particular meaning.

And now, how far on the road to oratory is the pupil? The desire to interest his audience in the subject is reflected in the animation of his own voice. The ability to hold their attention is reported in his evenly sustained tones. The suggestion of value he has conveyed brought a wealth to his voice that we call volume. And the endeavor to make each thought clear has caused each word to be enunciated perfectly. These voice qualities are evolved by a natural method from within, out; they are vital because they are the genuine article; they reveal that which forms a strong foundation for future power.

The Mission of the Voice.*

LENA D. HARRIS, '00.

EVERYTHING in the universe is created for some purpose. When its mission is ended the creation is annihilated. The tree that ceases to bear fruit is cut down and burned. The survival of the fittest is a law of nature.

"The mission of the voice is to report to others what is in the soul of each one." Sometimes it is hindered by physical defects, but where there are no limitations it is a truthful reporter of the individual.

How dependent man is upon voice! We cannot imagine a cultivated, aspiring nation of deaf mutes. Until we are disembodied spirits we must rely upon the voice to interpret for us the meaning of life. Therefore, the voice is indispensable to the progress of the soul in this

life. If we hold ourselves responsive to those about us we shall entertain their thoughts as readily as an æolian harp echoes to the passing breeze. We can grow only by giving and receiving. Reciprocity is an unfailing accompaniment to the evolution of the voice.

The voice tells of the experiences of life. Each victory over self leaves its shading in the tone; each word of sympathy colors the voice. The heart is, after all, the greatest educator. Delsarte says, "Put your heart in the place of your larynx, that the voice may be a mysterious hand which shall caress the listener." The voice expresses not only the realities of life but the realities of the spirit. The aspirations, the ideals, are in the voice. Sometimes we hear a

* Introduction to a Lecture on Voice.

singer whose beautiful voice surprises us, for we are told that it is not a true exponent of the man's character. But who can say that the exquisite voice does not body forth the ideals of the man's soul? Who can tell of the temptations suffered and overcome, of the longing to be all that is expressed?

The voice plays an important part in the destiny of man; it is the missionary of his inner life. A person may spread profanity without ever speaking a profane word. The voice is the soul incarnate in tone. A voice coming from a pure soul carries truth and blessing to all within the magic circle of its influence. If we could but appreciate the importance of these soul messages, would we not frame them more conscientiously? How careful are the mariners when signalling ships to have the message just what it ought to be! No falsehoods, no meaningless words, no cruel words, are flashed across the waves. Messages of cheer, of helpful information or earnest

inquiry only, are sent. What a beautiful lesson we can learn in this regard from those that go down to the sea in ships! "What shall be the message of my voice?" should be the question of every thoughtful person. "Shall I let my voice belie my thoughts?" "We could not possibly think of Christ as speaking slouchily, lazily. No. His tones fell distinct, clear-cut, and mellow as the softened chimes of a priceless clock."

We cannot shift responsibility and say it is of small moment what our voices shall report. Each one has an influence, whether he chooses to exert it or not. "A ray of light falls on each one to testify of." Let us value the ray that comes to us, let us reflect it through the prism of our experiences and aspirations, that it may shine upon the world, not cold and colorless, but radiant with all the bright hues of human love and sympathy, a rainbow of hope for sorrowing humanity.

An Easter Reverie.

HARRIETTE M. COLLINS, '01.

At home to-day

Stirs Spring's quick'ning breath 'mid bursting leaves;

Building doves moan sweet melody,

And sprightly sparrows on the sunny eaves

Chirp for joy; but mourners' tears fall,

And the bereaved heart, nigh to breaking, grieves,

At home to-day.

At home to-day

Floats the glad music of the Easter-bells

O'er peaceful hills and valleys green, —

Ah, precious the story their chiming tells, —

But a beloved voice is missed

In the triumphant Easter-song that swells

At home to-day.

At home to-day

Nature has donn'd a robe of verdant hue;

The lark his joyous carol trills,

And the violet's eye of azure blue

Has shyly ope'd to watch him soar;

But Nature in vain aching hearts would woo

At home to-day.

At home to-day

Soft winds, low sobbing, faintly sighing, wave

The trembling grasses to and fro,

And bend slender flowerets o'er a grave;

For He hath taken back His own,

Yes, He hath taken — even He who gave —

At home to-day.

At home in Heaven

A ransomed spirit has found release

From pain; her tears all wiped away

By the Saviour who bade her sufferings cease.

Joyously now, 'mid angel-choirs,

She singeth the song of the Prince of Peace,

At home in Heaven,—at home in Heaven!

Wendell Phillips.*

Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

I MUST say to you, dear young friends, that the greeting of so many young people is very acceptable to one standing on the verge of an eightieth birthday.

The theme that has been chosen for me this morning is "Wendell Phillips."

It is possible to comprehend the character of Wendell Phillips only as he is seen against the dark background of slavery. He made his début as an anti-slavery reformer, and he was known in this country as an anti-slavery reformer from the time he began his work until he was discharged by death from all work of an earthly character.

Wendell Phillips was the son of the first mayor of Boston. He was born on Beacon Street. Plenty of people still live who think if they are born on Beacon Street it is all that is necessary to their being born again. The house is still standing, on the corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets. Wendell Phillips was rich; he never knew the want of a dollar in his life. He had the beauty of a Greek Apollo in face and figure. An artist lacking a model might have copied his figure exactly, and every one would have received it as the statue of the Greek Apollo. He had the culture of Harvard College in his brains. He was the idol of the aristocrats of Boston, the darling of fashion. He had graduated from the Law School and been admitted to the bar, swearing to support the Constitution of the United States. In his veins ran the same blood that flowed in the veins of Phillips Brooks, of Oliver Wendell Holmes. A near relative had founded a professorship at Dartmouth; another was the founder of Phillips Academy at Exeter; another, of Phillips Academy at An-

dover; and still another was president of the United States Senate. He had the blood of four hundred years of men and women of aristocracy, all with the best instincts, with the love for learning and literature; religious men, men who knew how to go to the gallows, but not how to be disloyal to the great hereditary King of England; men who would go to the guillotine rather than accept religious dogmas. On every side Wendell Phillips was hedged about by the highest and noblest influences; it seemed as if he could be no other than the grand man he was.

It was a mob that sought to hang William Lloyd Garrison which gave Wendell Phillips to the cause of abolition. He saw Mr. Garrison, whom he did not know, with a rope about his waist, dragged through the streets of Boston. He said, "What is the matter with the man?" "Why, he is the anti-slavery leader, the editor of *The Liberator*." He said, "Why don't you call out the cadets and put down this mob?" The man turned round and said, "Why, you fool, don't you see that it is the cadets that are trying to hang him?" The next day Wendell Phillips resigned from the cadets and recanted his oath to support the Constitution of the United States, because it could compel him to return fugitive slaves. After that he could never have collected his fees, even though his circumstances had not made it unnecessary. So that mob gave the world Wendell Phillips. There is a power outside of ourselves working for righteousness, uplifting us all continually, so that none of us need be afraid when things seem to go wrong if there are those who stand for the right and are not afraid to utter their

* Notes from an Address to the Students of Emerson College.

convictions. Wendell Phillips immediately began to advocate anti-slavery.

Soon after this incident, Elijah Lovejoy, who had gone to Illinois and started an anti-slavery paper, had his press destroyed, and thrown into the Mississippi River. He bought another, and that was destroyed. He got a third, and said, "This paper my friends and I will defend with our lives!" That night a number of his friends stayed with him in the warehouse until late, after which, thinking all was safe, they went to their homes and left him with a few others. Hardly had they gone when there came from the bar-rooms and grog-shops a mob of the lowest, vilest, drunken ruffians one could imagine, guilty of every crime, murder not excepted. They came out all armed, ready for anything. The first salutation that the men in the warehouse heard was the falling of stones that broke in every window. Immediately Lovejoy replied that there were men inside, all heavily armed, that would take care of themselves and the press; but the throwing of stones continued. One of the ruffians set the roof on fire. Lovejoy came out on the roof, his figure clearly revealed, a splendid target, against the blazing conflagration. When he turned and again warned them a well-aimed shot was fired and he dropped dead. After that it was impossible for a posse of officers to do anything with the mob until they were fully satisfied.

The story of this outrage went across the country on the wings of the wind. Everybody was saying, "Are we white slaves? Have we a collar about our necks? May we not publish our own papers and say what we please?" Meetings were called all over the country in defence of free speech and free press. One was held in Faneuil Hall in defence of free speech and in opposi-

tion to slavery. Dr. Channing made the first speech. He spoke much about free speech but very gingerly about slavery. Two other men followed and talked the same way. It seemed as if that crowded audience were all of one opinion. Suddenly there arose in the gallery James T. Austin. He said he was glad Lovejoy was shot; that he died as he deserved to die. He said the man who shot Lovejoy deserved to rank with the patriots of the Commonwealth whose portraits looked down from the walls of Faneuil Hall. The excitement which followed was intense. The friends of Austin applauded to the echo, while the anti-slavery men hissed and groaned and the house resounded with cries. A young man was seen making his way through the immense crowd. He came up and faced the audience. Everybody was saying, "Who is the handsome young fellow?" but there was a freemasonry which made them believe he was not to side with Austin. Finally, a few of the men came on the platform and insisted that the young man should be heard.

Wendell Phillips began. His voice was music; its fine modulations, as he talked in a conversational way, reached out to the remotest corners of the hall. Every one listened while he gave a vocal picture of the tragedy of the night which had brought about the meeting. As he went on with his graphic description they saw Lovejoy on the roof of the house; they heard the shots; they saw the whole horrible affair; they saw the low ruffians, those half-savage men, as they came out from their lairs, bent on murder. When he reached the point where they were all horror-stricken over the tragedy, as they had not been before, he said, "When I heard the Attorney-General of Massachusetts class those drunken murderers with the patriots of the Commonwealth,

I marvelled, O Hancock, Adams, Otis, and Quincy, that your pictured lips did not break out and rebuke this recreant slanderer of the noble dead! I marvelled that this Cradle of Liberty did not rock and heave again, and that the earth did not open and swallow him up for his profanity!" If there was excitement before, there was pandemonium now. Phillips had won. The majority, standing on tiptoe, shouted, "Go on! Take nothing back!" while the other faction shouted, "Throw him out! Sit down! Be quiet!" He stood there with his arms folded and let the mob howl itself out. Now he made the speech about slavery, and it was not gingerly. This was his *début* as an anti-slavery reformer. It was a speech that held everybody breathless. He foretold the end of slavery. He pictured what it would be if it were allowed to grow. Everybody was spellbound; nobody hissed. The moment he finished he received a perfect ovation. Everybody said, "Who is this young fellow? Why, he can have everything under heaven that he wants!" He was so applauded that he tried to get out to escape the ovation. He went out with the reputation of having made the greatest speech ever heard in the city of Boston. He went out poorer than the poorest beggar that goes from alley to alley to beg for food. He had killed every chance of political advancement he might ever hope to win; completely ostracized, nothing remained for him but to be a private citizen afterward.

I want to ask you, young people, if in your reading you have ever met a case like this? Here was a man twenty-six years old, an aristocrat, with all the finest and highest and most cultivated instincts of the great men and women behind him for four or five hundred years, a graduate of Harvard, full of dreams and aspirations, who might

have had anything he might ask for himself, might even have had the presidency, had he chosen to silence his convictions. Have you ever read of any Greek or any Roman senator standing thus, young, rich, cultured, full of dreams, of high hopes, who gave up society and descended, not only to the level of the common people, but lower than that,—to the depths of the pit digged by the American people for the black slave? He went there of his own accord, refusing everything, taking his stand by the side of the black slave of the South; and looking up calmly at the American government and the church and society, he said, "I stand by this black slave. His cause and mine are one. Whatsoever ye do to him ye do unto me." There he stood calmly, steadfastly, enduring everything, foregoing everything, until at last the black man was raised to the level of the white man. Have you ever read of such an instance? There is but one in history, and that is the story of that Man who for our sakes when He was rich became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich.

I remember that in the old days of French history, in the days of the first and second Napoleons, there were frequent panics. One of these temporary insurrections had come up in Paris. The commander of the French forces sent to put it down had taken his place in the third story of one of the buildings, where he could look down upon the struggle. He noticed one of the insurgents who picked off his men until he had killed thirteen. He said to one of his aids, "I want you to get that man and bring him to me. We can find out the cause of this insurrection." So they captured the man and brought him up with his gun. The commander said, "Young man, what is the matter down there on the other side of the

barricade? What are you fighting for; what do you want?" The reply was, "I have n't any grievance." "You killed thirteen men; what are you fighting for?" "I am fighting for my class. I belong to the organization."

He was fighting for his *class*. Wendell Phillips did not fight with his class during that long, brave struggle of over thirty years. He had none of that instinct. He was the rich for the poor, the aristocrat for the plebeian, the cultivated man for the uncultivated man. When one considers how he had stood for all that was highest and mightiest and best, judging from superficial circumstances, one sees in him a most marvellous illustration of that command of Christ, "He who will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Wendell Phillips was a member of the Old South Church (and a member of it, I think, at the day of his death), a profoundly religious man, who believed in God, duty, and prayer, and in the Bible as he interpreted it. He stood as the one only absolute extreme Christian that I have ever known. All others have excuses for themselves; he never had. His friends would say to him, "You ought not to go to such a place, you will be mobbed;" his wife would say, "Wendell, let there be no shilly-shallying in the face of the mob." "No," he would reply, "there shall be no shilly-shallying." I saw him once in Cincinnati when he talked for an hour and a half. I sat on the platform and for a few minutes it seemed as if every man was loaded with eggs. They hit him on the forehead, on the chest, on the cheek, in the mouth. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. As he dropped it to the floor some one handed him another; and finally he had a large pile before him, yellow with eggs. At last some of the people who sat in the front of the house began to

put their handkerchiefs to their nostrils. He saw them and said, "Don't let your imagination mislead you; it is the spring of the year, and the eggs are all fresh." Such was the calmness with which he met all rebuffs.

Wendell Phillips was a married man that afternoon that he made his *début* in Faneuil Hall. He had married a woman of his own station, rich, well-born, cultivated, having nothing to ask for but the one thing, health. He had seen her two or three times, and had made up his mind that if he married at all he must have that woman for his wife. It was very difficult to meet her. She was in delicate health, never alone, always surrounded by friends. She lived in the home of her guardian, where she had a suite of rooms. On an occasion when Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were out of town Phillips called at the house and asked to be shown to Miss Green's parlor. On being admitted, he made this beloved woman the offer of his hand and heart, and the future devotion of his life; and she refused him. She said, "I shall never marry, I am an invalid. I will never be a millstone about the neck of any man, least of all will I burden you; for 'God has anointed you with his odorous oil to wrestle and to reign.' There is no future for me. My world is the sick-chamber; my nights are given over to vigils of pain. I will not allow any man to share them."

"Oh!" said Mr. Phillips, "marry me and you shall have a larger world than that! I will bring everything into your chamber, every gift of flowers and fruit. I will bring music and oratory and wonderful books. You shall have no vigils of pain. I can talk, I can read, I can charm the pain away! You shall be nursed divinely."

"No, you are not right, Wendell; you are not an anti-slavery man. I

would marry no man until he had become a Garrisonian, an abolitionist."

"Then," said Phillips, "I am the only young man of your acquaintance whom you can marry!"

She used to tell us when we coaxed her to talk, "I can never tell you exactly how it was, but he insisted on knowing what was the state of my own feelings; and I did not hesitate to tell him that I regarded him as the most promising young man in the country. 'And you care for me, you have a tenderer regard for me than for any other man you know?' 'I will not deny it.' I sent him away, promising that if I improved in health and thought of marrying I would let him know. Perhaps in a few years there might be a marriage. He came the next day and talked the years down into months, and the months into weeks, and the weeks into days, and the days into hours; and we were married." When others would speak of their "other halves" she would say, "I have no other half; I am only one-fourth and he is three-fourths."

And what did he say? He said, "If I have done anything for the cause of reform, if I have helped the country to a nobler interpretation of liberty, if I have in any way assisted in the emancipation of the black people,—I owe it to my wife, who has greater moral courage than I; who, though feeble in body, is herculean in mind; who has a clearer moral insight: so much do I love her that I have followed on humbly, holding the hem of her garment."

Once when he came to Melrose to lecture we tried to keep him with us over-night. There would be no chance for him to ride to his home after he reached Boston, as there was a severe storm and it would be very late. We said, "It is a hard, cold, dreary Novem-

ber night; stay with us; your wife has a day-nurse and a night-nurse; there are electric bells at the head of her bed, she can call a physician at any moment; she can get along without you. Stay with us." "But I promised her I would come home." "But think of the journey!" He said, "Mrs. Phillips is at the end of it, and that is sufficient."

After his *début* at Faneuil Hall he took his wife abroad for a year, visiting all the health resorts, trying to bring her back to health. He did bring her home a little better, but she remained an invalid all her life. Their room, which was on the third floor to avoid the noise, was the scene of the greatest hilarity when a few genial spirits would gather there; for she was exceedingly witty and never talked about herself or her sufferings.

Wendell Phillips went through storms and mobs and ostracism. Robert Winthrop never spoke to him from the day he spoke in Faneuil Hall until long after the war, when they happened to meet in the same hall to hear Matthew Arnold. They both went up to shake hands with him, and meeting there Winthrop said, "Well, Wendell, how are you after all these years?"

After the war was over and it became the fashion to say, "I was an anti-slavery man or woman," the aristocrats surrendered to Wendell Phillips. They besought him to come to their receptions as earnestly as they had before shut him out; but during the long thirty years' struggle for the slave he had grown so far Godward that he could not stoop to go through their low portals, and he stayed out forever.

I remember one time in those exciting days when there was a meeting in Music Hall. The hall was full and the mayor of the city came and urged the people to go home; not to do anything

to provoke the mob, which was ready to advance. The people decided not to go; and as Mr. Phillips made his speech (I sat in the audience) the stillness was intense. We knew that there were people in the hall who were determined that Mr. Phillips should not go out alive. When a man opened his watch in front of me and shut it with a snap I almost fainted; I thought it was the click of a revolver, and I shut my eyes, fearing to see the eloquent figure fall. The moment he stopped there surged down the aisles the mob. Quicker than a flash rose up a crowd of German turners. They seemed peaceful, but we knew they were very fond of Mr. Phillips. Every man held a revolver. They met midway in a solid phalanx. I cannot tell you what a moment of breathless anxiety that was. "Back! Back! Back!" said the Germans; and they backed. "Back!" and they backed into the hall. "Back!" and they backed down the stairs. The Germans backed them to the street and into the gutter. Then they closed around them three deep. The mob howled and gnashed its teeth, and so followed Phillips all the way to his home on Essex Street. One hurled a stone at him and it went crashing through a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar plate-glass window. The man whose window was broken went up to see Mr. Phillips and presented the bill, pleading his heavy loss; and Mr. Phillips actually settled the bill.

At last the war ended. Wendell Phillips came out alive but worn. From that time on he did very little public speaking except when sent for to give a lecture for reform now and then. In the temperance cause, in the woman's rights cause, he was always ready and willing to come. More and more he ceased to speak, until the time came when his voice had not been heard by the people for a year. The women

of Boston had raised twenty thousand dollars for a colossal statue of Harriet Martineau, carved by Annie Whitney. She was seated, with a package of manuscript in her hand. If the figure could rise it would stand eight feet tall. Harriet Martineau was the persistent friend of the anti-slavery men all through the struggle. The women of Boston knew her and loved her. The women of the Old South Church wished to have the statue placed in the Old South for a year, that the people might become familiar with it and learn to venerate it. It stood there for a year. It stands now in the rotunda at Wellesley College. It was decided to have a day to unveil it, and call the attention of the people to it. We asked Wendell Phillips, as the only man living this side of the water who knew Harriet Martineau, to deliver the address. He told us that he would if he could. We did not quite understand his uncertainty; we thought it was because of the health of his wife. We did not press him, however; we knew he would come if possible.

The day came, and the Old South was packed. We were in the anteroom, not knowing who was to deliver the address. If Mr. Phillips did not come William Lloyd Garrison was to speak. In either event, I was to preside. Within eleven minutes of the time the door opened and he came in. We were overjoyed to see him, and yet we were alarmed at the ashen pallor of his face. He did not look so ghastly when he lay in his coffin. In a moment or two I became sure that he could not see; he was walking like a somnambulist. So certain was I that when we went out of the anteroom I put my hand in his arm, sure that he needed it. When we went up the steps to the platform I absolutely helped with all my might, I was so afraid he would fall.

I made a little speech of opening and presented Wendell Phillips. The first thing was the unveiling of the statue. The drapery was drawn aside, and Wendell Phillips said (although he told me afterwards that he did not see the statue at all; would not have known it was there if he had not seen it before, when certain alterations were made by Mrs. Whitney at his suggestions), "All hail, Harriet Martineau! If I had met this statue in the Desert of Sahara, I should have said, 'All hail, Harriet Martineau.'" I saw that people were puzzled. I asked Mr. Garrison if there were not something unusual. He said, "Yes; he is not well." He had been brought down by his physician, who had warned him that he might drop dead on the platform. The physician was there with stimulants ready in case he should need them. I observed that he talked with his eyes closed. He had once told me that when he was exceedingly fatigued he talked with his eyes closed, and that enabled him to gain control of his fluttering nerves until he was himself again. I saw that his sentences were badly arranged, his gestures were awkward. In five minutes it was better; in ten minutes the gestures became graceful; in less than fifteen minutes there was the old swing of the figure, the sparkling eye; now he saw; now the sentences became perfect, he grew eloquent. The audience became enthusiastic. All had forgotten his appearance at the beginning. Never had he talked better; never before had he talked as though he knew that he stood on the very verge of heaven. There was not a word of bitterness. He cautioned us never to fail the Republic. "She is to live, not to die. You may be sure God is on board. Although our country will go through stormy seas, be disciplined by disaster, perhaps by the red sword of war, she is

yet to be the great Messiah of nations." Afterward he had a perfect ovation. He sat there for over three-quarters of an hour shaking hands. At last I felt that the ordeal must end, so I conducted him to the anteroom, where some refreshments awaited him. As I took his arm to accompany him to his carriage I said, "You do not know how you have talked to-day. You have no idea what wise counsel and heavenly wisdom you have displayed. Don't let another year pass without your public speech." Turning upon me very solemnly, he said, "My dear friend, I have made my last speech to-day; I shall never make another." "Oh!" I said, "you are only seventy-three years old. I am sure we shall hear you again. I will take care that we hear you in three months from now." He said, "Believe me, I am right; I shall never make another speech."

Within seven weeks he lay dead in his house; and the city of Boston that had done its utmost to ostracize him, to heap contumely upon his name, tolled the bells and draped the buildings with black. They wanted a public funeral, but it could not be given on account of Mrs. Phillips, who lingered on, a frail sufferer. When asked if she remembered anything about his departure she said, "They carried me in on my cot and I tried not to groan and sigh and so make it harder for poor Wendell, but I cannot remember much about it." When they told him he said, "I am prepared to go, but I hoped God would be so good as to let me outlive my wife. Who can do for her as I have done?" They took his body to the Hollis Street Church and people were admitted by ticket; there was not room for the throngs. After the carriages were at the door there came a great unwashed crowd, six thousand strong, that stretched from curbstone

to curbstone. Every one wore black on his arm, and they were not afraid to wipe away their tears. When they brought the body out to put it into the hearse, and the remnant of the Fifty-fourth Black Massachusetts, that had fought under Colonel Shaw, filed along with reversed arms, this great uninvited company formed itself into a procession and walked behind the hearse, not conscious of the spectators that filled the sidewalks, but talking and sometimes weeping, men and women together; and we felt that for that company, Wendell Phillips, if he knew, — and he did know, — had the most affection and the closest sympathy. The body lay in state in Faneuil Hall for several hours, and sixteen thousand, by actual count, passed it. At his head was the battle-flag of the Fifty-fourth Black Massachusetts, rent and stained with blood, and at the foot of the coffin was a large harp of shamrock with one

string broken. In pansies was inscribed, "Ireland."

Dear friends, I am still grieved and heart-sore that Wendell Phillips is dead. I am comforted only by the thought that such as he can never die. The spirit that he infused into the city of Boston still lives. He was instructor to thousands of young people. They learned from him to put all that they had and all that they were and all that they hoped to be at the service of the world, even as the great Master would demand of us.

I know when he struggled up through the dark waters to the green hills of Immortality he was met by a great company of the Redeemed and there rang out the sound of one voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy rest." And dear young friends, the commendation of the Lord God, which is in large part the commendation of our own hearts, is over yonder.

Thalia.

GEORGE REGINALD LOURDE, '01.

Wise Clio may the truth instil,
Melpomene awe inspire,
But if our hearts with rapture thrill
Thalia strikes the lyre.

For when the tyrannies of Fate
Our lightest pleasures tax,
What jocund freedom is elate
In the merry lays of Saxe.

And when the Furies herald grief,
And souls to sadness yield,
How soon the Fairies send relief
In the lyric mirth of Field.

When hopes most dear are turned to fear
By the angry threats of Time,
Inspiring cheer we clearly hear
In Riley's blithesome rhyme.

When all life-notes are out of tune,
And discords harsh confuse,
Harmonious songs of joyous June
Thrill Carleton's mirthful muse.

But other than these modern days
Thalia filled with glees;
For Terence sang her ancient lays,
And Aristophanes.

And other than the lowly seer
Thalia's fancy fires;
For lofty bards like great Shakespeare
Her merry wit inspires.

And other than the common band
Thalia's joys caress;
For mighty men like Lincoln grand
Her mirthful wisdoms bless.

To banish Woe, dethrone old Wrong,
Hypocrisy unmask,
To crown new Right with starlit song, —
This is Thalia's task.

O Minstrel, Muse of brighter life,
Still sing your laughing lays!
Sing till the world with joy is rife,
And sunshine fills the days!

The Artistic Life.

LILLIAN SAXE HOLMES.

CONSCIOUSLY, or unconsciously, we are gravitating toward and gradually establishing scientific and therefore more systematic methods of living. The time is surely near at hand when early in youth bodily culture will become universal, as the most important preparation for a practical and useful life.

Children are incalculably benefited by physical exercises. They are frequently careless in positions, making them liable to slight curvature of spine or trouble with hip or shoulders. It is true that athletics in connection with American college life are often abused, and yet there is no doubt that a certain amount of such exercise, especially where regularly performed, is doing much toward making a different race in this country.

We are told that the body is under the dominion of law, and that the same law that governs the vital forces in the body controls also the movements of the stars. Law demands that we shall have exercise, and evidently the more definite the better. It is said that the chief influence of the English universities is more moral than intellectual, and that their sturdiness of character is due to a large extent to much outdoor life.

As superstition is dying a natural death, true religion is developing. The instinctive desire for beauty, however, is still much stronger than the desire for goodness—and a most mistaken idea of beauty at that. In order to approach successfully what would seem to be the divine ideal of human life we must look in the beginning for what may be called an artistic conscience, and cultivate it in all seriousness. "The dawn is not distant; the night is not starless." We are already beginning to

learn something of the God-given inner life, which we call soul, spirit, intellect, reason, emotion, will, and what should be our true relation to our environment.

The Emerson System of Physical Culture, I believe, has the right of it in teaching that voice culture should be included in the general education. Training everywhere in all lines of work and for both men and women promises to be the incoming watchword and the basic principle of physical perfection and noble living, which in the highest sense—completed through right application and service—becomes "the artistic life."

As we cannot know anything until we have experienced it, so we cannot extend our own powers fully until we put them to the test. By this means of discipline and obedience only can the truest character be formed and the most satisfactory work done. So finished a state of earthly culture may be thought to be impossible except perhaps in story-books, and there is certainly danger in too much development of mind without good conditions otherwise, regardless, too, of certain practical ends in view; and yet there are degrees of culture that should be indispensable, and will be so considered when more generally understood. In speaking of John Henry Newman, a church historian states that he does not remember the cardinal's ever giving a decided opinion on any subject. His morbid sense of culture reduced everything to an equipoise. It has been asserted on these grounds that men of limited culture are more successful in the world; this it seems to me would depend upon a true understanding of relative values as well as upon the quality of success referred to.

There is and will be a growing need of consecrated lives. Emerson says, "Things refuse to be mismanaged long." They surely refuse to be so always, and living at loose ends must some day give way to more systematic and artistic methods. In all art there is a certain beauty of holiness, whether applied to the art of painting or the art of living. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, accepts nothing else. "Know thyself" gives us the key to successful living. The number who, like King Richard the Second, awaken too late to this all-important knowledge will lessen as the years go on. Carlyle says man's greatest disappointment is disappointment in himself, from having lived too long for the shadow instead of the substance.

Then how careful we should be to read our lives correctly; to emphasize those facts which will add most to our power! The finest artist is not to be compared with an admirable man—a

man with the best attributes of his humanity rightly ordered and rightly active. Defect of character is more fatal to achievement than defect of faculty. It has been said that an orator is immortal when the force of true manhood is in his art. One's soul must be disrobed, fold after fold, of prejudice, in which custom has enwrapped it, before it has clear discernment, or that inward independence that becomes one's best development.

When the idea of true service is better understood and provided for, and psychological methods of teaching become prevalent,—each child's tendencies studied and tested in a practical way,—then, and not until then, may we look forward to beginning right.

In the artistic sense we are all poets more or less,—some less, to be sure,—but like the bard in Sidney Lanier's "Life and Song," none of us has ever yet "utterly bodied forth his life."

The Physiological Basis of Habit.

INEZ L. CUTTER, '98.

THE primary aim in bodily education is to establish right physical habit; that is, to make automatic ways of movement that are physically right.

The absence of friction produced by accuracy of movement not only results in grace but in economy of time and of strength. The individual whose body is cultured will do all things with greater facility than he whose body is uncultivated. He will walk better, stand better, and perform the innumerable daily acts of life with the least mental and bodily friction consistent with their perfect accomplishment.

We are accustomed to hear much said on the ethical side of habit. As stu-

dents of the body it is well for us to realize that habit has a physiological basis. All habit depends upon neural activity. A nerve centre receives an impulse either through an afferent nerve which has been excited by some external irritant, or by a self-originated stimulus. The commotion set up in the centre does not stop there, but discharges itself through the efferent nerves, exciting movement. The currents having once entered the nerve centres, must find a way out. In getting out they either form a new pathway or deepen an old one. Physiologically, habits are "pathways of discharge formed in the brain, by which certain incoming currents ever

after tend to escape." Every time a nerve centre acts in a given way it tends to act more easily in that manner again.

Habits are acquired reflex actions. Some reflex actions are congenital. If a drop of liquid is placed in the mouth of an infant it swallows without consciousness or volition; if a light is brought near the eyes they blink. These are primary reflex actions, because they are coeval with birth. Other reflex actions are acquired, and all habits belong to this order. The difficulty with which we learn to walk and to ride a wheel, consciously willing each movement, and the ease with which these acts are finally performed illustrates acquired reflex actions.

A strictly voluntary act is guided by idea and volition throughout. In habitual action the intellect merely issues the command to start, and sensation is then the guide to the muscles, each muscular contraction taking place in its appointed order, instigated solely by the sensation

occasioned by the muscular contraction just finished. When the unconscious parts of the nervous system have been trained to do certain things under given conditions we have "formed a habit."

Habits are formed in but one way — through repetition. Each day is fixing habits mental and physical, whether we will or not. Every thought, every movement, is "forming a new pathway, or deepening an old one" in the brain structure. In cultivating the body, given exercises are repeated daily — not that one may on occasion exhibit feats of strength or assume graceful attitudes, but that the nerves upon which all movement depends may become trained to act infallibly right. When this training is accomplished through repetition, under guidance of the will, all unconscious movements will be made in obedience to the laws of economy, the tendency to that obedience having become established in the very structure of the nerve centres.

Studies of the Poets. III.

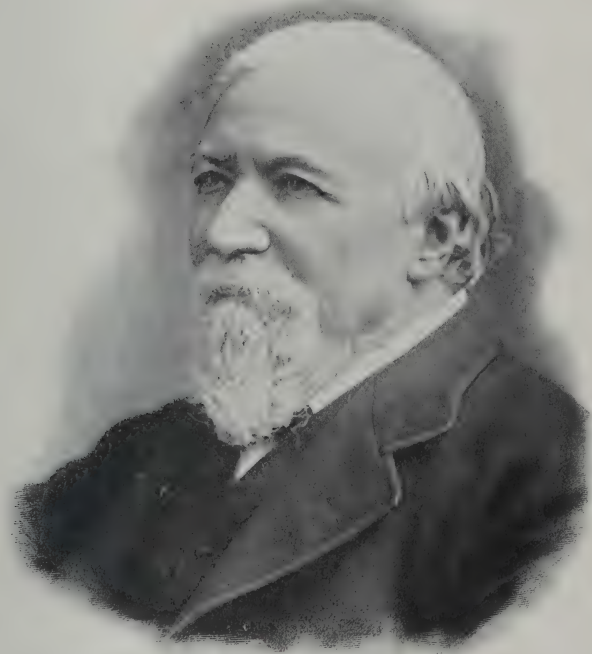
Browning's "Prospice."

FRANCES TOBEY.

" Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
 forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! — I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!"

IN conception and in treatment this little lyric stands as highly representative of Robert Browning the poet and the man. A weaker artist or a lesser soul would falter before a contemplation of the transition between this life and the life beyond, either because the imagination would fall short or from fear of



ROBERT BROWNING.

reflecting only the harrowing, the gruesome. Hence, ignoring the gulf that must first be bridged, the poet, when he writes of death, gives his imagination rein in depicting the glories awaiting the spirit when, the struggle ended, it is free from all material chains. But here is a valiant soul who has met life's battles and has overcome, frankly recognizing—nay, gladly anticipating—the one last struggle awaiting, and daring to experience in imagination the successive stages of that struggle before he claims the guerdon beyond.

Graphic as the picturing is, it is difficult to analyze the feeling of exhilaration which the verse conveys. From the opening phrase, which has the force of a challenge, we feel the soul of the warrior. We scent the battle in the fine scorn—or better, the noble defiance—of the response, in which the key-note of the poem is struck so directly: "Fear death?"—And in the atmosphere of the lines which follow we feel the exultance which soon finds more definite expression:—

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!"

Browning's peculiar directness, which amounts sometimes to abruptness, is a predominating element of the unsurpassed vigor of "Prospice." A few bold lines, and we are brought face to face with the reality of the struggle:—

"I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forebore,
And bade me creep past."

The warrior still:—

"No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers,
The heroes of old"—

This can be the expression only of a soul that has lived much; of one whose abounding vitality and infinite capacity for joy have cried out, with David in "Saul":—

"How good is man's life, the mere living!"

The heartiness of the challenge could come only from one who has tasted the fulness of life, — to whom "glad life" is, in truth, far in arrears, in "pain, darkness, and cold." We feel the confidence even before we read,

"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,"

"Prospice" is an expression of the same quality of courage that could say, in "Life in a Love":—

"But what if I fail of my purpose here?

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,

To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,

And, baffled, get up and begin again,—

So the chase takes up one's life, that 's all."

Such a spirit is never baffled, because it recognizes no defeat. You have not conquered a man, however far circumstances combine to give you the upper hand, unless you have crushed his spirit. Again and again in Browning do we find illustrations of this peculiar quality of heroism which distinguishes earth's martyrs no less than earth's heroes,—those who can exult in enduring no less than those who triumphantly achieve. Akin to this is the invincible optimism which prompts the rejected lover's acceptance of the situation:—

"Then, dearest, since 't is so,

Since now at length my fate I know,

Since nothing all my love avails,

Since all my life seemed meant for fails,

Since this was written and needs must be,

My whole heart rises up to bless

Your name in pride and thankfulness!

Take back the hope you gave,—I claim

Only a memory of the same,

—And this beside, if you will not blame,

Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My last thought was at least not vain:

I and my mistress, side by side,

Shall be together, breathe and ride,

So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?

Why all men strive, and who succeeds?

I hoped she would love me; here we ride."

The confidence breathing through the entire lyric "Prospice" mounts to absolute assurance and trust at the close:—

"Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul!—I shall clasp thee again,

And with God be the rest!"

The poem, written after Mrs. Brown-
ing's death, is even more significant
in the light of the "Letters of Robert

and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," since they have been given to the world. We are reminded of it when we read in "E. B. B. to R. B.:"—

"I thank God that I can look over the grave with you, past the grave, . . . and hope to be worthier of you there at least."

And the response is immediate:—

"And I, too, look long over the grave, to follow you, my own heart's love."

College News.

Dr. Plummer.

We are indebted to Miss Blalock and the "Somerset Y" for many elevating influences, not the least of which was the recent address by Dr. Julia Plummer, on "Purity as a Positive Power."

Dr. Plummer's message, spoken from the heights where she habitually dwells, was a benediction of purity. She spoke with that spiritual discernment which is only granted those who find their lives in losing them in the service of God's children. She spoke with the power which is the outgrowth of absolute purity, and impressed upon us more deeply than she knew the force of Sir Galahad's utterance:—

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

Miss Long's beautiful songs were in harmony with the atmosphere of the hour, and she responded with a gracious generosity to the many hearty encores of the students. We thank Dr. Plummer and Miss Long for their loving message, and the "Somerset Y" for furnishing the occasion for so much inspiration.

Miss King's Recital.

The announcement that Miss King is to read for the Southwick Literary Society never fails to fill the large hall to its utmost capacity, and last Tuesday was no

exception to this rule. There was not even standing-room unoccupied in Odd Fellows' Hall; but under the delightful spell of the charming entertainers, people stood quietly listening, forgetting the discomforts they might under ordinary circumstances have felt.

The program was harmonious and inspiring throughout. We felt honored by Miss Harriet Shaw's presence, and uplifted by her beautiful harp solos as well as by the sympathetic strains which she has arranged as an accompaniment to Miss King's reading of "Saul." Miss Masson is always warmly welcomed at the College. With her dainty, winning presence, her keen dramatic instinct, and her exquisite, responsive voice, she never fails to delight the audience.

Miss King ever brings to us the best in literature, and it lives anew for us as transmuted through her gracious personality and rare spiritual insight. The uplifting story of Sidney Carton's sacrifice was appropriately followed by "The Choir Invisible" as an encore. The second number, "Engaging a Partner," a delicious bit of humor, was succeeded by Kipling's poem "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and "The Midnight Minuet." The final number was a wonderful interpretation of Browning's "Saul." Miss King adequately fulfilled the require-

ments of giving a dramatic monologue by bringing the audience into such close touch with her story that there was no dividing-line between the soul of the reader and that of the listener.

L. D. H.

Mr. Trowbridge's Visit.

One of the pleasant incidents of the last week in March was the visit of John Townsend Trowbridge.

The air of pleased anticipation among the older classes showed them glad to welcome him again to the College, while the eager expectancy prevailing among the younger classes bespoke an intimate acquaintance with the name of the genial poet.

The prevailing theory that an author succeeds least in reading his own writings does not hold in the case of Mr. Trowbridge's readings. The peculiar vigor and charm of the poet were reflected in every word. We listened to several beautiful short poems,—“Seeking,” “Abraham Lincoln,” “Captain Seabald,”—which served to make us long for more, which came in the delicate humor of “The Widow Brown's Christmas.” By special request Mr. Trowbridge then read the exquisite poem, “Midsummer,” so familiar to all the students.

In Dr. Emerson's characteristic expression of thanks at the close of the reading, he voiced the feelings of all the students when he intimated that henceforth our College would have a private Thanksgiving Day which would fall on whatsoever day Mr. Trowbridge might favor us with his presence each year.

B.

The New Volume.

Every Emersonian, and all who are in any way interested in the study of expression, will welcome with enthusiasm

an authoritative work on gesture,—a work which places in permanent form the Emerson philosophy of gesture, or expressive physical culture. The psychological and physiological basis of gesture as presented in the College is clearly set forth, and President Emerson's philosophy is confirmed and supported by testimony selected and brought to bear from the world's ablest and most authoritative scientists, giving us abundant and insurmountable reasons “for the faith that is in us.” In the introductory chapters is given a comprehensive view of the subject as a whole, suggesting the “Evolution of Gesture,” discussing at length the common “Hindrances to Free and Beautiful Expression,” and explaining definitely the “Purpose of the Responsive Drill.”

In the chapter entitled “The Physiology of Gesture,” the subjects of reflex action, muscular sense, and their relation to gesture are clearly set forth.

Unique and attractive are the closing chapters, on the “Criteria of Beauty,” “Dominant Centre,” “Opposition,” “Unity,” etc., in their application to expressive physical culture. These principles are beautifully illustrated by half-tones of some famous art productions, and they place before the minds of teacher and student valuable ideals of the beauty and expressiveness of the human body in bearing, attitude, and movement.

This systematic and authentic arrangement of the fruit of Dr. Emerson's long study and teaching of the principles of gesture and expressive physical culture is a valuable contribution to the world's literature on the subject, and will not only meet an oft-repeated, eager request from Emerson students and graduates, but will furnish a “light on the path” to all seekers after truth in the vast field of expression. M. B. M.

The Light That Fails Not.

G. LAURENCE WILLMAN, '01.

I.

WHEN love is true, as love must ever be,
 When friends are really friends by ties of love,
 Say not that friendship dies when I leave thee.
 With spirit wings we soar to realms above
 This earth whose being is to-day and ends
 To-morrow. Love, the substance of the soul,
 Is with the soul immortal. When loving friends
 Go each his way to seek some earthly goal,—
 And if perchance they meet not here again
 Since each must take his own allotted way,—
 The path of life is short,—and when each gains
 His destined goal, like children after play
 Each one comes home at night; and each will
 meet,
 When all are gathered home with God above,
 His once beloved friend;— ah, there they greet,
 They part no more: eternity is love!

II.

And must we wait e'en through life's little day
 Ere you and I enjoy the bliss of what once was?
 Ah, parted, must we wait life's little stay
 Until we meet in death to know the joys
 Of kindred love united? Ah, no, dear friend,
 Through life shall we enjoy the hoarded store
 Of love and love's rich blessings. Like the gem
 Whose thousand rays burn from its deep heart
 core
 Of rosy quenchless flame, so is the heart
 Of my true friend. A deeper, warmer light,
 A richer flame does this rich jewel impart—
 Ay, richer than the ruby's, warmed by life

From love's life-blood, beam forth the quenchless
 rays
 From that rich jewel, the heart of my true
 friend.
 A thousand roseate hues and tints this jewel dis-
 plays—
 For every trial, for every cross that Time shall
 send,
 Some deeper, lovelier ray of sympathy
 And comfort shall flash forth its radiant light
 Into the thickening gloom.

III.

The memory

Of friendship's love and faith, forever bright
 With its clear, steady flame—the vestal fire
 Once kindled in our hearts, burns brighter still
 With added years. How those warm rays in-
 spire
 Us, brightening life's dark ways—how they fill
 Our hearts with hope and courage, helping us
 to see
 The better, nobler things of life:—

IV.

Ah, friend,

Thy true heart is a jewel rare to me!
 It has no hardness like an earthly gem,
 Its lustre lives for all eternity—
 'T is a gem and a flower in one,
 In the Garden of Heaven it grew,
 In the light of a Heavenly Sun—
 Such, dear, is the jewel of friendship true!

Alumni Notes.

Miss Flora Whittaker, '98, and Miss Ethel Louise Latham, '98, have joined the Graduate class this term.

Miss Edna Mills, '98, has been teaching for two years very successfully in Saratoga Academy, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Miss Laura V. C. Stewart, '98, is teaching in one of the public schools of Newark, N. J. She also has private classes, and is very successful in recital work.

Miss Mary E. Haney, '98, is very successfully teaching a large class of private pupils at her home in New Bedford, Mass.

Further corrections in the Alumni List (published in the January number):

Adams, Mrs. May L. Plummer, '92. (Mrs. Charles Adams.) North Franklin, Mass.
 Bronson, Grace Maud,
 25 Liberty St., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Dodge, Mrs. A. S. Jean Landers, '90,
 Kentville, N. S.
 Landers, A. S. Jean, '90. See Dodge.
 Plummer, May L., '92. See Adams.



CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

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Contents.

Editorials	195
President Emerson's Lecture, "The Relation of Art to Human Life."	197
Senior Class-Day Exercises:—	
Address of Welcome. <i>June Winona Southwell</i>	203
Class History. <i>Edna George</i>	204
Class Prophecy. <i>Edith Kincaid Butler</i>	207
Class Poem. <i>Edith Pecker</i>	210
Class Song. <i>H. Frances Dempsey</i>	211
Class Oration. <i>Lena D. Harris</i>	211
Parting Song of 1900. <i>Arnberg</i>	214
Addresses by the Graduate Students:—	
Opening Address. <i>Minnie Belle Bradford</i>	215
Education. <i>Grace Delle Davis</i>	216
Browning's Philosophy of Art. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	219
Oration—The Vanishing Ideal. <i>William F. H. Strong</i>	224
Address to the Students—Through the Living Representative. <i>William G. Ward</i>	227
College News	230
Alumni Notes	236
Index	239

Retrospect and Prospect.

AT a recent meeting of the Emerson College Magazine Association, the members of the Magazine Board for the ensuing year were elected as follows: president, Miss Eastlack, '00; vice-president and editor, Frances Tobey, '99; treasurer and business manager, A. E. Carpenter, '00; secretary, Miss Newton, '01; auditor, Mr. Jacques, '01. The remaining members elected are:

Miss Day, '02; Miss Kratz, '01; Miss Low, '00; Miss Agnes Baker, '01; and Mr. Whitney, '02.

We who have served on the board during the past year cordially welcome the newer members, feeling that their co-operation and sympathy will be a source of added strength in the year to come. We would also express our gratitude to the retiring members of the board for their earnest support during the past months; especially are we indebted to our president, Miss Bradford, who has not hesitated to assume every responsibility which her office has brought, and whose wise and loving service has greatly promoted the success of Volume VIII.

We would also thank the student body and the Faculty for their unfailing support and zealous interest in all our enterprises. We thank the large body of former students who have helped to make it possible for our journal to live and to prosper. We ask that your interest may not abate in the year to come, but that you will keep in touch with your Alma Mater through this medium, which is peculiarly *yours*. If you have found weaknesses in the Magazine, do not withhold your suggestions. The aim of the management is to attain a higher literary and educational plane each year. At the same time, we would give you nothing that is not eminently practical; and if you desire more specific attention to any particular department of work for which Emerson College stands, will you not give us a hint as to how we may serve you and others who may feel the same need? Again, items of news concerning

your welfare and your work are always gratefully received.

But a third class of patrons we have to whom we are no less indebted,—those friends of the College who have never been with us as students. To you we would say, You have helped us more than you know. That you have discerned our motive, caught glimpses of the ideal which we are pursuing, understood at what our work, be it ever so crude and halting, is pointing, has been a source of unbounded encouragement to us. We thank you.

Many possibilities for the ensuing year hover on the horizon, not a few of which we are confident of realizing. A special voice culture number will be issued early, compiled with the co-operation of those having charge of that department in the College. By special arrangement we shall be enabled to present Dr. Emerson's series of lectures on "The Evolution of Art." More space will be given to Shakespearian study and dramatic notes. Many other plans are being projected which we may not yet divulge. We shall strive, with your help, to strengthen all departments of the Magazine, that it may still more adequately represent the system of education for which Emerson College stands.



The Everett Press.

How far the success of the current volume of the Magazine is due to the Everett Brothers is known only to the management. We need not speak of the general appearance of the publication; the typographical work, indeed, is of the highest order—nothing remains to be desired. But the kindly personal interest, the thoughtful consideration, and the wise counsel of the Messrs. Everett, which have been among the pleasantest of the associations of the year, are among the things which cannot be

reckoned or valued. We gladly acknowledge our indebtedness.



"Kinderbust."

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the announcement of Miss Pinneo in the advertising columns of this issue; and this not so much from courtesy to Miss Pinneo as through earnest desire that guardians of children may realize what an opportunity is before them for systematic, all-around development of their little ones. We can conceive of no better fortune for the child nature than to be privileged to expand in a Christian home, under the supervision and direction of one whose love for children is her life, and whose discernment has been quickened through thorough courses in the Kindergarten and the Emerson system of education.



The Correlation of the Arts.

A little item appears in our advertising columns this month which is of interest to every Emersonian, as is everything pertaining to the correlation of the arts. We refer to the announcement of Miss Clark, of the Class of 1900. The development of keen perception and of sympathetic responsiveness in the musicians who come to us from year to year has been watched with growing interest by those of us who have recognized the breadth of the foundation of the special art which it is our privilege to study in Emerson College. And our observation of this class of students, of whom Miss Clark has been one, has justified the conclusion that the culture of the art instinct, through developing the powers of the individual, quickening his imagination, and freeing his physical agents, involves a newness of life in whatever field of art he may enter.

The Relation of Art to Human Life.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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WE must not think of human life and what it involves as something entirely separated from and distinct from art. All forms of art are valuable in just the ratio of their perfect relationship to human life; in the ratio in which they truthfully represent human life. Human life is the valuable thing, the real thing, and nothing is of value any further than it ministers to that life. The value of art, then, may be said to be borrowed, — borrowed from its service to human life. People talk a great deal about "art for art's sake." Well, whoso studies art for art's sake obeys the servant rather than the natural born master.

Every book, every piece of architecture, is valuable in not only the ratio in which it reveals human life, but you may also rank its value in another way, — the height of its service. That which best serves human life in its highest forms is the most perfect art. All forms of art that may be called immortal derive their immortality from their wide service to humanity. The higher the service, the more valuable, the more beautiful, the more attractive, the art.

The natural office of art is to *minister*. Christ said He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He felt that in being a minister to the lowest he would certainly be a minister to the highest; for a ministration to the lowest always involves a ministration to the highest. It is impossible to elevate the foundation of a house without elevating every part of the superstructure. It is possible to elevate any other part of the house and not elevate the whole.

So it is with the human family. If we elevate the lowest substratum we elevate all that is built upon it. Elevate the poor and you will elevate the well-to-do and the rich. Crowd down and weaken the poor and you will make every other part of society weak and toppling.

That form of business which pertains most directly to the existence of mankind should be considered the highest and most exalted. The agriculturist is the very bottom and the very top, — the bottom so far as foundation is concerned; the top so far as furnishing an object of reverence is concerned, — because he supplies the most immediate, the most universal, necessities of mankind. The agriculturist in times gone by was a slave, bought and sold with the land upon which he worked; but that serfdom has been abolished all over the civilized world. It is said if you want to mark the moral and intellectual standing of a people you should take note of the rank that is given to woman. Let me add this; note the rank which is given to the agriculturist, to him who furnishes our food and for the most part our raiment; this also marks the moral and intellectual rank of the age. I watch with great solicitude the attitude of our age towards classes. I see that the necessary arts are being exalted in the admiration of mankind. I see also that our criteria of what is called the fine arts are rising higher and higher every year, until now the one all-acknowledged criterion of the fine arts is *use*. That form of art

which ministers to that which is most useful is now considered most beautiful. It was always considered most valuable; people have not erred in their judgments, but they have not reasoned on these things.

In the first place, art is a minister to *beauty*. There is a sharp and logical distinction between beauty and fancy. Real art does not minister to fancy, for fancy is but the fashion of the day and passes away with the hours, to return no more. Man's admiration for beauty never passes, and a thing that is once recognized as beautiful remains with such a recognition attached to it as long as it exists. This is something radical. Man does not instinctively love anybody's fancy; he does not instinctively love any fashion as fashion, whether it be old or new. He may be influenced by it for a time, but it is not instinct with him; there is an instinct in the structure of human nature for the love of what is really beautiful.

The art of a period lives not merely because it is a record of the period, but because nature shines through the art of that period. There are forms of art thousands of years old. We find images of gods belonging to early ages, and we reckon them of great value. What has perpetuated their existence in art? It is that under all, over all, through all, nature has expressed herself through the development of the people of that period. It is the love of nature that holds us to the arts, old and new; and wherever nature has put her hand into the hand of the artist, be that hand ever so coarse or rough, the work of that hand endures. It is nature that human nature loves, even the man and woman of fashion; for down underneath all this fluttering fashion there is nature still, holding man with a steady grip; and wherever he finds nature he instinctively

puts himself out of other relationships for the sake of following her.

All men love beauty, but who can define it? It has been the study of ages, for it has ministered to the world during all the ages. If a man gets but one glimpse of it he will follow it straightway.

Fashions dissolve and fade away. They are like the chaff of the summer's threshing-floor; the wind blows them away, and the place thereof knows them no more. That which is *real*, that which all true art, revealed or covered, points to, never will pass away.

The fashions of art pass away, but the deep underlying principle, though never in the same associations again, will appear in new and higher ones. That which reveals nature is immortal and cannot die while human beings exist.

How does art first minister to us? By revealing what real beauty is. Too often the fads of the day blind us to real beauty. How many a young lady, brought up in the so-called fashionable world, has become a slave to fashion, not only her body bending to it, but her very soul also! She does not know the difference between fashion and beauty. She sees some one who dresses in real beauty, in a way to reveal her regal womanhood, and she thinks it is "queer." Her eye is misguided, misdirected. She has not been taught to call things by their right names. Fashion is not always opposed to beauty, but she is just as likely to be.

Two educations are going on in the world continually. One is the perverted education of what happens to be the fad at the time, and the other is the persistent, eternal schoolmaster who is educating the heart, the intellect, the sentiment, the life. Sometimes these two come into violent collision, and for a

time it seems as if Mr. Fad would have the throne; but by and by we look again, and Beauty has taken his place, — the everlasting conqueror.

When we see a landscape painting that really reflects nature, what two things do we find there? They are one, but they admit of two forms and therefore two definitions. We see nature and the soul of the artist; it shows that the soul of the artist is married to nature. In other words, we see how nature affected the artist's soul. In revealing this, he is bringing a revelation of the thing itself. When you have viewed his picture you find that your eyes have been opened; and this has been the prayer of every prophet since prophecy came into the world: "O Lord, may the eyes of thy servant be opened!"

Among the many interesting Old Testament stories we read of the attempt of the king of Syria to capture Elisha, the prophet of God. The king sent thither horses, and chariots, and a great host; and they came by night and compassed the city "in which Elisha was staying. The prophet's servant, seeing the host which compassed the city, cried out, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And Elisha answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

"And Elisha prayed and said, Lord I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

The eyes of people, before they have been opened by culture, are closed to beauty. The artist is the prophet. In every stroke of his brush and line from his pencil he is saying, "Open my servant's eyes, that he may see."

When the servant of Elisha was looking at the Syrian host he was looking at what he thought were the real things;

but sometimes the things we think are real are but shadows. In response to the prayer of Elisha this servant's eyes were opened; that inner vision which every person possesses was opened and the servant saw.

"Let thy servant's eyes be opened," that is what the artist, the prophet of beauty, says.

You have never seen, sir, — you who represent the average mind uncultured, — you have never seen beauty. It is everywhere. It shines in the stars of heaven, but no less in their reflection in the dewdrop that is clustered upon the leaf; but you have never seen it. O prophet, draw the lines of beauty, separate them from everything else, show them on the canvas. The world has not known that those are the lines that mark the face of beauty everywhere in nature. Men have not known that they were daily looking upon paintings more exquisite than any artist could draw. They have left nature for a bit of high color or some deformity. When they see her features brought out in distinctive lines by the artist they are fascinated. The greatest work of the greatest artist will draw every mind. Michelangelo's great works of architecture, and all they involve, would fascinate a savage as well as a saint. You need not tell me that real art, high art, is utterly disregarded by the uncultivated or untutored mind. *Nature* fashions the souls of men, and the reason man is not always fascinated by beauty is because he does not see it; when its features are pronounced, separated, that he may see it, it invariably appeals to him. The artist is one who reflects the spirit of nature; he deals with spirit and not matter, except as matter serves spirit.

He is the spiritual being who reveals spirit. Just as soon as any human being sees the spirit of nature, which is beauty, he is fascinated by it, whether

cultured or uncultured. Man's soul was made to be the servant of beauty, of truth, and of good. Just as soon as the artist reveals beauty, truth, and good, just so soon the souls of men bow down to these and are controlled by them.

This was the mission of Him who "spake as never man spake." He brought life and immortality to light. Life and immortality existed before. People did not know it. There were signs of it everywhere, but they did not read them aright. He came and pointed to those things, portrayed them, and brought them to light, and men looked at them and straightway followed them. In obedience to the same principles, the reformation of the world is being affected by the artist. Not by the mere daubers with the brush, or those who know how to mix colors or to perform prettily, but by those artists who reveal the dominating spirit of nature.

The artist, then, reveals nature in the form of beauty, so that when you look at his work you will see what you have never seen before. One day I was studying one of the paintings of a great artist, in which there was a valley marked by a mountain on either side. In the valley was an old barn, and in the barn-yard were a hen and some chickens, the old mother hen scratching in real hen fashion. It fascinated me. I had seen hundred of hens before, and yet I had not seen them. I had seen valleys, yet had never seen one. I had seen perhaps a thousand times the silver river winding its way through the valley in which the mountains are reflected, but I had not really seen it. Spread out before me on the canvas were the mountains, the valley between, the old barn and the barn-yard, the hen and the chickens. What did the artist say to me? "Here, sir, brush away all that hinders your vision and look at the

thing itself. It has always been in your eye, but you have not seen it."

The artist separates the features of a thing from every other thing and there it stands out, — the features of the spirit of the thing. The next day after looking at that picture I was in a train riding along through a valley. I had been over that road a good many times before, and had never seen the landscape. On my right hand as I rode was an old barn, with a moss-covered roof, evidently owned by a shiftless farmer. Now it was beautiful to me. For the first time I had looked at an old barn and seen the spirit of it. There were the hens in the barn-yard, and there, for the first time in my life, I saw (will you allow me to use the expression?) the spirit of the hens. The artist had seized upon that spirit and had revealed it to me through the medium of the canvas.

It is the ministration of art to enable all observers to see in nature what they had not seen before. The great school-masters, the artists, worship God, to whom nature points, and by interpreting nature, serve the highest.

Art serves human life by presenting *ideals*. In looking at life the artist sees it not as it appears to the uncultivated sense, but he catches the spirit of things. Rubens furnishes an example of this. He looked at the men around him and saw that they tended to manifest a large degree of digesting and assimilating power. People with whom he associated had big stomachs. All the enterprises of people with whom he was associated had stomachs in them. "Oh," he says, "I see something behind that idea." What is it? "Health; I will paint abounding health!" Rubens, I thank you. You saw what those things pointed to, while others did not know what they meant. If you want to be satisfied with health, to feel that you have breathed good oxygen, that you have had plenty

of dinner, — look at Rubens's pictures. In passing, let me drop a bit of philosophy concerning health. I have sometimes thought that it would be a good deal better for the health of the community if we could see more specimens of health in it. When you see a man with a sick headache you feel as if it would be an easy matter for you to have a sick headache also. When you hear a person coughing you are impelled to cough too. When you hear that man stuttering you feel an impulse to stutter. The world wants ideals of health and wants them painted with such precision, such definition, that men cannot but look at them. I believe it would be a mighty influence for health to hang some of Rubens's pictures, bursting with health, in your rooms. After you have been looking at humanity as you daily see it, look at it as Rubens found it. Look at it every day until you feel better. You will apply this law of health to your own life, until any one seeing you will feel freer from disease than before. The Bible says, "The sight of mine eye affects my heart." Man's physical nature wants to be ministered to. Art is a minister, then, to *health*, as well as to beauty.

Again, art is a minister to *high purposes*. What higher ideal can art hold than to be a minister to high purposes?

The sun is a great ways off, a great ways higher than the flowers around me. Let every flower within the radius of a mile be plucked, however, and I would not think very much about it; but blot out the sun and straightway I am in mourning. We are most affected by the highest, though we do not know it, and that which is the highest reaches over the greatest surface. If you want to reach mankind do not go down. They are not down there potentially. Speak to the potentiality of man. It is upward.

If you would gather in the largest body of mankind, the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad, the cultivated and the savage, lift your banner high; they will all look up there. The orator who doubts human nature is damned. Trust human nature; trust that it will open like a blossom to the light from above. Speak your grandest thoughts to people. They may not be able to repeat them afterwards, perhaps; nevertheless their souls have attained a higher plane. Humanity is influenced more by things that it cannot define than by things that it can define. Speak, then, from on high. Speak not for one particular class. The small speaker speaks only for the benefit of a class. The great orator speaks for the many and to the many. Classify the orators of the past according to the height they have attained in this one point of speaking to all, and it will tell you the degree of their popular longevity.

Burke spoke for a great number. He spoke for the voters and to the voters of England; and to-day he is studied by every great politician and statesman who speaks the English language. He did not speak merely to please those who were interested in the politics of his country; they said he was tedious. He was not popular with the few English aristocrats in the Houses of Parliament, but his eloquence was wafted across the deep, and his thoughts came as sweet and as encouraging to our Ship of State, fighting with the billows of old kingly prejudice, as comes the waters of the sparkling fountain to the thirsty lips. Our hopes revived when we drank his sentences.

From the same age I hear another voice from across the seas like a roll of thunder, — the voice of Chatham. He, too, spoke for America. Chatham, did you speak for the colonies alone? "Oh no, I spoke for England as well as for

her children." We have been so strongly influenced by Chatham's voice and by Burke's voice that to-day Old England and New England reach across the waters and clasp hands.

Those men spoke for all: for those who sat in courts and on kingly thrones; for the peasant and the aborigine; and their voices were heard by all. Why, Chatham, did you suppose men would realize those high ideals? Ah, Burke, did you think that any would appreciate your sentences except the most refined and cultivated? Burke gave the highest things and gave them to the common people. He did not say, "The common people are swine, and I will not cast my jewels before them."

Webster will be known as long as American history is known, as long as the Constitution of the United States is read, because he did not speak for the North alone, nor for the South alone, nor for the West alone. To be sure, he did speak much for New England, but he always let the light of the Commonwealth of the Union shine upon New England when he spoke.

Phillips was looked upon as a party speaker; but he spoke for something broader than the North above Mason and Dixon's line, something richer than the beautiful Southern States below Mason and Dixon's line: he spoke for *humanity*. So down the ages the eloquence of that man will sing; down the ages will float his impassioned appeal for liberty and his reverence for man.

There is another great orator who is soon to have his name enrolled among the Burkes, the thundering Chathams, the godlike Websters, the silver-tongued Phillipses; and his name is Booker Washington. How do I know? Because he is speaking not for the negro race alone, nor for the North alone. He draws the line of criticism that clips many a head in the North. He is not speaking for party alone. Better things have never been advocated for the white man of the South than he has advocated. If he advocated the black man alone he would be condemned as an orator; but he will be heard through the ages in the great chorus of the other orators I have mentioned. Why? O Booker Washington, it is not because you speak for the black man, not because you wrote that eloquent sentence, not because you made that eloquent speech; it is because you have the one thing that makes a man live,—breadth of mind, breadth of purpose, long arms that encompass the whole human family.

If you have simply a nation to advocate, if you have a little party to advocate for party's sake, if you have a little clan to advocate for clan's sake, if you have a little sect to advocate for sect's sake, you will not live long.

The orator is the man whose thoughts are as broad as human life and whose heart throbs in unison with human demands wherever found. Then, and then only, is he the great artist and the great servant of humanity.

Only according to his own nobleness is an artist's power of entering into the hearts of noble people, and the general character of his dream of them. . . .

He who habituates himself in his daily life to seek for the stern facts in whatever he hears or sees will have

these facts again brought before him by the involuntary imaginative power in their noblest associations. And he who seeks for frivolities and fallacies will have frivolities and fallacies again presented to him in his dreams.

—*Ruskin.*

Senior Class-Day Exercises.Address of Welcome.

JUNE WINONA SOUTHWELL,

President of the Class of '00.

It becomes my duty and my pleasure as president of the Class of 1900 to stand before you this afternoon and tell you the happiness that your presence here gives us. "Our hearts speak, you are welcome!"

These are momentous days for us, not merely because of the various exercises in which we are taking part,—though we must confess that that fact has been occupying a prominent place in our thoughts,—but there is to each one of us a much deeper significance in these closing days of our work here. They are to us an end and a beginning. For three years we have been engaged in work that has called into exercise the very highest powers of mind, heart, and soul. We have been studying art—the art of speaking; yet every day and every week we have come to see clearly and still more clearly that "the supreme art, to which all the other arts, rightly understood and used, minister, is the art of living." We have grown more and more to feel the responsibility of living. There was a time in our childish days when we dreamed that life was meant to be one long summer day of ease and pleasure, untouched by any sense of responsibility. It is different now. Try as hard as we may to forget it, we know, now, that "life is real, life is earnest."

We know, too, that life is for each one of us just what we make it. And oh, we want to make so much of our lives! We have such ideals, such visions of the noble and wonderful things we are going to do for our fellow beings! Do not smile at these visions, you who have

been longer on the great battle-field of life. Perhaps they seem a little unformed and fanciful to you; perhaps you have seen many just as high, just as beautiful, "fade into the light of common day;" and yet it seems to me that the very best thing you could do for us would be to pray to the Infinite Father of us all that these ideals may never be less sacred to us than they are to-day.

We are going out into a world sadly in need of heightened ideals, yet which, alas, may not be quite so ready to receive the help we are so eager to give. Can we, amid the contention of hostile opinion, the criticism of those whose business seems to be not to live, but to say how other people should live, the disapproval of those who love us best perhaps,—can we, amid all this, pursue the even tenor of our way, always true to our ideals, never compromising with what we feel is not right and true and just? To some of us, perhaps, difficulties of this kind have never come. Those of us to whom they have come know that it is not easy — *it is not easy.*

There is a certain little poem called "Heroism" that I read very often, and I want to bring a part of it to you this afternoon, because it expresses, so much better than I can, some of the things that I want to say to you:—

"It takes great strength to bring your life up
square

With your accepted thought, and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts to the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think.

"It takes great strength to live where you belong
 When other people think that you are wrong;
 People you love, and who love you, and whose
 Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
 To bear that pressure and succeed at length
 In living your belief — well, it takes strength.

"And courage, too. But what does courage
 mean
 Save strength to help you face a pain fore-
 seen?

Courage to undertake the lifelong strain
 Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;
 Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
 Out of the easy paths that used to be,
 And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
 When love meets truth, and truth must ride
 above?

"It takes great love to stir a human heart
 To live beyond the others and apart:
 A love that is not shallow, is not small,
 Is not for one or two, but for them all;
 Love that can wound love, for its higher need;
 Love that can leave love, though the heart may
 bleed;

"Love that can lose love, family, and friend,
 Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end;
 A love that asks no answer, that can live

Moved by one burning, deathless force,—to
 give.

Love, strength, and courage; courage, strength,
 and love,—

The heroes of all time are made thereof."

Yes, life is a struggle, and try as hard
 as we may we never quite reach our
 ideals. Sometimes this discourages us,
 but in our stronger moments we see
 that Browning was eternally right when
 he said that "a man's reach must ex-
 ceed his grasp" if he is going to make
 his life worth while. We see that it is
 not the attainment but the aspiration
 that lifts us above the brute, and that life
 would be barren indeed of all that makes
 it worth living if we could not always see
 something higher than the highest we
 have yet been able to attain.

Let us, then, take up this struggle
 earnestly, gladly, knowing that when we
 are "fronting towards the right" there
 is a power not ourselves which will work
 through us and for us, and to which we
 may safely trust the result.

Class History.

EDNA GEORGE.

HISTORY ever repeats itself, and in all
 probability to an outsider the progress
 of the Class of 1900, as a whole, through
 Emerson College has been much the
 same as that of preceding classes. To
 us, who so vitally constitute the parts,
 the three years spent here have been the
 most important thus far in our lives,
 teeming with revolutions of opinion and
 evolutions of character.

We came together in the fall of '97 as
 so many abstract personalities, totally
 irresponsible for anything or anybody
 outside of our own individual selves;
 but not many days passed before we
 found we were being merged into the one
 great spirit of unity in the College, and
 gradually we yielded ourselves to the

"perfect whole." Then there came a
 stage of our development when we real-
 ized that

"All are needed by each one,
 Nothing is good or fair alone;"

and we set about industriously to work
 out a harmonious relationship with our
 classmates, knowing that each would
 profit by the loving help of the other.

Coming into the school, Freshmen by
 name and Freshmen by nature, we were
 met with love and good cheer that went
 straight to our homesick hearts. Class
 distinctions were forgotten; all seemed
 to be a great and harmonious family.
 We, the newcomers, were caught up on
 the tidal wave of enthusiasm and borne
 along gloriously over many an error of

omission and commission, serenely unconscious of our deficiencies. Was not the first part of the Freshman year a period of the most satisfactory self-approval? We were the darlings of the establishment; whatever we did seemed to be in just "the right line," and whatever absurd rendering we gave, some one always pointed out the little leaven of good in it. So during the first few months we were able to put by quite a "reserve force" of courage and enthusiasm, on which we drew heavily the ensuing weeks.

I need not tell you of the lofty ambitions with which we entered the College, some to shine before the footlights, others to be heartrending readers, teachers, lecturers, everything,—and all to go home and astound the inhabitants of our rural towns. I need not describe to you the period of disillusionment which followed, nor speak of the rude awakening when we discovered that we were very ordinary mortals after all, and realized that our success in any degree depended upon our own labor, our own application and faithfulness.

But that Freshman year! It will always be a beautiful fresh oasis in our lives. We look back upon it with such gratification and remember so pleasantly the bright associations! At the close each of us looked out upon life with nobler ideals, with broader sympathies, and with a firmer belief in the universal brotherhood of man. Many new yet old truths were ingrafted into the very fibres of our being. Then came the long vacation, which allowed us time to assimilate the lessons learned and to mature in our new line of study.

But as coming events cast their shadows before, so, even before the end of that Freshman year, we felt that the course was not all so flowery as we had fondly imagined, and a sort of "reflex action" manifested itself, as vague ru-

mors of terrible examinations and lecture-work came down to us from the upper classes. And in the Junior year came the radical change. Then it was that we grappled in a hand-to-hand contest with the real problems of life and the fundamental principles of the College. Then it was that the self-complacency of the Class of 1900 went through the valley of the shadow of death, and we came out of the struggle clothed in humility. And then it was that we threw off all reserve, all false pride, all diffidence, and put our shoulders to the wheel with a do-or-die expression that was destined in the long run to bring its own reward. We determined to strike out boldly and *do something*, trusting to our teachers "true and tried" to guide and direct our energies. What glorious battles have been fought and won on the platform in dear old Berkeley Hall! What triumphant victories over self have been achieved when some faithful student, with tears overflowing and nerves aquiver, has taken command, while she poured forth such a volley of eloquence that we held the breath to hear!

Ah, we know, none so well as we, of the struggles and the heart-beats, the patient toil and the hard-earned results! But that it were forbid, out of clemency to the lower classes, I could a tale unfold of such blank despondency and wild resolves of self-slaughter as would "freeze your young blood and make each knotted and combined lock to stand on end." Such gropings in the darkness and spasmodic efforts at—we knew not what; while the very atmosphere seemed thick with misgivings! But grappling to ourselves with hoops of steel the few things we had learned, and trusting implicitly to our faithful friends, who "allured to brighter worlds and led the way," we were gently but firmly guided to "a clearer air and a broader view."

And now this, our Senior year, might

be termed the period of "correlation of forces and conservation of energy," for the emotions aroused and ability quickened have been turned into channels of purpose and definite aim. We know now for what we work, and know also how far we fall short of our ideal; for we have a criterion by which to judge, and when we see how infinite are our possibilities, the little we have accomplished seems so very meagre!

Several new fields have been opened to us in which to try our powers. In the Dramatic and Normal Departments the work of the preceding years has shown itself. We have watched with amazement the marvellous power and dramatic fire displayed by some of the most unassuming of our classmates, and have been highly amused at some of the ingenious methods resorted to by temporary teachers to gain desired results; while we were duly shocked when earnestly admonished to "be the innocent flower, but *look* like the serpent under it."

In embryo have we lived all lives. With Napoleon have we been at the battle-front. With Channing and Webster have we pleaded the rights of humanity. With Bryant and Wordsworth have we lived in the very heart of nature. While with each and all we have come into closer communion with the one great heart of the universe. Brought up in the nurture and admonition of such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Daniel Webster, and our own beloved Doctor Emerson, how could we help growing in grace and strength?

And now this Senior year has gone in the twinkling of an eye, with its shadows and its sunshine, leaving us at almost the last page of our college life; and as we close this chapter, we want to express, so far as words can, our gratitude and appreciation for the kind forbearance shown us here, and to those who have helped us over so many rough places and, hand in hand, have encour-

aged us and pointed us to the better way. I know I am secure in looking into your faces and saying for each one of the class that we will "run with patience the race that is set before us," "pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

And to-day, on the threshold of a new life, as I look back over the three years we, the Class of 1900, have spent so profitably and so happily together, and realize that we separate so soon, each to work out his own salvation in his own way, I feel "what I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." We have been a long time in coming to ourselves, and the divinity within is yet in its infancy. We have just begun to realize the vast possibilities before us. Many things that were tangled and snarled have been straightened out this last year, and the road lies straight before us. And as we travel this "royal way" to the "gates of gold" we need but one guide to keep us in the path.

"To thine own self be true."

I said that the road lies straight; yes, for we have only one step to take at a time. We have chosen our path, and as we surmount one difficulty in the way we gain an impetus for the next step. The very next step is always in sight, so why need we worry for what may be in the far future for us? The little thing that lies nearest to-day is the thing for each one to take up first.

As we go out in our search for the "reality," as we go out to carry our little to the world, let us remember that

"True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There 's nothing so kingly as kindness,
There 's nothing so royal as truth."

Class Prophecy.

EDITH KINCAID BUTLER.

FROM the earliest period of time man has possessed a strange desire to have some knowledge of the vast unknown, the pain or pleasure, the failure or success, that the unfolding of the future will bring to him. The Class of 1900 is no exception to this order. They, too, would know what the years will bring, what result will crown their three years of earnest work, as seen through the medium of "my prophetic soul."

As the desire for knowledge has been strong, so have the methods for forecasting the future been varied; and when the prophet's mantle fell upon me I cast about to decide which of the numerous and remarkable modes of divination should be my choice and best serve my end.

The Delphic Oracles spake marvels, but their complete paraphernalia involves a tripod, which in these degenerate days is entirely too suggestive of the camera fiend, and I placed a veto on that.

As I studied the history of this mystic lore I considered astrology and palmistry as holding equal rank among these marvellous sciences. Should it be one of those?

The study of astrology was exceedingly fascinating, especially as I needed not a telescope to pursue my discoveries, but could see many *stars* of the first magnitude revolving in stately grandeur about the central sun of the Emersonian universe. But in order to complete the heavenly figure it would be necessary to introduce a few brilliant meteors and comets, which should flash across our vision with unusual splendor for a brief space and then disappear forever; but the Class of 1900 will exhibit no such

phenomena, so I was forced to relinquish that, and turned to palmistry.

That offered a fair field; it was popular among certain members of our illustrious class, as your prophet has excellent reasons for knowing, and I doubted not I should be able to find in all "a simple line of life" and the same ability to "find a place" as had our irrepressible "Launcelot Gobbo;" but beyond I dared not go, since truth and the "signs of the times" forbade me to consider "fourteen wives a trifle" in the face of the overwhelming feminine majority in this one class, and put an end to this fascinating art, in spite of the consideration of the phenomenally brilliant fate lines possessed by some among our number.

But there is one means of prophecy remaining that is greater than all the rest, prophecies that have never failed in fulfilment, prophecies that breathe truth and power,—the ancient prophecies of *Inspiration!* Ah! but you say, "The days of the inspired prophets are past; we are on the threshold of the twentieth century, where prophecies are built upon a mathematical basis of dollars and cents."

Nevertheless, those inspired prophecies remain, and so I prophesy to you—by *Inspiration*, by the inspiration which three years of association with the earnest, eager minds before me have brought, so that from the past I may foretell the future, for

"The present still is echo of the past.

Of both, the future will an echo be."

The effect is ever commensurate with the cause, so that in just the ratio I have seen you by sincere, earnest endeavor

forming a nucleus, the seed from which a useful, satisfying future life can grow, can I predict to you the fulfilment of such a life, with its accompanying success ;

“ For I hold it truth, with one who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise by stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

There are among us seventy individualities, seventy different futures to be worked out along seventy different lines ; for it is impossible that any two among you should have the same destiny, and yet each one desires the same ultimate result,— success. Whether you will have it or not remains with yourselves.

For three years you have been earnest, sincere seekers after new truths, finding strange new relationships between your bodies and your minds ; gaining strength and power, physically and mentally ; forming beautiful, lasting friendships with the great minds of literature, and above all, a broader, sweeter sympathy toward all the world. Have you, then, gained anything of value to yourselves ? If so, what are you going to do with it ? Cherish it ? Use it as a means of isolation to set you apart and above your fellows ? If there be things of value to you they will be of worth to others ; and knowing you, Class of 1900, I can say that you are going forth to give of your store to those who lack.

Those of you who have sincerely adopted the principles taught here, who have truly entered into the spirit of this institution, are going forth to *WORK* — to sincere, earnest service to all who need you. And the need is great, for everywhere comes up the cry of a wasted race, poor in body and cramped in mind. Crammed in mind might be said also (for you will go forth to meet the idea of education as a pouring of information into a certain receptacle), but for the fact that the receptacle is too often of the na-

ture of a sieve, which allows the information to run through, so that the brains are as empty when the process is completed as at the beginning.

In the first place, then, you are going forth to serve. The world is full of the idea, “ I am I, and you are you, and each one must make the most of himself.” And after all, the old world is right, only it has just a mistaken idea as to what making the most of yourself is. It is not to knock your brother down that you may take his place. It is not the development of your powers to serve as a pedestal upon which you may pose as a marvel to the assembled multitude, for the multitude is very apt not to assemble for such a purpose. But it is the utmost development of your powers to serve as a means by which you may lend a helping hand to all with whom you come in contact. Let them feel that you *can* and *will* help them up on the pedestal with you, and the multitude will be there, every time.

As one of our instructors once said, “ The world will not accept you from pity, nor from admiration ; but your ability to serve is the final credential which will open to you every opportunity.” And you can serve, Class of 1900. For three years I have seen you growing slowly, but surely, toward a higher plane of thinking and living ; seen you gaining such possession of mind and body that both become active in the service of the soul. These things you can in turn carry to the world without,— the world with such possibilities for health and strength, so sadly perverted ; the world with its infinite capacity for love and sympathy, so strangely warped. You will carry with you, out of your fresh young experiences, the health, the comprehension of truth, and the larger sympathy and love it so really wants, in spite of its apparent obliviousness to those things.

First, then, you are going forth as am-



SUSIE ROGERS EMERSON.

bassadors of *health*. You will carry new life to the weak and to those who deem themselves strong, a wonderful realization of what the human body may become, carried beyond the flesh limitations into the realm of mind. You will open to the old world a veritable fountain of youth, far surpassing the one sought by that old Spaniard in the borders of the new world; for Ponce de Leon but sought the elixir which should prevent his growing old, whereas I have it, upon the word of our honored President himself, that under the application of Emersonian principles he grows *younger* every day.

Second, you will go forth as ambassadors of *truth*, carrying a new message of love and faith and hope. You will lead men to greater, nobler thoughts and a stronger belief in ideals, either by your own words gleaned from your own experience or by the revelation of the great minds in literature, which have been your daily companions for these last three years, and are among your best and dearest friends, so that the message they have brought to you you in turn will give to others.

But above all, you will carry forth with you that which the world needs most, a tenderer sympathy and deeper love to all mankind. Dr. Lansing has said, "There is one certain thing that marks the climax of all human power, and when this has been done we know the best has been done that can be done, and this supremest thing that any one can do is to love." From the day of your entrance here as Freshmen you felt that loving, believing sympathy, that firm belief in your innate potentialities, which inspired you to do your best, until little by little you grew to a comprehensive grasp of what it meant, and belief in it; until you appropriated it for your own; and that you will carry with you to your work, that

it may do for others what I have seen it do for you.

You will not be discouraged if the world does not rush to you, demanding what you have. You will go to it and carefully and slowly, perhaps, but surely, bring it to a realization of the final and supreme prevalence of truth; for what you desire is not so much an instant, as an eternal, recognition — the fixed star, not the meteor.

But neither will you sit quietly down to let the world wonder and then seek you; but you will be aggressive; you will carry your truths to people and cause them to see them so clearly that they must accept them. You will not be "continuously aggressive, but persistently so," as one of our leaders once said.

You will meet opposition, but if you have a truth of value you will accept its power to prevail, believe in it, and stick to it. You will not be the ones to strike colors in the face of adverse criticism, O Class of 1900!

Truth will prevail in the end. All that is needful is that you should be living exponents of the truth you advocate. You can never lead men to a higher physical, mental, or spiritual plane than that which you yourselves occupy. Hence as you go out from the College you will not drop those principles and ideals which you have adopted so enthusiastically here, nor let them slip from you by contact with the world, but you will continue to live them as faithfully as when under the inspiration of our College itself; for the world measures you not by what you *say* but by what you *are*, and to carry your principles into active operation you must be living testimonials in your own bodies and minds.

"T is full in mortals to command success,

But we 'll do more, my Classmates; we 'll deserve it."

This, then, is the future that I read

from your past. You have learned how to *think*, to *work*, and to *live*, but the end is not yet. You will continue students in your study of life's larger book as you go forth as helpers, as teachers. Teachers! — some in the ordinary business acceptance of the word, others as readers, others as lecturers, while some will carry the same spirit into the more sacred circle of the home, and a *very new* home, in some instances. But in whatever capacity you go, be your sphere of action great or small, you will be true, Class of 1900, to the high ideals, the larger plane of thought and action, attained through this great system of education, which has

daily demanded the utmost we could give of sympathy, faith, and love.

You will go forth with your best to serve the world; and as the world sees the service, it will acknowledge you and assure your success. Be true to your principles, be true to yourselves,

"And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

You will be true, O Class of 1900, true in the greatest, and true in the least; and looking into your earnest faces, I feel that in that Great To-morrow which you are to help make I can put the invocation of Tiny Tim into a solemn affirmation that God will bless us, *every one*.

Class Poem.

EDITH PECKER.

FAR down through the cloud-light of existence
Soft glideth the ages, each bar on bar,
Forming the wondrous rainbow of being,
Shaped 'neath the glow of that Bethlehem Star.

Silently the years appear and vanish —
The mighty nations they come and they go,
While each life formeth the tints of his brother
And all is attuned to the Over-Soul's glow.

Life's rainbow will ne'er be completed
Till the promise of life is fulfilled;
Till every soul perfecteth its mission,
And all the nations have done as God willed.

Then life shall set in a halo of dawn-light
That shall have never a darkness between —
Only the deep and silent transition
From the what is here unseen to the seen.

God e'er speaks, yet humanity hears not,
Save as some human heart guideth the way;
And the ancient orators are watching
You as orators press onward to-day.

Work in the *now*, eternal yet changing;
Out of its forming glide the future and past.
"By and by" but heralds sad "might have
been;"
Follow the Morning Star; cling to it fast.

Work in relation to life's culmination,
Scorn not hidden lives that seem to lie low;

God may be forming a perfected heart-life;
Seeds deepest planted take longest to grow.

Outer petals of flowers are coarsest,
The cent'ring petals are silken and fine —
So, many hearts are rough in the external,
While their inmost life is richly divine.

Waken harmonies silently surging
Down the silvern vistas of every soul,
Rouse its highest self — discords will vanish,
Beauteous as dawn-light forming its whole.

And for each there 's a place and a wanting,
There 's a sacred life-mission to pursue;
And the path that now openeth dimly
Clear unfoldeth with each duty we do.

For if in God's plan faileth one life-throb,
It mars the completeness of creation;
For it's not the great things God valueth,
But their perfect and subtle relation.

Then teach mankind to know itself deeply,
Each as a new revelation of God;
That life's failures are soul's greatest triumphs,
If only faith overcometh the clod.

Teach all hearts to respond to God's fingers,
And, above the world's incessant roll,
Listen to the psalm of the universe,
For it is one with the psalm of the soul.

Be what you are—and others will be so;
 Deep the meaning in the commonplace, too;
 Strive not for fame—it but hides the low strain
 Of hearts that are calling for you.

All that our leader and teachers have taught us
 Humanity needs with a want untold;

And to-day as each starts on his life-path,
 Till we graduate at life's gates of gold,

Let us give to the world with God leading,
 Let us serve with our truth-banner unfurled,
 To make *peace* the watchword of all nations,
 And make *love* the grand psalm of the world.

Class Song.

H. FRANCES DEMPSEY.

Air, "Joy to the World."

OUR Alma Mater, hail, thrice hail!
 We sing farewell this time;
 In memory our hearts can't fail
 To live anear thy shrine.

We pledge to live in noble deeds,
 Bear forth thy grand ideals;
 Helping where'er the world has need,
 And live in service real.

With wisdom may our feet be shod,
 Fair hope our guiding star;

Our hearts by faith be linked with God;
 Love shed its light afar.

The world has need of service true,
 Strong hands and hearts sincere;
 For there is sacred work to do,
 With lives to shield and cheer.

Help those who leave these halls to-day
 Their grand truths to express.
 Thou Righteous One, to Thee we pray
 Our Emerson to bless!

Class Oration—Ideals.

LENA D. HARRIS.

'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do.—*Browning.*

THE study of oratory leads us to inquire, What is the basis of its success? We know this is not to be gained by means of any tricks or subterfuges. Oratory has undergone an evolution during the last twenty years. We have passed the childhood age of imitation and clever specialties, but we have not yet attained the zenith of its possibilities.

We know that in the final analysis it is not what we say but what we are that has the talismanical influence over others. A friend once wrote in a letter, "No one has a right to utter a truth he does not live every hour of his life. I throw that down as a gauntlet." The phrase interested me, and I questioned whether it was an exaggeration or not. After long

consideration, I conclude that it has the ring of merit. In the business world this stands supreme,—that a man's word is worth only what his character will guarantee. To go down the scale for illustration, a man's cheque is worth only the amount of his credit at the bank; so in oratory, a man's speech is valuable in ratio to the wealth of his personality.

Granting this premise, that oratory depends upon character, our next question is, Upon what is character founded? Several answers might be suggested; among them, heredity and environment. I recognize the importance of both, but I maintain that one's character is principally in his own hands to make or to ruin. Other things being equal, it will correspond perfectly to the ideal he holds in his mind during the vicissitudes of life

The architect in constructing a building fashions it after the model that glows in his brain; the sculptor carves the stone according to the beautiful image that haunts his mental vision; the musician writes out the theme that rings so sweetly in his inner consciousness. Every fine art is a realization of the ideal.

Then, if ideals are so potent in their influence, why is it not rational to believe that man's destiny is first worked out in his own mind? I do not refer to the people that are drifting. Alas, they are like fair ships launched without chart or compass. When the storms come they will be at the mercy of the wind and the waves. If it is sad to see a beautiful ship lost for the want of skilful guidance, how much more pitiful is it to see a soul drifting hither and yon, having no aim toward which it may direct its latent energies. The man without an ideal is confused in the dust of the race-track and loses sight of the prize beyond. He becomes disheartened or stops to pick up the baubles that glitter in the sunshine and so fails to arrive at the goal.

Goethe says, "That which we desire strongly enough in youth will come upon us in heaps in old age." If we harbor evil ambitions we shall take to ourselves that for which we are prepared. Macbeth has long dallied with the purpose of murdering Duncan to secure the crown. Accordingly, when he meets the Weird Sisters on the blasted heath he is already minded to act as he does. They put nothing into his mind, but draw out what is already there, acting as mediators between the secret upspringing purpose and the final accomplishment of the crime. Shakespeare has intimated this relationship in a subtle manner. You remember the Witches close their incantation with the words, "Fair is foul and foul is fair." When Macbeth enters, he echoes this weird chant in his remark to

Banquo, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen."

In the crisis of life the soul will be true to its training. If we habitually cherish high thoughts and noble aspirations our souls will not betray us at the trying moment. Martin Relph had allowed selfishness to gain the supremacy; when the time came to prove himself a hero he found he was both a coward and a murderer, and he spent the remainder of his life in vain remorse over the fatal decision of a moment. We must be true every moment of our lives if we desire to be true when the test comes; for in the hour of danger there is often no time for reflection and our spontaneous action proves what we are. It is well that opportunities thus come, revealing us to ourselves, for we are aware of what is within only by the shadow it casts in the light of occasion. Two little English boys were one day playing "Follow the Leader" in a cathedral which was undergoing repairs. The larger boy ran from one place to another, but his little friend followed him closely, making laughing remarks about the easy trial he was having. At last, in despair, the larger boy climbed up the columns supporting the gallery, the little one following; then he climbed out over the beams that ran across, inside the roof, sixty feet above the floor. When he reached the middle he slipped, but caught by his arms. The little boy followed. It was growing dusk and he lost his grasp and fell, catching hold of the larger boy's waist; then slipped down to his ankles. Here they hung, calling for help, but the workmen had departed and no one heard them. It was growing so dark that they could distinguish nothing in the gloom below. At last a faint moonbeam streamed through the stained glass, casting a pale golden halo about the head of the little fellow as he asked, "Can you hold on

much longer?" "Yes, maybe some one will come," replied the larger lad. But no one came to their relief. All was silent. Only the sobbing cries for help were to be heard in the vast cathedral. At last the little boy asked again, "Do you think you can hold on much longer?" "I'm afraid I can't." The moments crept by like hours; the moon glided under a cloud and it was very dark. "Do you think you could hang on if I dropped?" panted the smaller boy. "I don't know." There was a breathless pause, then a dull thud far down below. The little lad had proved true in the crisis.

That ideals have a definite effect upon us, no one would be willing to deny. We know that an object of thought held steadily before the mind will be expressed through the voice. The "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous" old Scrooge had a voice as cold and hard as his heart before the visit of the spirits. When the love of Christmas was born within him he found it difficult to feign his former growl, and his voice became cheery and good to hear.

Mental concepts are reported also by the face and the body. The portraits of Joseph Mayr strikingly illustrate the marvellous change that his face has undergone since he began representing Christus in the Passion Play twenty years ago. Constant association with the ideal character which he aspired to present has given to his face an expression of spirituality and purity like that seen in the inspired paintings of the old masters.

The centre of the body, the chest, corresponds to the centre of the soul, which is beneficence. The thief does not say, "Now I will hold my chest low." Nature does it for him. Let him become an honest man, loving the right, and see how his chest will respond to its new master and be lifted up into its rightful position of honor and self-respect. "Years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless

music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind."

As the body belonging to the physical world responds to ideals so does the soul in the spiritual realm. The Scriptures impress this truth in many places. St. Paul says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." And again, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

The ideal gives atmosphere to the person. Some people spread profanity without ever uttering a profane word. Words do not constitute profanity. That is deeper and has its origin in the spirit. So there are people who are surrounded by an atmosphere of purity and peace. Though they may never verbally counsel us, we feel when we are near them renewed determination to follow *our* high ideals, to set *our* faces as a flint toward. The poets love to dwell on this silent influence. Tennyson sings of one whose eyes were "homes of silent prayer," and Longfellow tells us that when Evangeline had passed it seemed "like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Ian Maclaren says that every calling should have its ideal. If it is pursued on a purely mercantile basis it is not lofty and should not be tolerated. The physician should seek to save lives, not to win large fees; the minister to cure souls, rather than to draw a large salary; the teacher must love her work and her pupils or she will never be successful.

It is the ideals that win our love and affection. They are given to us by the artists and poets, and lift this common workaday world into the realm of the

Infinite. Wordsworth's "Sweet Highland Girl" is in the memory when we visit the modest little fall of water at Inversnaid. There are other cascades more beautiful than this, there are other spots where we prize the memory and "feel that she hath eyes," but the "light that never was on sea or land" is over the place, and we linger, enchanted by the glamour of the poet's idealism.

Because our ideals are ever expanding, ever reaching starward, we sometimes become hopeless of ever realizing them. They seem like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and we sympathize with the poet who found in climbing the mountains that ever as he rose the heavens rose. It is only in retrospection that we can see the progress we have made, and this progress is marked by the ideals which have dominated different stages of development.

At first, perhaps, happiness was the ideal for which we struggled. We may have been inspired by the words of the hymn, "Let your face be like the morning as the days are going by." This ideal usually belongs to a youthful period of life, when it is natural to be happy, when life is roseate. Wordsworth wrote,

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free,
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."

Ruskin, after copying it in his note-book, added, "A girl is like that when everything goes well with her."

After a while we discover that happiness is a perfume which one cannot shed over others without a few drops falling on one's self. This is the beginning of a grander lesson in the school of life. We are learning to appreciate the meaning of the brotherhood of man. We yearn to hasten the glad time when

"Man to man the whole world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Out of this truth is developed the noblest ideal of all, that of service. When we have attained to this as the supreme desire of life we have caught sight of a Divine vision. It is that of the Master washing the feet of the disciples, teaching them by example how to be abased and yet exalted.

Dear classmates and friends of Emerson College, I feel that on this Commencement Day we have reason to rejoice that we have been learning valuable lessons of life from devoted teachers; that we have been in close touch with one of the grand souls of modern times. The words of wisdom which have fallen from the lips of Dr. Emerson have been treasured in our hearts, but a yet greater influence has come from our having been personally associated with him.

Let us not forget the watchwords he has given, the ideals he has pointed out to us. May these noble ideals ever shine before us, guiding us through life, and at last lighting us across the dark valley of shadows into the joy and radiance of the vast Hereafter.

Parting Song of "1900."

ARNBERG, '00.

*Air, "Auld Lang Syne." **

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should "1900" be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

* Shade of "Bobbie Burns," forgive.

CHORUS.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll give our college cheer on cheer,
For auld lang syne.

[Class cheer, given after each chorus : E. C. O. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! E. C. O. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Ma-zas-ka-ä, Nineteen Hundred, Rah ! Rah ! Rah !]

Our President — long may he live,
And still more honored be,
His golden precepts "household words"
From East to Western sea.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Give Dr. Emerson cheer on cheer,
For auld lang syne.

Long live our teachers, one and all,
Kind friends they are indeed,
Responsive to our every call,
Helpful in every need.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We give our teachers cheer on cheer,
For auld lang syne.

Juniors and Freshmen, all with whom
We've met from day to day,
We have for *you* a parting cheer;
God speed you on your way.

What "1900" fain had been
May "20th century" be !
And when you highest honors win
May we be here to see !

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
For "20th century" cheer on cheer,
For auld lang syne.

And now, dear classmates, standing here
At parting of the ways,
Let's pledge each other still to be
Good comrades all our days.
When in our varied fields we toil
The seeds of truth to sow,
Heaven's blessing be upon the soil,
That they may spring and grow.
And when at last the ripening grain
Inspires our harvest song —
"Hail Emerson !" our glad refrain,
"To thee our sheaves belong."

CHORUS.

Now once again for auld lang syne,
For President so dear,
For classes present, past, to come,
One grand, exultant cheer !
For auld lang syne, etc.

Addresses by the Graduate Students.

Opening Address.

MINNIE BELLE BRADFORD.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

"A hundred-thousand welcomes.
I could laugh and I could weep.
I am light and I am heavy.
Welcome."

We, the Graduate Class of 1900, stand to-day before the door of the world of action. You are beside us, wishing us a hearty "Godspeed." We thank you.

Our door opens toward the *East*,—a world of light. We look forth filled with hope, courage, faith. There is work for us to do in that world; we are ready to do it! We cannot fail if we but hold fast to the truth — in which we have been so

well grounded here at Emerson College — that "service is the highroad to success."

Service. Not a royal road, we are well aware. There are mountains to climb, and dismal valleys to pass through, but we fear not, for

"Before us, even as behind,
God is, and all is well."

We may sometimes be tempted to go *around* a mountain; it may seem easier. But let us remember that only by climbing to the summit do we get the *broad view*. From the heights of surmounted difficulties we catch glimpses of the true

meaning of life, and see more clearly our pathway for the future.

Perhaps but few of us — possibly none of us — will ever be great in the world's eyes. But to be truly great lies within the reach of all. The world will be richer and better for our having lived in it if *Service! Service!* ever be our motto.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

For four years we have been studying — oratory, we say. Ah, we have been studying the philosophy of true living! What we have gained can never be taken from us. We have a knowledge that shall make all life sweeter and deeper.

These years have been happy ones. God alone knows how much they have meant to us, and only He knows how full of gratitude our hearts are — gratitude to Him, as the great Giver of all things, and to our faithful teachers, who have been most truly *guides*, pointing the

way to a higher and broader development.

There is a tinge of sadness in our hearts to-day. It is hard to leave this dear home. But in the truest sense we are not leaving it. Its spirit goes with us wherever our path may lie. And as we teach and knowledge deepens we shall become more truly members of our Alma Mater.

The spirit of harmony which has pervaded our work will be felt throughout our lives. And as harmony is the secret of true happiness, I think we may safely say we have learned how to be happy. Discouragements may come and we may be for a time plunged into a sea of discord, but I believe it cannot last; for, as Carlyle says, "We have a work, a life-purpose; we have found it, and will follow it!" So we go forth into the busy world, with unbounded hope, courage, and faith.

And now, friends all, we welcome you most cordially to our exercises this afternoon. If but our earnest purpose in life shine through our words — 'tis all we ask.

Education.

GRACE DELLE DAVIS, '99.

THE appeal for education has ever been ringing down the ages. That silvery peal has never been silenced. Other sounds have seemed to smother it at times, but sweeter and still more sweet, grander and still more grand, that glorious chime has gone on. Hark! How many bells are ringing? One? A thousand? Nay, they are infinite. We can number them only by the aspiring souls who have passed this way and gone thence. No human being ever lived who did not add his tinkling bell to the grand symphony. Some, it is true, have sounded more

powerfully than others, but there never was one so faint or inharmonious that it did not lend some strength or sweetness to the grandeur of the whole. What are these bells ringing? "Education! Education! Give, oh, give us education!"

In these days of systems and methods we need frequently to take a long perspective to make sure that we are living not for time but for eternity. Let us therefore consider for a little while the inner significance of this problem.

The desire for education, in its broadest and truest sense, is that inner long-

ing for soul development which all feel, though not all understand. We want something, something undefinable, but oh, how important! We try to stifle this longing by offering trivialities to the soul in place of the eternal verities, and we say, "Be still; be satisfied." But are we ever satisfied? No, not until we feel that the soul is growing toward the ideal that we have consciously or unconsciously outlined for ourselves.

Look back at the men who stand as the representative educators of the world — what do we get from reading their impassioned appeals but the cry of the soul for that higher spiritual development? The lives of these prophets and seers, many of them, were far from the ideal which they presented in their teaching; but there was that inner something which burst all bonds of habit and voiced what their souls *would have*. We find this especially true of Bacon and Rabelais, whose lives we would not copy, but who advanced principles and ideals of education that are now being realized.

What was it for which Comenius aimed but soul development when he said that the end of education was to train men and women "in wisdom, virtue, and piety, that all should be fitted to take part in the reformation of the world"? What was it that made Locke say, "'T is virtue, then, direct virtue, which is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education"? And Montaigne, who says almost in the same language, "The end of wisdom is virtue — and its signal mark is unruffled joy, for wisdom calms the tempests of the soul"? What impelling force was there in Pestalozzi, whom Froebel says "to listen to was to set one's soul on fire for a higher, nobler life"? And what of Froebel himself, who sums up his own principles with these words: "The task of education, therefore, is to help the soul in its aspiration toward unity with God and His mani-

festation of Himself in nature,—to educate men whose feet shall stand on God's earth, rooted fast in nature, while their heads tower up to heaven and read its secrets with a steady gaze; whose hearts shall embrace both earth and heaven, shall enjoy the life of earth and nature, with all its wealth of forms, and at the same time shall recognize the purity and peace of heaven, that unites in its love God's earth with God's heaven"? .

The expressions of these masters vary, but the essence is the same. It is the recognition of this which enables us not to mourn when a Ruskin leaves us, for we feel that he had that which could not be confined to any method, or system, or anything of the earth, earthy, but a long perspective that could almost pierce the veil and catch the roseate tints of the new and never-ending day.

Now, in a brief recapitulation, what have we? The ever-present, urgent demand for education, which is in its last analysis the prayer of the soul for a higher spiritual development. We have shown this to be true by giving in their own words the final aim sought by some of the greatest educators of the past. We could bring many more illustrations from those of the present. The president of Wellesley College said recently, "*The supreme task of all education is the training of the soul.*" Thus the past and the present unite in declaring this to be true, that *the supreme task of all education is the training of the soul.*

How, then, shall the soul be trained? If we could answer that we should have solved every question that ever was formulated; for it embraces all things known and unknown, realistic and ideal, finite and infinite. It is the question which Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Cicero, approached with awe; therefore let us be lenient with ourselves if, even now, aided by the science and phi-

losophy of all time, past and present, we cannot answer it.

But what is the result of right training? *Proper relationship*. Whatever is accomplished that is essential and final in its effect is accomplished through or by means of relationship. There never was a method formulated, a system established, a creed or an "ism" proclaimed, but by the art of relating this to that, or that to this.

It is surprising, given but comparatively few natural laws, how many and varied are the combinations which have been made—all with at least one element of truth in them; namely, *the natural law*. It is like taking the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet and forming a Webster's Unabridged simply by different combinations of the *a b c's*. The whole plan of the universe is built upon the proper adjustment of these various fundamental laws.

Through what avenues do we come to a knowledge, or, as we might say, a prescience, of this law of relationship which is the key-note to the training of the soul?

We have fallen into the mistaken idea of connecting the world of education too entirely with the school, which is one of its noblest workshops. Education can no more be limited to the confines of the school than can the prayer of the soul be shut in by the four walls of a room. It is a spirit, a spirit that enters into every phase of human existence, broad as truth, mighty and far-reaching as righteousness, for it is both truth and righteousness. Where, then, do we first find this spirit of education?

In the *home*. What should we have here? Education in relating ourselves to the dear ones who have been placed near us in the divine plan. We get lessons here which, if understood, would solve some of the knotty problems that are puzzling the greatest minds of the

day. Some of the educators of old went so far as to say that all education should be in the home, so much were they impressed with the sweet influence of the mother's love, and the power of the wise father's example, and the benefit which comes from the near and sacred relations to be found here. We would not agree with them that the home is all, but we would place it first in order, at least.

Now we may rightly consider the school, that trial of all philosophers and educators who feel that here is where reform must start, where power must be generated, where the relationship of things must become a fine art—and it is fast becoming one. We find many new relationships in the school, of people, of things, and of ideas, and perhaps the last is the most important. The school has to deal much with the theoretical, the ethical, the ideal, side of things, but by that we do not mean that it excludes the practical and realistic. Its aim is to idealize the practical and render practical the ideal. We could discuss the school element in education *ad infinitum* and then say most truly, "It is many-sided and needs many minds and many means to elevate it to what it ought to be." There is, however, one phase of relationship which the school has not emphasized sufficiently, and the mention of it will bring to our minds four other avenues through which the spirit of education is at work. We will allow the schoolmen to say that the school is all-important when it educates mankind to properly relate himself to the home, the school itself, the business world, society, the state, and the church. That is the ideal which every thinker acknowledges. We should remember that all education does not begin and end with the school, the college, and the university.

The business world and society are mighty and complex phases with which to deal, but that glorious spirit is at work

even here, and more and more the doctrine of old Comenius is coming to be the watchword: "Do what thou wilt, but do it unselfishly." More and more the principle of "ordered freedom" is being recognized,—a freedom that does not cramp or hinder the aspiration of one's own soul, but does not interfere with the aspirations of another. So many and varied are the relationships involved here that an enumeration of them would be impossible. There is the temperance movement, the woman's suffrage movement, the cause of the black man, the reformation of convicts, the white shield movement, and many others which show that the ideal condition is being recognized, and that loving hearts and mighty brains are devoting themselves to a solution of the problem with a consecration which is only equalled by that of the early Christian martyrs.

In the *state* we find a still greater complexity of relationships, and we are rapidly being educated along this line by events that are now transpiring. Not only are we learning to relate and co-ordinate affairs in our own particular state and nation, but we are learning the importance of the relationship between

different countries. War brings a mighty though terrible illustration of this.

Now the sixth and last avenue, which should be the climax of them all, is the church, the religious school. The church should exalt and sanctify the knowledge we have already gained, and bring the soul to a realization of its own divinity, the recognition of the divinity in the souls of others, and to the recognition and adoration of the great "Over-Soul," the Creator of law, of relationships, of all being,—the Infinite God. It is possible that we feel overwhelmed with a sense that life is not long enough to accomplish all this. True, the mind cannot maintain a tension strong enough to grasp all these relationships at once and for all time, but we may be sure that they are all working out according to God's plan. It is our work at present so to train the soul that it shall properly relate itself to the every-day details of life; and when, as Emerson has said, "We have satisfied our relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat and dog, so that none of them can upbraid us," then we shall be ready for greater and more complex relations.

Browning's Philosophy of Art.

FRANCES TOBEY, '99.

"In art the soul uplifts man's best of thanks."

I STAND before you keenly conscious that my theme is large and my resources are small. Be this my only justification: we, as students of Emerson College, have been, during the past four years, and shall continue to be, students of art, in the broadest sense of the term. Whatever degree of success we may have attained in our special art has been attained only through obedience to universal art principles, which, under the guidance of Dr.

Emerson, we have learned to know as principles of life. But even had not the trend of our thought and study made us avowed students of art, we could still claim the right and the capacity to appreciate in some measure the lofty ideals held by that reverential exponent of art principles, Robert Browning. Jean Ingelow has said somewhere:—

"And we count
For poets all who ever felt that such
They were, and all who secretly have known

That such they could be; aye, moreover, all
Who wind the robes of ideality
About the bareness of their lives and hang
Comforting curtains, knit of fancy's yarn,
Nightly betwixt them and the frosty world."

Accepting the poet's classification in its larger application, I speak to the *artists* before me.

Aside from any consideration of the artistic perfection of his verse, in regard to which such a diversity of opinions has been expressed, and which it does not serve us here to touch upon, Robert Browning may be called pre-eminently the *artist's* poet. His was essentially the artistic temperament — so varied in range, indeed, that in his early youth it was a question which particular branch of art would afford the most adequate expression for the force and meaning within him. We cannot but rejoice that the soul chose to speak to the world through the medium of verse, inasmuch as he has given us a literature rich in ideals for the painter and the musician, directly, no less than for the poet.

We shall not dwell upon a classification of the art poems. Those relative to painting and painters are numerous and varied. Moreover, we can continually trace the hand of the painter in the picturesqueness of the poet's style. A few bold strokes of the brush, and his characters stand forth from the canvas, living, breathing men and women. None but a painter could have conceived a fancy like that embodied in those exquisite lines entitled "A Face," and beginning: —

"If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold."

We see the hand of the painter in the poet's method of delineating his women — from the Duchess, of whom it is written: —

"She was the smallest lady alive,
Made in a piece of nature's madness,

Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That overfilled her," —

to Pompilia, "perfect in whiteness."

We see it in pictures such as the one drawn in "Meeting at Night": —

"The gray sea, and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon, large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand."

A musician no less than a painter, Browning's nature was exquisitely sensitive to harmony. No more beautiful poem has ever been given to the musicians than "Abt Vogler."

But it is not of the poet's methods or subject-matter that I would speak — but of his philosophy of art as suggested throughout the great body of his poems. And in the first place we shall give him the opportunity to justify his art, as he does in what we may call the apology for "The Ring and the Book." After suggesting the moral of his story he comments thus upon it: —

"Why take the artistic way to prove so much?
Because it is the glory and good of art
That art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth. . . .
How look a brother in the face and say,
'Thy right is wrong; eyes hast thou, yet are
blind;

And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!
Say this as silverly as tongue can troll —
The anger of the man may be endured,
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear — but here 's the plague
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks
false.

But art, — wherein man nowise speaks to men
But only to mankind" —

Ah, art is always impersonal. That is why it is one of the greatest of ethical factors, — because it reflects the lesson, without the sting of the personal application.

"Art may tell a truth

Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate
word.

So you may paint your picture, twice show
truth,

Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—

So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived,—

So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

We are indebted to Browning for many beautiful ideals of art. In the "Parleyings with Certain People" he speaks as follows of a roomful of art treasures:—

"Rare shapes never wed

To actual flesh and blood, which, brain-born
once,

Became the sculptor's dowry."

We are reminded of the truth that we have heard so often during our years of study,— "Art is nature passed through mind and fixed in form"—"brain-born." It is, therefore, a higher form than nature—it is not merely an imitation of nature.

"And all seemed old, yet new:

Youth, in the marble's curve, the canvas' hue,
Apparent, wanted not the crowning thrill
Of age the consecrator."

True art is, indeed, ever "old, yet new:" old, because it is an expression of that universal consciousness to which time is as naught; new, because this universal spirit has spoken anew through an individual personality.

Again, it is conceived of the poet, the singer, that he

"Pierced the screen

'Twixt thing and word, lit language straight from
soul,—

Left no fine film flake on the naked coal

Live from the censor—shapely or uncouth,

Fire-suffused through and through, one blaze of
truth

Undeaded by a lie."

I know of no more beautiful expression of the lofty ideals which Dr. Emerson has held before us in our art day after day than is embodied in the lines I have just

quoted. To "pierce the screen 'twixt thing and word," that they may be one; to light "language straight from soul;"— nothing less than this passes current in the realm of eloquence. We are reminded of the early days in our pursuit of art, when we were exceedingly concerned as to the artistic form of our expression, and sought to avoid crudities and rank realism. We were so anxious to be artistic! And so much were we concerned as to the possibilities of this outcome that we sometimes forgot *the truth* that we desired should speak *through* the artistic form. And the oft-repeated admonition from our mentor, "Speak your message to the hearts of this people with a 'divine recklessness' as to form—and be sure the spirit speaking through you will carve its own form," is suggested anew in the poet's words, "Shapely or uncouth, fire-suffused through and through, one blaze of truth undeaded by a lie."

Howard S. Pearson, in a lecture delivered before the Birmingham Central Literary Association, classified the tendencies or schools of art as illustrated by Browning into three: (1) art for the love of art, or pure æstheticism; (2) art for the love of nature, or realism; (3) art for the love of God and humanity, or idealism.

The first school,—art for the love of art,—which has been most in vogue in recent times, we have recognized as folly. It seeks to substitute the sign for the thing signified—accepts the symbol as significant in itself. Browning suggests the utter futility of this philosophy in his "Cleon,"—the representative of the highest Greek civilization and art, the master of all the arts, who, having no conception of the possibility of living and speaking in and through his art, finds the keen art instinct only an additional source of suffering in the face of the contemplation of death. "The Bishop

Orders His Tomb at St. Praxid's" is a grim object-lesson illustrating the hopeless vanity of art as an end in itself. The old bishop, face to face with death, devotes all his thought and energy to giving directions for the construction of a costly and ornate tomb, to be decorated with designs of Greek gods and Christian saints together, in which he looks forward to spending eternity.

The second tendency—art for the love of nature, or realism—we have recognized as a necessary step toward something higher. The first was false; the second has truth, and much truth, but not the whole truth. Browning's representative *par excellence* of this school is "Fra Lippo Lippi," the frolicsome, warm-blooded, earth-loving monk who painted nature so truly that the learned friars were startled out of their implacable calm:—

"How? What's here?

Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! it's devil's game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men—
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no, it's
not . . .

It's vapor done up like a new-born babe—
(In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth),
It's—well, what matters talking? It's the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!"

Well—we may let the rollicking monk speak for himself:—

"Now, is this sense, I ask?

A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill the eye can't stop there, must go farther
And can't fare worse! . . .
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like
Both in their order?

Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—

(I never saw it—put the case the same—)

If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you
have missed,
Within yourself, when you return Him thanks."

And again:—

"You have seen the world,
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights, and
shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
—For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? Oh, this last, of course!—you say.
But why not do as well as say,—paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, 'His works
Are here already; nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't),
There's no advantage! You must beat her then.'
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have
passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Fra Lippo Lippi has made an able plea, in truth. We grant the truth that the pious friars missed,—that soul cannot be projected in art except through legs and arms and corresponding adjuncts which offended their sanctimonious taste. We feel that the mirth-loving, beauty-loving monk is often nearer the God of love, who is the God of beauty no less, than are those who condemn him for his fidelity to nature. Realism is a necessary step in art. Dr. Emerson has said that idealism must be informed by realism—that the suggestive is born of the despair of the realist.

And so, recognizing this step for what it is worth, Browning does not stop with it. He is ever the idealist. To him, art

must have a higher aim than to divert, or even to reflect nature, laudable though that be. In the "Parleyings" we find this counsel bestowed upon "Christopher Smart:"—

"Nature? What comes next?

Why all the strength and beauty?—to be shown
Thus in one word's flash, thenceforth let alone
By Man, who needs must deal with aught that's
known

Never so lately and so little? Friend,
First give us knowledge, then appoint its use!
Strength, beauty, are the means: ignore their
end?

As well you stopped at proving how profuse
Stones, sticks, nay, stubble, lie to left and right
Ready to help the builder,—careless quite
If he should take, or leave the same to strew
Earth idly,—as by word's flash bring in view
Strength, beauty, then bid who beholds the same
Go on beholding. Why gains unemployed?
Nature was made to be by Man enjoyed
First; followed duly by enjoyment's fruit,
Instruction—haply leaving joy behind:
And you, the instructor, would you slack pursuit
Of the main prize, as poet help mankind
Just to enjoy, then leave them? Play the fool,
Abjuring a superior privilege?
Please simply when your function is to rule—
By thought incite to deed?"

We can accept no motive less lofty than this for our art,— "By thought to incite to deed." How many are there, so-called artists, who are content to "play the fool, abjuring a superior privilege!"

You will remember that "Andrea del Sarto," in that best-known and most beautiful of the art poems, gives us an intimation of the difference between the art which is technically perfect and the art which *reaches* because it is projected by spirit. Andrea del Sarto, who was contemporary with Raphael, was known to his generation as the "Faultless Painter;" he had a keenly artistic temperament, and such facility in drawing that his work seemed perfect. But he bartered his soul,—traded upon his art for the sake of his soulless wife, the beautiful Lucrezia. In Browning's poem he

is made to reflect upon the failure of his life to attain its early ideals:—

"I do what many dream of, all their lives,
— Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others
strive

To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
Yet do much less, so much less! . . .
Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged!
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating, stuffed and stopped-up
brain,
Heart, or what'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of
mine.

Ah, . . . a man's reach should exceed his
grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray,
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!"

And then he speaks of Raphael—
Raphael, whose drawing sometimes gave
way, but whose soul was transcendent:—

"Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way;
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a
mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there
urged

'God and the glory! never care for gain.'"

No more pathetic story than this can be found in literature. It is a soul tragedy — a gifted soul awake to the realization of its own failure but not strong enough to struggle and overcome.

Browning has given us our lesson. Art, ever vain as an end in itself, is worth while only as its motive is pure and high; only as it is soul speaking to

soul; only as it is a spontaneous expression of the worship of the soul.

To Robert Browning, poet, painter, musician, seer of God, art and life were one, even as beauty and truth were one: —

"O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty;
What further may be sought for or declared?"

Oration — The Vanishing Ideal.*

WILLIAM J. H. STRONG.

Written for the ear, NOT for the eye.

"... All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."†

THUS the great Tennyson voiced a mighty truth. Man is a creature of ideals. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."‡ The longing to be higher, greater, nobler beings than we are lies at the root of all our earnest endeavor. Aspiration is natural to every healthy soul. We see that which is above us, that which is beyond us, and that which has the form of perfectness, and from these, now here, now there, we take various elements and create our ideals. This done, we are happy. A beacon is before us. We have faith that with earnest effort we shall attain to the goal so plainly in sight.

Fatal delusion! Struggling on, we seem to approach the fond object of our desires, it is almost within our grasp, when a sudden mist passes, and lo! a transformation has taken place. Our ideal has changed. There it shines on a new pinnacle just ahead. We wonder, but press on anew, with our eyes fixed on the gleaming mark. We gain, we are dazzled by the brightness, we seek to clasp the beautiful vision, but again it

has vanished. Away in the distance it glimmers in a new form that we hardly recognize.

In disappointment and consternation we look about us. Our experience is no dream. We have progressed, for we are on a mountain. Our path of ascent is clear. It is rough-hewn and marked with blood. The air is rarer and more bracing. The summit is near, and there is our ideal calling and beckoning. Weary and faint, we summon all our strength, advance, gain the height — the ideal is gone! In despair we see it receding in the distance, and from our vantage-ground we realize that we are yet but on the foot-hills, while beyond are mountains, chain after chain, rising higher and higher until their tops are lost in the clouds.

Our endeavors seem hopeless. In anguish we moan, Is existence ever to be thus? Are we, Sisyphus-like, never to reach an accomplishment of our work? Are our ideals but mocking phantoms? Will they never be constant? Is their completion impossible? Must they ever change? We are weary of the vanishing ideal. Our hearts crave the changeless.

The changeless! Shall we in our mourning and discouragement ask for that in our ideal which we cannot find

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† Tennyson's "Ulysses," 19-21.

‡ Pope's "Essay on Man," I. 95.

elsewhere? The changeless! Where shall our souls seek it?

In ourselves? Science and experience teach that our very bodies depend for their life on change. Consider how swift time leaves its mark; but a few years and the head shall be gray, the elastic step feeble and halting.

Even the city is but a growth of to-day. Call to life the savage whose dust has slept for centuries in the wooded glen, the Viking from his marshy grave, the saintly Puritan from his mossy tomb,—would not their presence suggest a change?

But nations, we cry; they know no change! Yes, nations change. On the banks of the Tiber there is a massive ruin, stern and silent. We trace the history of this ruin back through a dim waste of years to the time when those walls first stood, and we are at the heart of the mighty empire,—Rome. Where is that empire now? The ruin speaks. This fallen empire is but one of many such.

But surely the earth abides forever! Ask the mountains, those "everlasting hills." "No," they reply, "ever rising toward the blue, ever are we worn away. Our brows are scarred by the storms of a million years."

But ask the ocean; here is the unchangeable! Old Ocean answers, "Nay, I am in constant change as my vast bulk swings in daily tides. The coral-worm is my victor. My ocean-bed is strewn with the debris of the universe. The volcanic dust, floating for centuries in the atmosphere, at length finds lodgment here, and in the course of time this accumulating weight brings upheaval to my shores. No day but sees the birth and the death of islands. The winds still sing the dirges of the lost Atlantis. My waves no longer roll above Sahara sands."

But search the heavens; here at last is the changeless! Such was the view in

the Middle Ages. As man in those far-off days beheld the heavens, to his natural eye they appeared ever the same. He noted indeed the succession of day and night, the seasons, and the passing years. He saw the falling star, and later, through Galileo's magic tube could watch the fateful sun-spots, and the comet in its fiery flight. These were of only transient interest. In his brief sight they caused no change. But view these in the light of science and all of them speak of change. The sun-spots are strange harbingers of evil; the falling star and the mysterious comet are fragments of destroyed worlds. The earth, no longer fixed and flat, revolves in changing circuit around the sun; still more, the sun, that apparently changeless centre of our system, that very sun itself obeys the law of centres, and with long-drawn train sweeps in a mighty circle about the bright Alcyone of the Pleiades.

What, no change in the firmament! Man has adopted the revolution of the earth upon its axis to mark his day, and the revolution of the earth around the sun to mark his year, but upon the great dial of the sky these divisions of time are too insignificant to be recorded. There are greater revolutions of the heavenly orbs that better serve as timekeepers for the universe. On one such scale, which well might be called the Universal Year, the revolution is so slow, so vast, so majestic, that the first minute of its first "day," reckoned from Adam, will not expire until the year 16,000. We can well believe with a great seer* that even "the whole of this vast period itself may too, in turn, be but the beginning in some still more endless year, whose infinite returns shall after all record but in-stants in eternity."

In the light of such stupendous facts the human mind stands awed. The frozen

* Lt. C. A. L. Totten.

ruins of the moon and the paling of a star are accounted for, and we can accept the words of the Psalmist as final, when he says, "The heavens . . . shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed."^{*}

Thus change rules throughout creation. All that is mortal is subject to its sway, and as our ideals are but the product of the mortal and finite, why should we be cast down because they change? In the physical world we may not know whither change is tending; but this we do know, that without change progress is impossible. Therefore to the earnest soul the changing ideal should be a source of inspiration and of joy, since by it our growth is revealed. We may liken our course to the parabolic curve, which ever approaches its goal but never reaches it.

Did we say never? Be of good cheer, faint heart; yet there is hope. To the eye of faith the Changeless does exist. Sometime we can attain. We have searched the physical universe and have found only change. But back of the universe stands One who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,—God. We have viewed our struggle from the human side only. View it in the light of the divine, and be joyful. Dissatisfaction is transient and of the night, for "we shall be satisfied, when we awake, with His likeness."[†]

The vanishing ideal, then, is a mighty truth. It strengthens our aspirations, purifies our motives, develops our characters, fills us with discontent with the changing, and points us to the Changeless. Then let us on to our assured day of attainment when that which is to be revealed shall be revealed, and in the glories of that joyful time we shall be

" . . . perfect, even as He is perfect "^{*} for " . . . we shall be like Him; when we shall see Him as He is."[†] But until that time, through all our mortal years, we can say with Tennyson:—

" Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

VALEDICTORY.

My dear classmates, this is a message of courage and trust to each one of us. We are about to enter our life-work. A few moments and we shall separate never to meet as a class again. These familiar walls we have so loved will know us no more, but we shall never forget our year together. We have all appreciated the earnestness and faithfulness and service which has marked our work. The spirit of harmony and love has ruled. We thank each other for the sympathy and the helpfulness which has brought us all such a rich reward. Our lives are the better and the nobler. There is indeed the pain of parting, yet there is a deep and abiding joy for the friendships and the experiences of the year that has passed. Although we part for a little while, and distance may separate us, yet the memories and the friendships will remain, mellowed and hallowed by time. Let us live courageously and trustfully. A voice, ringing through the centuries, is calling us to service and to sacrifice. Arise, let us go hence.

To our loved and honored President and Faculty we say farewell, with hearts full of tender regard. We thank you for the self-sacrificing interest and friendship with which you have labored for us, for the noble examples and standards you have set us, and for the faithfulness and ability which have aided and directed our efforts. Our powers are now

^{*} Psalm cii. 25, 26. Hebrews i. 11, 12.

[†] Psalm xvii. 15.

^{*} Matthew v. 48.

[†] 1 John iii. 2.

our own, and as we enter the larger and fuller field of labor, we extend this humble tribute of our love and gratitude.

To our fellow students who are still to remain, we give our congratulations and farewell. We rejoice in the thought of the many able and earnest students who

are following bravely on in the work. The Vanishing Ideal will lead you, and you will find here and now that

" . . . all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

Address to the Graduates—Through the Living Representative.*

WM. G. WARD.

We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.—*St. Paul, 2 Cor. iii. 18.*

ONE of the divinest compensations in the life of a teacher is the opportunity to see the awakening of the soul in the personality of his pupils; the opportunity to mark its gradual unfolding beneath the transforming power of lofty purposes and correct ideals. In common with you I have stood here the last few days to watch the culmination of this process; not its completion, for its growth goes on forever. Those whom we welcomed as strangers three or four years ago have stood before us at last, transformed, glorified. Radiant with the light of truth and the beauty of sincerity, they have left an abiding impression upon us, and upon the college spirit. This they have done, not by reflecting truth, but by embodying and representing the everlasting principles of truth, as taught us by our founder.

Nor have they failed to stimulate our minds and hearts to higher zeal. As I have listened I have constantly been thinking to myself, What recompense have you for masters such as these? They reach new heights. They come to you with a message. In answer to my own question I can only reply, These moments of transfiguration are equally profitable for all of us. No one comes

down from the mountain the same person who went up. The infusion of new life comes to us all in common, whether we are conscious of it or not. As we behold, we, too, are changed "into the same image from glory unto glory."

I often think of the poor old banished exile, Dante, as he tried to see with the eyes of his soul while fulfilling his promise to write of Beatrice such things as had never been written of any other woman. When he had passed through the dolorous region of Hell, and had climbed the steep and bitter ascent of Purgatory, he at last came out upon the top of the mountain, where his guide, Virgil, explained that he could conduct him no further. As Virgil vanished, he suddenly discovered that Beatrice had come from the celestial choir to be his guide through the Nine Heavens. After chiding him for his imperfections, she commanded him to fix his eyes upon her countenance, and they were immediately wafted to the First Heaven—that of the moon. With another arrow-flight they reached the Second Heaven, of the planet Mercury, which Beatrice entered with such joyfulness that the planet itself became more luminous. Another flight brought them to the Third Heaven, of Venus, and a fourth to the Heaven of the Sun. Their progress through the heavens is marked by the changing light on the face of his guide. The Fifth

* Arranged from notes.

Heaven, of the planet Mars, in opposition, brought him into the company of all who had died in the Crusades; and here he conversed with one of his ancestors who had lived six hundred years before.

By the paling light on the countenance of his guide he discovered that the white planet Jupiter had received them, for the red light of the planet Mars had died away as dies a maiden's blush. Another flight brought them to the planet Saturn, where dwelt the spirits of those who devoted themselves to a life of contemplation. The Eighth Heaven, the region of the fixed stars, and the Ninth, the Primum Mobile, completed their cycle, and Beatrice left him to take her place in the heavenly choir. During this journey from sphere to sphere her beauty had so increased that no mortal eye could longer support her ineffable smile, and thus she vanished into the Tenth Heaven.

We cannot fail to observe that the device by which Dante was enabled to make this wonderfully poetic picture of the heavenly world was the employment of the features of an earthly human being whose existence and whose memory he had worshipped, but who was, none the less, only a human being; nay, far more interesting than an angel, because she was human. We have somehow forgotten that the glory of God is revealed through His works, and that the chief work of God is the human soul. Nor need we forget that precious casket of the soul, the human countenance, through which the soul is revealed. Wordsworth long ago taught us that

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home . . .
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

Only in the full-grown man does it fade

into the light of common day. But this need not be, and is not, when right conditions prevail. When right ideals are always held before the mind we ought to pass from youth to manhood by an ever-changing progress "from glory unto glory."

In truth, this is the very principle for which all educational reformers have striven. Every one of them was started on its career by no less a purpose than the redemption and the glorification of human life through the influence of education. They desired to prevent the degeneration of humanity by leading it steadily forward, instead of allowing the pristine glory of childhood to decay. Perhaps, after all, these young people have builded better than they knew. Our astonishment at their success is owing to false standards in estimating educational progress. Ask the first hundred men who pass along this pavement, or along any other pavement in America—ask them their definition of education, and ninety-nine of them will tell you that education is knowledge, or learning. Whereas, not one of the great educational reformers will agree to such a definition. On the contrary, it has been the effort of their lives to uproot that idea.

Learning is not necessarily education. Locke maintained that the first element in education was the inculcation of virtue; without this, knowledge is only a curse. His second element was the inculcation of wisdom, which is the capacity of knowing how to use knowledge. The third element, in order of importance, was conduct, by which we are to understand, not simply manners, but rather the meaning which Matthew Arnold has given us under the head of conduct, which includes all our relations to individuals and to society. The foregoing, according to Locke, are the essential elements in education, while learning

would be given rank only as fourth in importance. Froebel did not reverse this order, but spent even more time in developing the earlier stages of the child-life, even before Locke's steps could begin. Pestalozzi carried the same idea even farther. First of all, he demanded that we should put the child in possession of his faculties. By these he meant, first, his physical faculties, without which nothing farther could be attained; and second, those of his mind and heart, in much the same order as Locke.

Herbart agreed in the main with these principles, but elaborated them much farther, especially providing for their more systematic application to the entire community. Locke's mistake had been in limiting his ideal to the education of a single person, some prince or favorite of fortune. Herbart brought us to right methods by democratizing education; and also added that most important of all modern ideas, the æsthetic presentation of the universe, not as a dull fact of mere knowledge, but knowledge as related to art, and to beauty. I submit that this is exactly what you have found here. From first to last you have been called upon to look at all things from the standpoint of art; and well you might, since there is nothing in the universe which can be correctly observed except from that standpoint.

This is so because all art is representative. There is no such thing as art in the abstract. There is no such thing as beauty in the abstract. This explains why there is so much vague and indefinite vamping about beauty among writers on æsthetics. All beauty is concrete, the beauty of some particular object, or some particular person. The art of imparting this notion has been revealed to you as a system, as a logical method of instruction, and rightly so, for the reason above given,—because all art is representative. It is easy to see that this is

true in music. It is also plain in painting; there the picture stands; it has nothing to do but to represent its original. The same is true, though a little less apparently, in sculpture and in architecture. In poetry it is much more difficult to observe. Not many would be able to prove it. In oratory it is equally essential, and it is equally easy for us to recognize the truth of the statement.

Here, however, it becomes necessary to ask, If art is representative, what does it represent? The answer is, Life; it represents life, and nothing else. It is our business to produce the picture, be it painted by whatsoever art it may. We cannot produce life, but we can direct and mold it. All progress is a growth, through this direction and unfolding of existing life. But I call you to observe that the process requires a highly specialized kind of knowledge,—delicate, ethereal, spiritual. So does all modern education. The graduate of the great college of our day differs from his fellows almost as much as might the graduates of a hundred different colleges in the olden time. Each man possesses the highly specialized education of his own group of studies, though he must remain ignorant of many other things. Only in this way can he hope to make an impression. The day of the all-around man has gone by.

I therefore call upon you to notice that this definition of education does not imply a neglect of knowledge; let no man dream that we despise or neglect the office of knowledge. Learning and knowledge have full recognition, only it is the highly specialized knowledge of which I have been speaking; the kind of knowledge which you can obtain nowhere else. The methods and the teaching by which it is imparted are the most difficult teaching in the world; but they are also the most effective. As Mr. Beecher once said, the projector of this kind of influ-

ence has a difficult task to perform; but his forces once set to work, he has only to sit upon the shore and see the waves come in. The self-propelling power of natural law is behind them, and nothing can limit the movement of such a force. We all recognize this for ourselves and rejoice in it. But when I think how long Dr. Emerson has seen these waves—these tides—of appreciation and gratitude sweeping around him, I can only imagine how rich he must be.

Then there is another result still more marvellous. We find that these young people can go to the ends of the earth and reproduce the same spirit. The welcome which they meet shows that the people need the contagion of their courage and their sympathy. And much more do they need it than they are aware. You shall find them as David found Saul:—

"He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as,
caught in his pangs

And awaiting his change, the king serpent all
heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time—so agonized Saul,
drear and stark, blind and dumb."

Moreover, you shall find that for some reason, best known to Himself, God has conditioned the redemption of all such souls, and of all others, so that they must depend upon the interposition of a human personality, a living representative. He might have sent angels, but He did not. He sends His messages through human beings. Like Dante, we are guided, even through the heavens, by human love and human sympathy. Like David, we are permitted to cry out, at last, to every perishing Saul:—

"O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man
like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand
like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!"

College News.

Commencement Week.

If this twentieth year in the history of Emerson College has been one of unparalleled success, surely a climax was attained in the individual and class efforts of Commencement Week.

The Seniors inaugurated the exercises of the week with their Dramatic Day, Tuesday, May 1, which is discussed under a separate heading.

The Class-day exercises of the graduate students were presented on Wednesday, in Berkeley Hall. The addresses are given in full, in the main body of this issue; but the eloquence of the orators, and the bond of sympathy, which made us feel that the few spoke for the entire class, can only be suggested. The perfect harmony prevailing among the

graduate students this year has been a positive power, not only in the class but in the entire school.

Miss Vose, '98, played the stirring class march, of her own composition. The remaining musical features of the program were two beautiful solos by Miss Greta Masson, supplemented by several responses to hearty encores. The class feel that they have a special claim upon Miss Masson, who was with the Class of '99 during its Freshman year, and they were honored by her presence and her song. Miss Drew, '99, varied the program by a vivid presentation of Tennyson's "Guinevere." The thirty minutes' reading was remarkably well sustained throughout; Miss Drew's conception seemed to us most truthful, and

the expression highly satisfying. The dramatic power betrayed in the characterization of Guinevere and of Arthur was unusual.

Thursday was Senior Class-day. The morning hours were filled by the last recital of the Southwick Literary Society, which is mentioned elsewhere in these columns. The Class-day exercises, in the afternoon, were presented to a very large crowd of friends, in Odd Fellows' Hall, where all the exercises of the week were held, except those of Wednesday. And here again we are at a loss for words with which to do justice to the directness, the simplicity, the balance of powers, physical, mental, and spiritual, manifested in the presence and the address of the class orators. No more significant comment could be made upon the efficiency of the Emerson system of education than was the Class of 1900, as they appeared in their Class-day exercises.

Miss Southwell, who presided with admirable grace, was happy in her introduction of each speaker. Especial interest centred in the reading of the class poem, by the youngest member of the class, who, not yet sixteen years of age, has an appreciation of the good in literature and a philosophical insight remarkable for one of her years. The piano solos, by Miss Clark and Miss Parker, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion, as did the class march, by Mrs. King. The afternoon of inspiration was followed by the annual reunion and banquet of the Alumni, Thursday evening, at The Westminster.

Perhaps the most impressive occasion of the week was Commencement proper, which occurred Friday morning. One could not desire a prettier sight than the procession of the graduates, more than ninety strong, as they marched slowly in, a vision of grace in dainty silks and muslins and flowers, to the

beautiful strains of Mrs. King's music. Professor Ward, in the address to the graduates, spoke as the discerning friend and sympathetic counsellor that students have ever found him. Through his clear vision we were given glimpses of the *realities* which it should be the end of education to attain, but which are too frequently lost sight of. We regret that we are able to give only portions of his scholarly address. It was followed by the presentation of the diplomas, by Dr. Emerson, who spoke briefly and earnestly to the class, realizing that it was the last time that he would address them as a whole.

In the afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Emerson were at home to the students and their friends and the Faculty; and the beautiful Robinwood home was the scene of happy reunions and sad partings. We cannot speak at greater length of the reception; it was one of those sacred occasions which one cannot describe, but the influence of which will last as long as life itself. It was a fitting close to a year which has left its impress ineradicable upon our souls. As the entire assembly united in the singing of Miss Arnberg's stirring "Parting Song of 1900," led by Mrs. Carpenter, we felt that, standing "at parting of the ways," we were indeed ready and eager to pledge loyalty to our Alma Mater, her founder, and the philosophy of education which she represents.

Senior Dramatic Day.

The Senior play—this year "The Merchant of Venice"—was given Tuesday afternoon, in Odd Fellows' Hall. In the general judgment it was a great triumph for the class. The audience was as large and expectant as ever, and the class gave earnest response to the demand made upon it.

Many parts of the play deserve special praise; yet one feels, in wishing to give

honorable mention to those Shylocks, Portias, Launcelots, etc., who carried the parts with special skill, like a recent writer on the Philippines, who "for fear of doing the unnamed number injustice" dared not detail the brave deeds of the few. While giving due credit to the entire class for the uniformity of the work, however, some parts may be dwelt upon.

The Gobbo scenes were delightful in the merry abandon with which the characters threw themselves into their parts; and not one of the Shylocks disappointed us. In the first Shylock scene the shrewd deliberation and persistency of Shylock's hatred were strongly presented, and the character was well sustained. The Tubal scene without doubt showed some of the strongest work in the whole play. The culmination of Shylock's grief drew almost a gasp of sympathy from the audience, such was the dramatic power with which the part was rendered. The portrayal, in swift succession of desperation and malignant triumph, showed a power of concentration — in each mood as it prevailed — much to be envied.

Nor did we feel a lack of strength in the Court scene, when the climax of the play was reached. We wish it were possible to give special mention to the work of each of the artists who scored brilliant successes during the afternoon. After all, however, one was most impressed by the uniform earnestness of motive and truthfulness and freedom of expression throughout the entire class. We present the cast below, for the benefit of interested friends:—

ACT I.

SCENE 1. VENICE. A STREET.

Antonio	Clara Cathrine Adams
Salarino	Waldo C. Everett
Salanio	Lena Alta Whittlesey
Bassanio	Grace H. Foster
Lorenzo	Ella Keel
Gratiano	Margaret Rebecca Lynds

SCENE 2. BELMONT. A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

Portia	Elena Grozier
Nerissa	Josephine E. Gasser
Servant	Dora A. Watt

SCENE 3. VENICE. A STREET.

Shylock	Augusta Blanchard Centre
Bassanio	Ella Ophelia Murdoch
Antonio	Ella Keel

ACT II.

SCENE 2. VENICE. A STREET.

Launcelot	Dora A. Watt
Old Gobbo	May N. Rankin
Bassanio	Eleanor Sweet Collins
Leonardo	Anna Blackwell Skillman
Gratiano	Arian F. Scott

SCENE 3. VENICE. A STREET. BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE.

Jessica	Alice E. Pollock
Launcelot	Cecile R. Palmer

SCENE 4. VENICE. A STREET.

Lorenzo	Annie Dalton Staples
Gratiano	Alta E. Williams
Salarino	Louise C. Parker
Salanio	Elizabeth Catherine Edick
Launcelot	Cecile R. Palmer

SCENE 5. VENICE. A STREET. BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE.

Shylock	Kezia Inglis Carpenter
Launcelot	Maude P. Cody
Jessica	Frances Ada Montgomery

SCENE 6. VENICE. A STREET. BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE.

Gratiano	Henryetta Frances Dempsey
Salarino	Sarah Adelle Eastlack
Lorenzo	Emma B. Russell
Jessica	Jessica Llorene Hambly
Antonio	Daisy May Rickenbrode

ACT III.

SCENE 1. VENICE. A STREET.

Salanio	Louise C. Parker
Salarino	Alta E. Williams
Shylock	Ricke Jacobosky
Tubal	Catherine Claire Herring

SCENE 2. BELMONT. A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

Portia	Carrie Eva Lombard
Bassanio	M. Adelaide Carey
Nerissa	Emma W. Strong
Gratiano	Josephine A. Wood
Lorenzo	Keene E. Skuse
Jessica	Alta M. Brown
Salerio	Henryetta Frances Dempsey

SCENE 4. BELMONT. A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

Lorenzo	Emma B. Russell
Portia	Margaret Rebecca Lynds
Jessica	Annetta Robinson Moody
Balthasar	Alta M. Brown
Nerissa	Blanche Louisa MacIntyre

ACT IV.

SCENE I. VENICE. A COURT OF JUSTICE.

Duke	Anna Blackwell Skillman
Antonio	Ruth Park
Bassanio	Frances Ada Montgomery
Gratiano	Mae Belle Names
Salerio	Annie Dalton Staples
Shylock	Grace Anna Holmes
Portia	Gracia Evelyn Bacon
Nerissa	Jenny Hope Sanborn
Clerk	Lena Alta Whittlesey

ACT V.

SCENE I. BELMONT. AVENUE TO PORTIA'S HOUSE.

Lorenzo	Daisy May Rickenbrode
Jessica	Emma Walkley Strong
Stephano	Blanche Louise MacIntyre
Launcelot	Elizabeth Catherine Edick
Portia	Rose D. Boyd
Nerissa	Alice Gilman Low
Bassanio	Mae Belle Names
Gratiano	Martha Ott Ellis
Antonio	Elizabeth Roe Whitehead

P.

Mrs. Southwick's Lecture-Recital.

Following a long-established precedent, the Southwick Literary Society presented its closing program Commencement Week, with Mrs. Southwick as the leading artist, assisted by Mr. Kenney, of New York, baritone. Mrs. Southwick appeared in a field in which she is peculiarly at home, — the lecture-recital. Her theme was "The Drama and Human Life." In the brief introductory lecture she set forth the ideals for the drama, which she most potently realized in the Shakespearian interpretation which followed. Mrs. Southwick's reading of Shakespeare, whether it reflect the ethereal delicacy of Ophelia or the tragic intensity of Lady Macbeth, is too widely known to need any comment

from us. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Southwick was never more responsive to the moods of the myriad-minded dramatist than she appeared on that Thursday morning. We saw not a reader impersonating certain characters; we saw a procession of creations, each dominated by the peculiar motive of its existence, — touching the whole gamut of dramatic forces, from the compelling ardor of young love in Juliet to the mortally wounded dignity of the womanly Catherine.

In the dramatic lyrics which closed the program Mrs. Southwick's keen spiritual perceptions found widest range. It was one of those rare periods when we are awakened "from the blighting dream of the commonplace" and can "remember, and understand."

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Kenney's rich baritone once more, and he was particularly happy in the choice of his songs. We give the entire program below:—

Introductory Comments

Mrs. Southwick

Recessional

Mr. Kenney

R. De Koven

Shakespearian Interpretations

Including scenes from "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "Henry VIII.," etc.

Mrs. Southwick

(a) "The Sweetest Flower" Frauder Stuken

(b) "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"

Old English

(c) "Thine"

Bohn

Mr. Kenney

Interpretation of Dramatic Lyrics

Including "The Skylark," Shelley;

"The Chambered Nautilus," Holmes;

"The Marshes of Glynn," Lanier;

"Evelyn Hope," Browning.

Mrs. Southwick

The Reception to the Seniors.

One of the milestones of this last stage in the course of the Class of 1900 was marked by the reception at Robinwood to the Seniors and graduate students.

Dr. and Mrs. Emerson, as always, were the ideal host and hostess, of unbounded hospitality. The occasion was an informal one,—a meeting of brothers and sisters in the home of those whose hearts they had long since entered.

One of the most charming features of the evening's entertainment was the rendering of several quaint old plantation songs by Miss Blalock, Emerson's gifted daughter of the South.

The Southwick Literary Society.

Wednesday afternoon, April 18, the members and friends of the Southwick Literary Society had the pleasure of hearing Henry Lawrence Southwick, the prince of the lecture-recital platform, in a presentation of his own adaptation of Richard III. Professor Southwick was warmly welcomed by the students, who recognize that in spirit he is still a part of the College.

The introduction to Richard III. was significant and interesting. Professor Southwick said that this is the age of the iconoclast; that he is dispelling all our cherished traditions. The critics say that Richard was not a murderer, and even assert that he did not have a hump on his back! But the Richard of Shakespeare is the one that will live in our memories.

Surely all who were privileged to hear Professor Southwick's magnificent reading will always have a vital recollection of the characters so vividly portrayed.

L. D. H.

The Chorus.

The work of the chorus this year has been very gratifying in several particulars. In the first place, it has been blessed with no less harmony of tone—let those who will judge—than of purpose. Without undertaking too difficult pieces, the work has been with a very good class of music, a fact always appre-

ciated by chorus and audience alike. It has had alternately the services of two very able accompanists, who were as generous as they were valuable; and above all, it has been fortunate in the possession of a very efficient and zealous leader, who has spared no pains in making the work of the chorus in many ways both enjoyable and profitable.

The chorus has had some favorites among the selections it has taken up during the year, and without doubt has done its best work upon such. Of these perhaps the "Tinkers' Chorus," "Anchored," and the "Morning Invitation" were as much loved as any.

It is to be hoped that the chorus will begin its work bright and early in the fall, and that the mantle of our present leader, now to go from us, will have fallen upon another to fill that kindly office.

A. E. P.

Summer Readings for the Literature Course.

The class of '01 may read the poems of Tennyson as outlined in the syllabus, "Tennyson's Debt to Environment;" also Browning's poems as outlined in the Browning syllabus.

Members of '02 may study the minor poems of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. Candidates for the Freshman class may read the first three books of Milton's "Paradise Lost."—*Wm. G. Ward.*

The Perry Pictures.

Our thanks are due to the Perry Pictures Company for their courtesy in our business relations with them during the past season. The arrangement whereby we have been supplied with illustrations for some of our special numbers has been so satisfactory that we heartily recommend the Perry Pictures to all lovers of art among our readers. These pictures are so well known, and they have been accorded a reception so hearty in all

parts of the country, that it seems almost unnecessary to call attention to them. But with their usual spirit of progressiveness, the Perry Pictures Company have brought out the Perry Pictures, extra size, the most artistic reproductions ever placed upon the market at anything like the price. These are sold in lots of five or more at five cents each. The regular size Perry Pictures are being studied in large numbers of schools. The list of subjects recommended for picture study for the first nine grades in the Boston schools will be sent upon application to the company.

The Century Engraving Co.

We are glad to acknowledge the debt we owe to the Century Engraving Co. for faithful, efficient service in the production of the cuts used in illustrating Volume VIII. of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE. We would call especial attention to the excellent new portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Emerson presented in this issue.

Class Photographer.

In behalf of the outgoing classes and the under classes as well, we take this opportunity to suggest the general appreciation of the artistic work done throughout the year by Mr. Purdy, class photographer. The original grouping of the class picture, '00, presented, framed, by Mr. Purdy, already adorns the library wall, where it will smile down a welcome next October to the class coming in to take its place.

The Summer School.

We desire again to call the attention of our readers to the fact that Dr. and Mrs. Emerson will conduct the summer session in connection with the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute at Cottage City, beginning on Tuesday, July 10.

A very successful season is anticipated. Miss Blalock will have entire charge of the physical culture in the Institute. Professor Ward will have classes in Shakespeare and Milton.

Cottage City is an ideal summer resort, and the advantages in the way of general culture and association with the leading educators of the country are nowhere surpassed. We bespeak for the coming session a most prosperous season.

Personals.

Miss Merritt has returned to her home in Georgia for the summer.

Dr. Sherman, whose health is much improved, will return from California in July.

Mrs. Alice Emerson will spend the vacation in her summer home at Old Orchard.

Miss Powers, at her home in Randolph, Vt., is gradually recovering her health and strength.

Professor Kidder will spend the season abroad. He sailed May 5, and will not return until October.

Miss Tinker, after a few weeks of private work, will visit friends in New Haven and other places in New England.

Professor Cheney is in the Toronto Conservatory, Toronto, Canada, conducting special classes during May and June.

Professor Alden will continue his studies at the Medical College during the summer, besides conducting private classes.

Miss Lamprell, who will have private pupils at the College during May, has been engaged to read at Cottage City during the session of the Summer School. Later, she will rest in the mountains, in New Hampshire.

Miss Smith, after several weeks of private teaching at the College, will spend the season in the mountains, chiefly at Chocorua, N. H.

Professor Ward will present courses in English Literature during the coming session of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute at Cottage City.

Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert is director of the Departments of Oratory and Dramatic Art in the Johnson School of Music, Oratory, and Dramatic Art, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. and Mrs. Emerson and Miss Blacklock went immediately to their mountain home in Rochester, Vt., at the close of the college year. Here they will rest until the summer session at Cottage City.

Professor and Mrs. Southwick will conduct the Oratory Department of the Virginia Summer School of Methods, in Roanoke, beginning June 25. This is the ninth season that Mr. and Mrs. Southwick have been connected with the Summer School.

Miss King has been appointed by the government as a representative from the United States to the Paris Exposition, where she will lecture in the early autumn. She has already received her official commission from Washington, but will not sail until later in the season, after conducting the Voice Culture Department in the Harvard Summer School. She will pass the early part of the season with Dr. and Mrs. Emerson, in Rochester, Vt.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. Joseph H. Crosby, '98, is doing private teaching at his home in Middleboro, Mass., and also meeting with great success as a reader.

Miss E. Estelle Barnes, '98, has accepted a position as teacher of elocution and physical culture in the Balatka Musical College, in Chicago.

Miss C. Barbara Bonette, '99, has found a wide field of labor in Chatham, N. B., where she teaches "The Evolution of Expression," literature, and physical culture in a Convent School.

Of the Alumni who are active in introducing the physical culture into the public schools, none are doing more efficient service than Miss Edith Nichols, '92, in the High School of Somerville, and Miss Claire de Lano, '98, in the Hyde Park High School.

Mr. Alton Lindsey, '93, has appeared during the present season on many of

the best courses in New York State. After his recent appearance on the Syracuse Y. M. C. A. course, the *Syracuse Herald* said:—

"Alton Lindsey, the impersonator, has mobile features, with a great command of his voice. He was repeatedly called out. No doubt Mr. Lindsey is the best impersonator who has been seen in this city since the appearance of Mr. Powers."

F. J. Stowe, '95, writes as follows of his work in the Theological Seminary, Lebanon, Tenn.:—

"I am about to close the most successful year I have had since I left the College. Our Theological boys are deeply impressed with the work, especially with the Perfective Laws in their relation to Bible-reading and pulpit oratory. I have arranged to continue the work here next year, and have also accepted a call to preach at Murfreesboro, a neighboring city."

Miss Ada Evelyn Lewis, '99, is doing very successful work in Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. The *Macon Telegraph* speaks as follows of her appearance in a recent recital attended by more than a thousand people:—

"The readings of Miss Lewis were characterized by great dramatic power and skill in rendering. She held the undivided attention of the audience throughout the evening. . . . All her work is true and artistic. Miss Lewis goes to Albany in April to fill a reading engagement at the Georgia Chautauqua Assembly."

The Western Chapter of the Emerson College Alumni held its annual meeting, Thursday, May 3, at 3617 Prairie Ave., Chicago, the home of the Misses Barnes. At the close of the banquet, which was interspersed with numerous bright toasts, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Maurice S. Kuhns, '87; Vice-President, Frederick M. Blanchard, '95; Secretary, Miss E. Estelle Barnes, '98; Treasurer, Eugene E. Cox, '93; Chairman Executive Committee, Mrs. M. H. White, '98; Associates on Executive Committee, Miss Ellen A. Hanson, '90, Mrs. F. H. Kimball, '87.

The Alumni Banquet.

The Alumni Association of the Emerson College of Oratory held its annual banquet at Hotel Westminster, Copley Square, on the evening of May 4.

About eighty guests were present, including members of seventeen classes of the twenty gone out from our Alma Mater.

After a short business meeting in the parlors, at which almost all the officers of the preceding year were re-elected, the company proceeded to the dining-room. At the tables, classes were somewhat intermingled, and the mem-

bers of the Faculty added greatly to the pleasure of the company by seating themselves with the different classes.

All joined heartily in singing the Seniors' class song, and Professor Kidder read the greetings from the Western Chapter.

Professor Kidder, with his customary tact, presided as toast-master, and representatives from various classes discoursed wit and wisdom. Miss Center, of the Class of 1900, responded to her name with a stirring address, and Miss Bruce, of the Graduate Class of 1900, gave us of the soul wealth we have learned to love and to expect of her. Mr. Strong made "music in the air," and Mrs. Sherman, '95, feelingly reminded us of our privileges and opportunities. One representative of the first class graduated from the College was present; and Doctor felt for the time as if the twenty years gone by were myths, and we younger children of more recent classes had never existed. He did not forget us long, however, and telling of the success of students gone before, held out hope and courage to those of us just going out into the world. Several voiced the hope that in the near future we should have a college home of our own, and that the students gone out from the College should do earnest and definite work to that end.

The pleasures of the evening closed with the singing of "Emerson, Our Emerson" with great fervor.

E. C. P.

A Word of Greeting.

(Excerpt from personal letter.)

. . . I feel that I must tell you all that the magazine has been to me this year. We who are so far away from the dear old Alma Mater grow very homesick for her, and to us the magazine has always been a help and an inspiration; a message of promise that we are not

forgotten. But this year more than ever each number has brought with it such a breath of life and vigor that it has given new strength, and a greater readiness to "buckle on the harness."

We who have gone out from the College realize, if possible, more than you, what a privilege you have in listening to Dr. Emerson's grand lectures and in coming in contact daily with the noble men and women who not only *set forth*

the precepts which are moulding your lives, but who *live them* as well. To us, therefore, the magazine comes as a voice of love, bringing help and strength, setting forth higher ideals, and urging us onward and upward. . . .

I simply could not do without it.

Yours truly,

ANNA J. GUERNSEY.

Miss Calhoun and Miss Chamberlain's School, Red Bank, New Jersey, March 3, 1900.

To Our Subscribers.



THE Magazine year closing with this number has been a successful one and the management desires to thank one and all for the help which made success possible. For the coming year the editor has briefly outlined her plans, and in order that they may be carried to perfection we must get more income, and the way to accomplish this is to secure new subscribers. There is probably not one person whose name is on our list who could not secure at least one new subscriber, while nearly all could get a half-dozen if they would but go at it with the intention of so doing.

Many of you will be associated through the summer with educators, either at institutes, assemblies, Chautauquas, summer resorts, or may be in the Lyceum field; but however you may be situated, or wherever you may be, there will be many persons who would gladly learn of our work, and some who would subscribe for our Magazine if you would but present the matter to them.

Tell them our object and that we are striving to build up the very best Magazine that can be made. They will honor you for your loyalty and earnestness, and think more of you and of this glorious work, even though they should not give you their names as subscribers.

With the plan in view of assisting you in this work, the management has had several hundred extra copies of the Magazine printed the past year, and we now purpose sending these copies out as samples to those persons whose names you will give us, you in turn promising to do your part toward urging a subscription in each case. You will find an order-blank next the front cover of the May Magazine, and please use it at once if you can, for we desire to send the first lot of sample copies out by July 1 at the latest. Where you deem it necessary to send the copy at once, please so indicate on the blank.

Next the back cover of the Magazine you will also find a blank for your use, and please use your utmost endeavor to utilize this to the fullest extent, remembering that five dollars pays for six subscriptions, but that every name must be a new one excepting the name of the one getting up the club.

It is not absolutely necessary to remit the money with the order, in which case a bill will be sent direct to the parties with the first number of the Magazine.

Let every subscriber remember to notify us at once when a change of address is desired, for all names on our lists are considered subscribers until they advise us to cancel their subscription.

Wishing you all a successful and enjoyable summer, I remain

Sincerely yours,

A. E. CARPENTER, Business Manager.

Boston, May 25, 1900.

Alphabetical Index.

VOLS. I. TO VIII., INCLUSIVE.

[The number of each magazine is given, as well as volume and page, in order to properly designate the copy desired when ordering by mail.]

	Vol.	No.	Page		Vol.	No.	Page
Adoration, Relation of, to Oratory.				College Work, Our.			
<i>President Emerson</i>	III.	5	114	<i>President Emerson</i>	V.	1	17
Æsthetic Culture. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	IV.	4	80	College Work, The Relation of Our,			
Alumni Association	I.	5	139	to Life. <i>Mary B. Merritt</i>	VI.	7	203
" List	VIII.	3	99	Commencement Addresses:—			
Animation. <i>Joseph Searle Gaylord</i>	III.	2	45	'93, <i>Rev. I. J. Lansing</i>	I.	5	125
" <i>Mary Francis Tice</i>	VI.	1	24	'94, " "	II.	5	127
Art, The Relation of, to Human Life.				'95, " "	III.	6	148
<i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	7	197	'97, <i>Rev. B. F. Kidder</i>	V.	7	223
Art, Browning's Philosophy of.				'98, " "	VI.	7	212
<i>Frances Tobey</i>	VIII.	7	219	99, <i>Dr. Capen</i>	VII.	7	202
As You Like It, Postgraduate Produc-				'00, <i>Prof. Wm. G. Ward</i>	VIII.	7	227
tion of	IV.	7	186	Critic, The Teacher as a.			
As You Like It. <i>W. J. Rolfe</i>	VI.	6	171	<i>Albert Armstrong</i>	IV.	4	81
Audubon Society of Massachusetts	IV.	7	188	Criticism and Its Place in Teaching.			
Author, Relation of the College Work				<i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	4	93
to the Work of an. <i>Edith M.</i>				Culture, The End of.			
<i>McDuffee</i>	VII.	4	113	<i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	7	176
"Baby Ruth"	II.	1	5	Culture, The True Germ of.			
Baconian Lunacy, The. <i>W. J. Rolfe</i>	IV.	2	33	<i>J. S. Gaylord</i>	V.	4	112
Banquet. Boys of '93 to the Gentlemen				Culture, Why? <i>Charles W. Paul</i>	VI.	5	147
of the Faculty	I.	5	102	Cuttings:—			
Bible, How To Read the.				Sir Michael and Sir Hans	I.	2	21
<i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	3	59	Preciosa and Victorian	I.	3	69
Bob Acres. <i>Gertrude Chamberlin</i>	IV.	5	127	Cynic, Relation of Emerson College			
Body, The Human.				Work to the. <i>Caroline W. Cleaves</i>	VII.	2	55
<i>Compilation by Miss Blalock</i>	VIII.	5	158	Daly, Shakespearians Honor Mr.	IV.	7	157
Boston School of Oratory	III.	1	3	Declamation, A Public School.			
Brain, The Human, Its Friends and				<i>Geo. W. Saunderson</i>	IV.	4	97
Foes. <i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	4	93	Delsarte, François	II.	3	57
Breathing. <i>President Emerson</i>	I.	2	12	Demosthenes' Departure. Morning			
Browning, An Hour with.				Talk. <i>President Emerson</i>	II.	3	67
<i>Anna L. Whitehead</i>	II.	5	138	Dow, Mart, Testimonial to	II.	3	62
Casca. <i>Charles W. Paul</i>	V.	3	83	Dramatic Element, The.			
Character, Emerson Work in Relation				<i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	2	33
to. <i>Jos. S. Gaylord</i>	IV.	4	84	Dramatic Element, The Relation of the,			
Character, Relation of Physical Cul-				to Oratory, Character, and the Stage.			
ture to. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	5	123	Morning Talk. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	6	134
Character in Education.				Dramatic Study, Educational Value of.			
<i>President Emerson</i>	V.	6	153	<i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	III.	4	88
Character. <i>Emerson C. White, LL.D.</i>	VII.	1	21	Dress, A Plea for Rational.			
Cheney, A Vermont Musical Family	V.	5	131	<i>Annie Blalock</i>	VI.	1	25
Children, Our Work With.				Dress, Hygienic and Æsthetic.			
<i>Sadai P. Porter</i>	V.	7	233	<i>Annie Blalock</i>	VII.	5	129
Christmas. Morning Talk.				Dress, Some Thoughts on Hygienic			
<i>President Emerson</i>	V.	2	51	and Æsthetic. <i>Alice Marilla Osden</i>	V.	2	48
Class Calls and Colors	I.	5	101	Dress, Some Thoughts on Hygienic			
Class-day, '94	II.	5	159	and Æsthetic. <i>Catharine Tinker</i>	V.	2	49
" '95	III.	6	146	Dress, Some Thoughts on Hygienic			
" '96	IV.	7	162	and Æsthetic. <i>M. Spencer Wiggin</i>	V.	2	50
" '97	V.	7	204	Earnestness. <i>President Emerson</i>	I.	3	60
" '98	VI.	7	188	E. C. O. at Atlanta	IV.	3	50
" '99	VII.	7	193	Education. <i>Alice L. Moore</i>	IV.	4	82
" '00	VIII.	7	203	" A Plea for Higher.			
Color, A Talk on. <i>Professor Bayley</i>	II.	5	127	<i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	3	63

	Vol.	No.	Page		Vol.	No.	Page
Education by Communication. <i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	2	31	Goethe, Johann Wolfgang	V.	4	115
Education in Oratory, The New Philosophy of. <i>Maude Masson</i>	VI.	2	40	Gymnasiums in Greece, The. <i>H. G. Crosby</i>	VIII.	5	151
Education, Unity in the Art of. <i>Cora E. Bush</i>	VI.	3	82	Habit, The Physiological Basis of. <i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	VIII.	6	189
Education for the Young. <i>Maude Masson</i>	VI.	7	196	Hamlet, the Man of Will. <i>Professor Southwick</i>	VIII.	3	64
Educator, The Responsibility of. <i>Harry S. Ross</i>	V.	7	213	Hamlet and Macbeth—Cast of Characters Class of '93	I.	3	51
Education vs. Training. <i>Professor Southwick</i>	V.	1	3	Hamlet and Macbeth, Students' Production of.	II.	4	117
Education, The New Philosophy of Life and. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	III.	5	108	"Hamlet" at the Boston Museum	III.	4	84
Education. <i>Grace Delle Davis</i>	VIII.	7	216	" " " " "	IV.	6	141
" Physical. <i>Silas A. Alden</i>	III.	5	107	Hamlet, by Class of '98	VI.	7	219
Egypt. Address by <i>Ex-Congressman Russell</i>	II.	5	149	Hamlet's Affectional Nature. <i>C. W. Paul</i>	IV.	2	47
Egypt, Upper. Letter from <i>Professor Kidder</i>	II.	5	155	Health	V.	2	47
Eliot, George, in Her Writings. <i>Luella Phillips</i>	VII.	1	24	" and Strength, How to Preserve	III.	5	111
Elocutionists, Nat'l Convention of	IV.	2	43	" The Gospel of. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	VI.	1	9
Emerson, A Tribute to Dr. <i>Miss Nellie Karnan</i>	IV.	7	174	" The Progress of the Science of. <i>Edith Kincaid Butler</i>	VIII.	5	153
Emerson, A Fragment from. <i>Charles Malloy</i>	VIII.	2	49	Henry, Patrick. Lecture by <i>Professor Southwick</i>	I.	5	114
Emerson College. <i>W. B. Chamberlain, A.M.</i>	I.	1	19	History, Hints on Teaching. <i>W. J. Rolfe</i>	VI.	2	38
Emerson College: History, Methods, and Courses of Instruction. <i>Cecil Harper</i>	I.	5	108	Home, Relation of Emerson College Work to. <i>El Fleda Ferris</i>	VI.	2	50
Emerson System of Education, Why I Believe in the. <i>Sara J. Hall</i>	VIII.	3	78	Human Body, The Sanctity of. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	6	145
Emerson, Ralph Waldo: The Man and His Philosophy. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	IV.	3	52	Human Voice, The, as a Reporter of Personality. <i>Dr. James R. Cocke</i>	II.	5	129
English Spelling, Reformation of. <i>H. Toros Daghistanian</i>	VII.	2	53	House, The, That Try Built. <i>Alice F. Tourtellot</i>	V.	7	235
Evolution of Expression from a Teacher's Standpoint. <i>May N. Rankin</i>	VIII.	6	176	Hood, Tom. <i>Wm. J. Rolfe</i>	V.	3	73
Evolution of Expression in Photography. <i>W. B. Swift</i>	V.	6	164	Ideal, The Vanishing. <i>W. J. H. Strong</i>	VIII.	7	224
Evolution of Expression. <i>Jos. Gaylord</i>	VI.	2	52	Ideals. <i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	1	3
Expression Necessary to Evolution. <i>Idelle A. Clark</i>	VIII.	6	175	" <i>Lena D. Harris</i>	VIII.	7	211
Expression Quickened Through Gesture	IV.	7	191	Individuality. <i>Henry Irving</i>	II.	5	125
Expression, Sincerity of Thought and Exercise after Eating. Morning Talk. <i>President Emerson</i>	III.	4	79	In Memoriam:— Dow, Mart	III.	5	106
Experiences. <i>William Atwater</i>	III.	2	50	Grimson, Mabel Cook	II.	1	30
Extemporaneous Speaking, Emerson College Work in Relation to. <i>Fred. M. Blanchard</i>	IV.	5	115	Kidder, Eva Newell	V.	3	85
Faust. <i>Melanie Richardt</i>	V.	7	199	Rogers, Henry Nathaniel	VI.	6	178
" " "	VI.	1	17	Strout, Arthur L.	II.	1	29
Foreign Shores, Glimpses of. Extracts from Letters by <i>Professor Southwick</i>	V.	4	102	Joost Avelingh, The Trial of	I.	2	18
Foreign Shores, Glimpses of. Extracts from Letters by <i>Professor Southwick</i>	V.	7	195	Kidder, Prof. C. W., His European Trip	II.	3	61
Freedom	V.	6	161	Kidder, Professor, Letters from Upper Egypt	II.	5	155
Gentleman, The. <i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	7	183	Kindergarten System of Education, Relation of the Emerson to the. <i>Pinneo</i>	VIII.	1	10
Gesture, The Emerson Philosophy of	II.	4	90	King, Julia T. Address Introductory to Her Recital, Denver, Col.	VI.	6	175
" Morning Talk. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	3	79	Ladder, The, and the House. <i>W. E. Barton, D.D.</i>	VII.	4	107
Gladstone, William Ewart. <i>Newell Dwight Hillis</i>	VII.	1	15	Laertes. <i>Martha F. Davidson</i>	V.	2	52
				Landscape Chart, The. <i>W. B. Swift</i>	V.	6	173
				Language, Our Daily. <i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	V.	6	160
				Library, The Emerson College	II.	2	49
				Life, The Study of. <i>Annetta Bruce</i>	VIII.	5	155
				" The Artistic. <i>Lillian Saxe Holmes</i>	VIII.	6	188
				Life and Education, The New Philosophy of. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	III.	5	108

	Vol.	No.	Page
Life, The Relation of Our College Work to. <i>Mary B. Merritt</i>	VI.	7	203
Literature Through Vocal Expression, The Advantages of Studying. <i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	6	175
Literature, On the Study of. <i>Fred W. Stickney</i>	I.	2	22
Literature, What Is. <i>Daniel Dorchester</i>	II.	2	37
Literature and Oratory. <i>A. M. Harris</i>	IV.	4	85
" The Study of. <i>Wm. G. Ward</i>	VI.	5	144
Literature, How May, Best Be Taught	III.	2	28
" Studies in American:— Washington Irving. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	VII.	2	40
Edgar Allan Poe. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VII.	2	43
William Cullen Bryant. <i>H. G. Crosby</i>	VII.	3	76
The American Branch of English Literature. <i>Wm. G. Ward</i>	VII.	3	81
A Day with James Russell Lowell. <i>S. L. P.</i>	VII.	4	101
Nathaniel Hawthorne. <i>Alfred S. Bowe</i>	VII.	4	105
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. <i>H. Toros Daghistanian</i>	VII.	6	164
A Visit to Whittier's Birthplace. <i>Herman Foster</i>	VII.	6	168
Ralph Waldo Emerson. <i>Leila Simon</i>	VII.	6	171
Harriet Beecher Stowe. <i>Jennie L. McDonald</i>	VII.	6	173
Little Things. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	IV.	6	134
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. <i>Luella Phillips</i>	IV.	5	126
Love, Divine, and Its Relation to Oratory. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	5	117
Loyalty. <i>Julia T. King</i>	V.	5	129
Macbeth. Class of '95 " The Character of. <i>Sir Henry Irving</i>	III.	6	145
Malaprop, Mrs., A Character Study. <i>Cora E. Northrop</i>	IV.	2	27
Manners. <i>President Emerson</i>	I.	1	20
" " "	II.	3	71
" " "	V.	4	93
" The Law of Propriety in. <i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	1	16
Merchant of Venice: Adaptability of the Couples. <i>Lucy D. Pinney</i>	III.	3	54
Merchant of Venice, in Star Course	IV.	5	123
" " Senior Class, '96	IV.	7	185
" " Class of '97	V.	7	234
" " " '90	VIII.	7	231
" " at Boston Museum	III.	4	84
Mind, Relation of, to Voice	V.	4	119
Moral Development, Relation of Right Physical Culture to. <i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	5	123
Morning Talk from a Student's Note- Book. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	7	231
Music, The Evolution of. <i>Albert F. Conant</i>	I.	3	52
National Congress of Mothers, Emers- on Day at the	V.	5	147
Opening Address. <i>'92, Professor Southwick</i>	I.	1	

	Vol. No. Page		
Opening Addresses :—			
'93, <i>Professor Southwick</i>	II.	1	1
'94, " "	III.	1	3
'95, " "	IV.	1	3
Opportunity. <i>Mrs. Southwick</i>	VIII.	4	130
Oratory, The Prophet of Education in. <i>President Emerson</i>	III.	2	30
Oratory, The Law of Power in. <i>President Emerson</i>	III.	2	37
Oratory, Some Thoughts on the Study of. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	4	6
Oratory, Divine Love and Its Relation to. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	5	117
Oratory, Keys and Impulses Relat- ing to. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	3	63
Oratory, The New Philosophy of Education in. <i>Maude Masson</i>	VI.	2	40
Oratory in Greece. <i>Luella Phillips</i>	VI.	3	71
" " Rome. <i>Charles W. Paul</i>	VI.	3	73
" " the Crusades.			
<i>Harry S. Ross</i>	VI.	3	76
Oratory During the Renaissance. <i>Mabel Henderson.</i>	VI.	3	79
Oratory, Irish. <i>Louise Hurlbut Allyn</i>	VI.	4	103
" Who Should Study, and Why? <i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	5	123
Oratory, Relation of, to the Labor Question. <i>Mrs. Alice Emerson</i>	VI.	7	206
Oratory, Some Reasons for the Study of. <i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	7	187
Oratory, Relations of the Study of, to That of Pedagogy. <i>President Em- erson</i>	VII.	6	157
Oratory in Colleges :—			
<i>Frederic A. Metcalf</i>	VIII.	2	41
<i>A. M. Harris</i>	VIII.	2	45
<i>Elizabeth L. Randall</i>	VIII.	2	47
<i>Margaret Randal</i>	VIII.	3	91
Oratory, The Seven Pillars in. <i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	6	169
Orator, The, as a Power. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	2	33
Orator, The Place of the. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	V.	2	46
Orator of Notre Dame, The. <i>John E. Duffy</i>	VI.	5	134
Orator, Some of the Essential Powers of the. <i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	6	153
Orator, The Mission of the. <i>President Emerson</i>	VII.	2	33
Orators, Where Are Our. <i>Albert M. Harris</i>	III.	5	110
Orator's Power, The. <i>Rev. B. F. Kidder</i>	IV.	5	114
Orators, English, of the Eighteenth Century. <i>Junia M. Foster</i>	VI.	4	106
Orators, Pulpit, of Great Britain	VI.	5	141
Orators and Oratory, German	VI.	5	133
Orators of the American Revolution. <i>Rachel L. Dithridge</i>	VI.	5	137
Orators of America, Pulpit. <i>Edith M. McDuffee</i>	VII.	1	10
" Othello " at Boston Museum	IV.	4	99
" " a Negro, Was? <i>W. J. Rolfe</i>	VII.	2	45
Passion Play, The. <i>Rev. J. J. Lewis</i>	II.	4	111
Pedagogy, Relation of the Study of Oratory to That of. <i>President Em- erson</i>	VII.	6	157
Perfective Laws of Art, The. <i>Blanche C. Martin</i>	III.	6	109

	Vol.	No.	Page
Perfective Laws of Art, Relation of the, to the Novel. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VIII.	1	8
Perfective Laws of Art, The. <i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	4	113
Perfective Laws of Art in Their Application to Statuary. <i>Minnie Bradford</i>	VIII.	4	123
Perfective Laws of Art as Criteria for Literary Composition. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	VIII.	4	121
Perfective Laws of Art, Relation of, to Painting. <i>Anna Isabel Brooks</i>	VIII.	4	127
Personality.	IV.	1	11
Phillips, Wendell, the Orator. <i>M. Frances Holbrook</i>	VI.	2	46
Phillips, Wendell. <i>Mary A. Livermore</i>	VIII.	6	180
Phonetics in Our High Schools. <i>G. W. Saunderson</i>	IV.	1	18
Physical Culture. <i>Helen Pernal Dewey</i>	VI.	4	114
Physical Culture. <i>Maude Masson</i>	VI.	4	100
" " Therapeutics of. <i>Edith M. Whitmore</i>	IV.	3	74
Physical Culture in Relation to Health. <i>Minerva Messer</i>	VII.	7	209
Physical Culture, Relation of, to Character. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	5	123
Physical Culture, Introduction to the Study of. <i>President Emerson</i>	II.	1	21
Physical Culture, The Relation of, to the Voice. <i>Frederic A. Metcalf</i>	III.	1	9
Physical Culture, The Value of Art Models in. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	VIII.	5	146
Physical Culture, The Moral Value of. <i>Martha Ott Ellis</i>	VIII.	5	148
Physical Culture, The Criteria of Criticism for. <i>Eva Olney Farnsworth</i>	VIII.	5	150
Physical Culture. <i>Edith M. Whitmore</i>	IV.	5	129
Physical Culture, Emerson System of. <i>Jos. S. Gaylord</i>	IV.	6	143
Physical Culture, Symposium of :— Physical Education in Emerson College. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	VII.	5	135
Anatomy in Its Relation to Physical Culture. <i>Jean E. Eddy</i>	VII.	5	138
The Emerson System as Adapted to People of All Ages. <i>Mary L. Sherman</i>	VII.	5	140
The Expressive Side of Physical Culture. <i>Minnie B. Bradford</i>	VII.	5	143
Cure of Prevalent Physical Deformities and Organic Disorders by the Emerson System of Physical Culture. <i>H. H. Hall, M.A.</i>	VII.	5	144
Coadjument of the Physician and the Teacher of Physical Culture. <i>Claire M. De Lano</i>	VII.	5	147
Physical Culture in Our Schools. <i>Annetta Bruce</i>	VII.	5	149
Value of Practically Following Artas an Ideal. <i>May Robson</i>	VII.	5	150
Fourth Division of Physical Exercises. <i>Emily Cornish</i>	VII.	5	152
Physical Education. <i>Silas A. Alden</i>	III.	5	107
Piano Playing. <i>Albert F. Conant</i>	III.	2	34
" " Evolution in. <i>Albert F. Conant</i>	III.	3	62
Piano Teaching. <i>Albert F. Conant</i>	I.	2	4

Poems :—

A Flow of the Spirit. <i>Charles Molloy</i>	VII.	7	236
After. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VI.	4	99
A Garden of Girls. <i>E. Nesbit</i>	VII.	6	183
A Lily's Message. <i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	V.	6	163
A Mystic Union. <i>Katharine E. Junkermann</i>	III.	6	147
An Easter Reverie. <i>Harriette M. Collins</i>	VIII.	6	179
An Incident. <i>Anon.</i>	I.	2	11
A Summer's Dream. <i>George Edmund Hasie</i>	I.	3	71
At Sunset. <i>M. Elizabeth Stace</i>	VII.	6	183
Autumn Leaves. <i>Bella E. Howell</i>	VI.	4	115
Awakening. <i>Charles W. Paul</i>	III.	6	143
A Yellow Pansy. <i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	VII.	2	39
By the Cascade. <i>B. L. Shapleigh</i>	I.	3	70
Charles Wesley Emerson. <i>Margaret A. Kline</i>	I.	2	24
Charles Wesley Emerson. <i>A. W. D.</i>	II.	3	83
Charles Wesley Emerson. <i>Elinor Hiscock</i>	III.	6	164
Christmas Carols	V.	2	59
Class Poem, '99. <i>Cora E. Bush</i>	V.	7	210
Class of '98. <i>Florence Mae Overton</i>	VI.	7	192
Class of '99. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VII.	7	202
" " '00. <i>Edith Pecker</i>	VIII.	7	210
Columbia's Emblem. <i>Edna Dean Proctor</i>	III.	4	81
Come, Sweet Compassion. <i>Julia Noyes Stickney</i>	II.	3	83
Compensation. <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	VII.	1	26
Cupid Victorious. <i>Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe</i>	VI.	1	16
Each in His Own Name. <i>W. H. Carruth</i>	VI.	6	157
Enwakened. <i>M. Frances Holbrook</i>	VI.	3	70
Experiences. <i>Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe</i>	VI.	2	56
Growth. <i>Emily Louise McIntosh</i>	IV.	2	27
Hearth-Side Musings. <i>H. S. Ross</i>	IV.	6	154
Heaven's Art. <i>S. P. Guild</i>	VI.	6	151
Hope Deferred. <i>M. Elizabeth Stace</i>	V.	2	56
Hymn. <i>Rev. T. L. Armstrong</i>	I.	2	24
In the Long Run. <i>Anon.</i>	VI.	3	61
In the Night. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VIII.	5	157
Janette and the Sea. <i>Hattie M. Dennison</i>	III.	5	124
Just as She Left It. <i>Harriette M. Collins</i>	VIII.	4	112
Lead Thou Me On. <i>Webster Colbath</i>	I.	2	24
Light. <i>Harriette M. Collins</i>	VII.	4	100
Lines to Tennyson. <i>Thos. B. Aldrich</i>	IV.	2	25
Little Brownie. <i>B. C. Edwards</i>	III.	4	90
Longing. <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	V.	4	100
Love and Logic. <i>Harry S. Ross</i>	V.	5	144
Memories. <i>George Henry Galpin</i>	V.	6	183
Mountain-Mother to Her Son. <i>Georgiana Hodgkins</i>	VIII.	1	14
My Messenger. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VI.	5	127
O Helen, Helen Dear. <i>Ellen M. H. Gates</i>	VII.	2	60
Ole Bull's Violin. <i>J. Jay Watson</i>	V.	7	203
Purpose Wins, Class Poem. <i>Alice White DeVol</i>	III.	6	156
Rejected. <i>E. Nesbit</i>	VII.	2	60

	Vol.	No.	Page		Vol.	No.	Page
Responsibility: A Query.				Queen Gertrude.	III.	4	82
<i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	VI.	1	21	Reader, Some Thoughts for the Public.			
Sonnus. <i>Louise M. Dithridge</i>	VII.	6	156	<i>Julia T. King</i>	IV.	4	87
Songs of the Heart.				Reading, How to Teach.	I.	1	8
<i>Emily Louise McIntosh</i>	V.	3	71	<i>President Emerson</i>			
Sunset Music. <i>George Henry Galpin</i>	V.	5	122	Reading, How to Teach.	II.	2	36
Swinging. <i>Rachel L. Dithridge</i>	VI.	6	180	<i>President Emerson</i>			
Thalia. <i>George Reginald Lourde</i>	VIII.	6	187	Reading in Our Public Schools.	I.	5	142
The Benediction.				<i>Margaret T. Hurley</i>			
<i>Helen Isabel Morehouse</i>	VI.	6	166	Representative, Through the Living.	VIII.	7	227
The Child and the King.				<i>Wm. G. Ward</i>			
<i>George Henry Galpin</i>	VII.	4	120	Reserve Power.			
The Deserted Homestead.				<i>Frederick Manning Hall</i>	VII.	3	84
<i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VIII.	2	41	Responsibility. <i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	1	3
The Light That Fails Not.				<i>Professor Southwick</i>	IV.	1	3
<i>G. Lawrence Williams</i>	VIII.	6	194	Richelieu, Presentation of	II.	3	58
The Meadow Brook.				" at the Boston Museum	IV.	4	99
<i>Hattie M. Dennison</i>	I.	5	143	Rivals, The. <i>Alice White De Vol</i>	III.	2	46
The Optimist.				Rome, Christmas in.			
<i>George Reginald Lourde</i>	VIII.	2	56	<i>Ida Houts Snow</i>	VI.	3	88
The Overtone.				School Teacher, Relation of Our Col-			
<i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VI.	2	37	lege Work to the. <i>Annetta Bruce</i>	VII.	4	111
The Passing of the Year.				Science, Relation of, to Art.			
<i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	VII.	2	60	<i>Mabel Henderson</i>	VI.	2	57
The Power of a Mother's Voice.				Sermon, Extract from a.			
<i>Charles S. Carter</i>	VI.	2	45	<i>Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr.</i>	VI.	2	48
The Queen of the Year.				Shakespeare. <i>Edith M. Whitmore</i>	II.	5	137
<i>Edna Dean Proctor</i>	V.	2	56	" On the Study of.			
The Seed. <i>Mina S. F. Powers</i>	V.	1	2	<i>Wm. J. Rolfe, Litt.D.</i>	VI.	1	13
The Short Cut Home.				Shakespeare's Plays, Relation of Our			
<i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VI.	1	23	Work to. Morning Talk. <i>Miss Mer-</i>			
The Twilight Hour. <i>H. M. Collins</i>	VIII.	3	91	<i>ritt</i>	IV.	4	79
Things Undone. <i>Mrs. Sangster</i>	VI.	4	113	Shakespearean Festival	V.	4	113
To an Autumn Leaf.				Shylock. <i>Geo. E. Hasie</i>	IV.	6	153
<i>George Henry Galpin</i>	VI.	1	23	Singing, Ideal Method of Teaching	III.	4	91
Wild Violets. <i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	VI.	6	170	Skeletania and Manikinus.			
Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow.				<i>Frank O. Hall</i>	II.	3	79
<i>Harriette M. Collins</i>	VII.	6	163	Sketches:—			
Poet, The, and What We Owe to Him.				Oliver Wendell Holmes.			
<i>Dr. Rolfe</i>	II.	1	15	<i>J. E. Duffy</i>	III.	1	14
Poets, Studies of the:—				Faulkland. <i>W. T. Worcester</i>	II.	3	82
Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."				Richard Brinsley Sheridan.			
<i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	VIII.	4	135	<i>Alice L. Moore</i>	I.	4	94
Browning's "Prospice."				Henry Lawrence Southwick			
<i>Frances Tobey</i>	VIII.	6	190	<i>Albert M. Harris</i>	II.	1	5
Rossetti's "House of Life."				Smoothness. <i>Mrs. N. L. Cronkhite</i>	V.	5	145
<i>Wm. G. Ward</i>	VIII.	3	88	Social Settlement, The Relation of			
"The Blessed Damozel."				Our Work to. <i>Mabel Henderson</i>	VI.	7	209
<i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	VIII.	3	89	Songs:—			
Poetic Expression, The Nature of.				Class of '96	IV.	7	173
<i>Daniel Dorchester</i>	I.	2	6	" " '00	VIII.	7	211
Poise. <i>Lilia Smith</i>	VIII.	1	14	Emerson Day.			
Pompey's Statue. <i>Helen Hamblen</i>	II.	3	83	<i>Emily Louise McIntosh</i>	IV.	7	191
Portia. <i>Helen Pernal Dewey</i>	VII.	3	83	Parting, 1900.			
Power in Creative and Original Com-				<i>Christine Arnberg</i>	VIII.	7	214
position. Morning Talk. <i>President</i>				Soul Omnipotent, The. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	VI.	3	81
<i>Emerson</i>	II.	1	20	Southwick, Professor, Address	VI.	6	158
Prejudices that Need Illuminating.				" " A Tribute to	V.	6	184
<i>Rt. Rev. B. B. Ussher</i>	VII.	7	213	" " As Host	V.	6	184
Psycho-Physical Culture.				Speaking, Public, in Colleges.			
<i>Lena D. Harris</i>	VIII.	3	76	<i>Frederic Mason Blanchard</i>	VIII.	2	38
Psychology, Relation of, to Health.				Speech and Song.			
<i>President Emerson</i>	III.	4	93	<i>E. Parker Johnston</i>	VIII.	4	133
Public Schools, Reading in Our.				Stage, Some Aspects of the.			
<i>Margaret T. Hurley</i>	I.	5	142	<i>Extract H. B. Tree</i>	III.	6	133
Public Speaking in Colleges.				Stomach and the Heart, The.			
<i>Frederic Mason Blanchard</i>	VIII.	2	38	<i>President Emerson</i>	I.	1	11
Public Reader, Some Thoughts for the.				Storm, The Press of the.			
<i>Julia T. King</i>	IV.	4	87	<i>M. Frances Holbrook</i>	V.	3	72
Public-School Declamation.							
<i>Geo. W. Saunderson</i>	IV.	4	97				

	Vol.	No.	Page		Vol.	No.	Page
Strout, Testimonial to Mr. Arthur L.	I.	3	50	Mr. Mazoomdar	II.	1	8
Study, Hints for.				Madame Modjeska	IV.	4	89
<i>Edith M. Whitmore</i>	III.	5	125	Parker Pillsbury	II.	1	10
Success, Expectancy a Law of.				Leland T. Powers	II.	1	13
<i>Frances E. Karnan</i>	VII.	1	19	Dr. Readshaw	VI.	1	10
Success. <i>President Emerson</i>	V.	7	187	Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson	VI.	3	84
" in Life. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	7	176	Ex-Congressman Russell	II.	5	149
Talk to the Girls of Emerson College				Prof. H. L. Southwick	VI.	6	158
of Oratory. <i>Mrs. Southwick</i>	V.	2	43	J. T. Trowbridge	VI.	4	109
Talk, Informal. <i>Mrs. Southwick</i>	VI.	5	128	Rt. Rev. B. B. Ussher	VI.	6	167
Teacher, The, as a Critic.				Mrs. Lydia A. Coonley Ward	VI.	4	110
<i>Albert Armstrong</i>	IV.	4	81	Mrs. Westerndorf	V.	2	32
Teacher, The, and Some of His Char-				Emerson C. White	VII.	1	21
acteristics. <i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	3	63	Dr. Albert E. Winship	IV.	2	35
Teacher, The. <i>President Emerson</i>	II.	5	143	" "	VI.	5	146
Teaching, Thoughts and Hints on.				Visible Speech. <i>Charles W. Kidder</i>	II.	1	13
<i>Mary A. Woolsey</i>	IV.	4	104	Vocal Culture. <i>Albert B. Cheney</i>	IV.	1	9
Tennyson, The New Life of.				" Expression in Its Relation to			
<i>Wm. G. Ward</i>	VI.	1	22	Spiritual Education. <i>Maude Masson</i>	VII.	7	203
Thomas School of Oratory, The	V.	1	13	Voice, The Mission of the.			
Thought-Tracks in the Body.				<i>Lena D. Harris</i>	VIII.	6	178
<i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	5	141	Voice Culture, Relation of, to the			
Tone, Relation of, to Feeling	III.	2	41	Study of Literature. <i>Maude</i>			
" Language. <i>Albert F. Conant</i>	II.	4	88	<i>Masson.</i>	VII.	2	49
" The Realm of. <i>Albert F. Conant</i>	IV.	5	110	Voice. <i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	2	36
Truth and Beauty. <i>President Emerson</i>	I.	5	106	" in Relation to Intellect, The.			
Try, The House That, Build.				<i>President Emerson</i>	II.	2	43
<i>Alice F. Tourtellot</i>	V.	7	235	Voice as Reporter of Individuality.			
Unity of Spirit.				<i>James R. Cocke</i>	II.	5	129
<i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	VII.	3	72	Voice as a Reporter of Individuality.	III.	3	55
Visitors:—				Voice as a Reporter of Individuality.	III.	4	80
Charles Follen Adams	II.	1	12	<i>Edna Dean Proctor</i>			
Louis Albert Banks	II.	5	135	Voice, Cultivation of the.			
Professor Bayley	II.	5	127	<i>President Emerson</i>	I.	4	80
Mrs. Bottome	V.	2	32	Voice, Cultivation of the (cont'd).			
Geo. W. Cable	VI.	4	109	<i>President Emerson</i>	I.	4	87
Mrs. L. Ormison Chant	IV.	2	35	Voice, Relation of Mind to.			
Francis E. Clark	VI.	5	132	<i>May Greenwood</i>	V.	4	119
Dr. James R. Cocke	V.	1	29	Waist, The Coming of the Grecian	V.	5	149
" "	II.	5	129	Waists, Developed. <i>Inez L. Cutter</i>	VII.	1	17
" "	III.	3	55	Washington, Booker T., Address	VIII.	3	80
Charles Carleton Coffin	II.	3	63	Webster, Daniel.			
Madame Marie Decca	VI.	4	111	<i>President Emerson</i>	IV.	3	62
Henry Drummond	I.	5	103	Welcome, Address of			
Joseph Haworth	IV.	4	89	<i>President Emerson</i>	VIII.	1	15
Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin	VI.	4	110	Wholeness. <i>President Emerson</i>	VI.	1	3
Mrs. Mary Dana Hicks	VI.	4	110	Woman, Is, Growing Physically			
Oliver Wendell Holmes	I.	5	104	Weaker? Morning Talk by <i>Presi-</i>			
Elbert Hubbard	V.	4	118	<i>dent Emerson</i>	V.	4	101
" "	VI.	4	112	Woman, The New. <i>M. Eden Tatem</i>	V.	7	228
Mrs. Sidney Lanier	V.	4	118	Wordsworth. <i>Wm. J. Rolfe, Litt. D.</i>	I.	3	56
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore	VIII.	6	180	Words, Words, Words. <i>Solon Lauer</i>	VI.	2	51
				Work for Workers. <i>Helen Hamblen</i>	I.	5	143



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THE ARTISTS PRESENTING SHAKESPEARIAN COMEDY IN STEINERT HALL.

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Contents.

Editorials	I
President Emerson's Lecture, "The Relation of Magnanimity of Atmosphere to Oratory"	3
The American Girl in the German University. <i>Bertha Callanan-Squires</i>	8
A Trip Through Scandinavia, I. <i>Charles Winslow Kidder</i>	14
Autumn Woods (Poetry). <i>L. E. S.</i>	18
College News: Opening Day, The Seniors Receive the Freshmen, Emerson Day at Cottage City, The Summer School, Miss Blacklock at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, Mr. Southwick's Lecture Course, A Festival of Shakespearean Comedy, Annie Winslow Kidder, Personals	18
Alumni Notes	31

In the deep heart of man a poet dwells
Who all the day of life his summer story tells:
Scatters on every eye dust of his spells,
Scent, form, and color: to the flowers and shells
Wins the believing child with wondrous tales;
Touches a cheek with colors of romance,
And crowds a history into a glance;
Gives beauty to the lake and fountain,
Spies over-sea the fires of the mountain;
When thrushes ope their throats, 't is he that sings,
And he that paints the oriole's fiery wings.
The little Shakespeare in the maiden's heart
Makes Romeo of a ploughboy on his cart;
Opens the eye to Virtue's starlike meed,
And gives persuasion to a gentle deed.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Greeting.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, entering upon its ninth year, extends its greeting to the class of 1903.

The members of each year's entering class are attended by an interest and love the extent of which they little dream of until they have passed out of first year's work and find themselves in their turn welcoming a new class. Juniors, Seniors, Faculty, Graduates—and your College Magazine—we all rejoice with you, class of 1903!

And why with you especially? Because you are coming to a new awakening,—an awakening which results only from strenuous and repeated endeavors to awaken others to a new consciousness of the beauty and truth in God's universe. You are here that we may speak to "the poet" who dwells "in the deep heart" of each; better still, you are here to speak to the poet in the heart of your classmate. That "little Shakespeare" will respond, and under its magic spell we shall all dream dreams and see visions.

"What is poetical?" asked the guileless Audrey in the Forest of Arden. "Is it honest in word and deed? Is it a true thing?" And whenever a poet is born the world asks the question anew. The world of trade has ever looked askance at its poets—it has little in common with the world of the imagination. But a poet has, once for all, vouchsafed an adequate answer, by declaring the poets to be

"The only truth-tellers now left to God;
The only speakers of essential truth,
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths; the only holders by
His sun-skirts, through conventional gray
glooms;
The only teachers who instruct mankind,
From just a shadow on a charnel wall,
To find man's veritable stature out,

Erect, sublime,—the measure of a man,
And that 's the measure of an angel, says
The apostle. Aye, and while your common
men

Lay telegraphs, gauge railroads, reign, reap,
dine,

And dust the flaunty carpets of the world
For kings to walk on, or our president,
The poet suddenly will catch them up
With his voice like a thunder, 'This is soul,
This is life, this word is being said in heaven,
Here 's God down on us! What are you about?'
How all those workers start amid their work,
Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's
space,

That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labor, after all."

The orator is the poet—the truth-teller. You are come that you may command the realities of the spirit, that you may learn to live the life of the imagination, since all art springs from the divine faculty. And yet—"Consecrated to your art!" protests Dr. Emerson. "No great man was ever consecrated to his art! The great artist is consecrated to the welfare of humanity." Ah, you are to learn that lesson, too: that your art is only the means whereby you are able to proclaim the "essential truth" that is given through you to the world.

Poet of 1903, speak to the "little Shakespeare" in the heart of thy brother!



A New Year.

The Alma Mater, having just celebrated her twentieth birthday, is entering upon her twenty-first year with hope in her heart and with an earnest prayer for strength proportionate to the responsibilities of this new year.

The new year brings change, as each added year must. New sources of inspiration bring new strength; the severing of old associations leaves a trace of sadness. Yet ever the spirit of the man who recognized and formulated the principles of education and of art upon which Emerson College rests, and applied them

in methods of teaching, has been the unifying element, throughout all change and progress.

Those who are returning to their former places on the Faculty need no word of welcome or of eulogy from us; their standing as artists and as teachers is assured, as is their place in the hearts of their pupils. Those who go from us carry a goodly portion of love, and our earnest wishes for their highest usefulness and welfare.

And so, with no vain regrets for "the tender grace of a day that is dead," but rather bidding the parting friend God-speed and hailing the inspiration to come, we echo Mr. Southwick's greeting words:—

"I hold the years in my heart,
And all that was—is yet."



Our New President.

Miss Eastlack, '00, the president of the new magazine board, has not yet returned from her vacation. She will enter later for graduate work, however, and will strengthen the board by her hearty co-operation and support.



New Courses of Study.

Several new courses have been added to our college departments this year which will interest former students and all friends of the College. Mrs. Emerson is extending the scope of the responsive work, and attaining marvelous results in persuading impassive bodies to speak. Miss Smith, who made a special study of pedagogy in the Harvard Summer School, has charge of the Normal Department. The graduate students are rejoicing in a Browning course presented by Miss King, a course in dramatic action by Mr. Tripp, and a course in natural therapeutics by Mr. Alden.

Relation of Magnanimity of Atmosphere to Oratory.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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"ATMOSPHERE" is a term which everybody understands when it is used in connection with art or life, and yet no one can define just what it is or just what they mean by it. You say, "The background of that picture is good and the foreground is fine and clear; but there is something in the atmosphere of it that pleases me beyond anything else. I cannot tell why, but I like to look at it when I am tired; it rests me. I like to look at it when I am overburdened with the cares of life; it encourages me." You cannot tell just what it is that produces this effect. It is not to be found in this curve or in that shade of color; it is not the form nor the central idea that the artist was seeking to reveal; in fact, it is something which you can't define and yet it affects you more than anything else in the picture. This may be called the atmosphere of the picture. Atmosphere is sometimes used in a more technical sense in regard to art and literature. Whatever a certain author writes we want to read, simply because that author wrote it. We want to read that historical sketch, not because the author will tell us anything new in history, but because we desire to get in touch with the author's personality; we wish to bathe in his atmosphere, to become imbued with his spirit, with his style. Technically speaking, "style" does not mean much, and yet we get an idea from the word "style" that no other word would give, unless it is the term "atmosphere." The style is the man; *i. e.*, the man present in his writing. It is an

expression of the individuality of the man, and nobody can imitate it.

Professor Hudson used to say, "No two authors taste alike;" and then he would give a vigorous smack of his lips and say, "The sweetest of all—Will Shakespeare! Why, if a verse were attributed to Shakespeare, and the authorship were questionable, I should taste of it, and I should know by the taste whether it were his or not." During the Shakespeare and Bacon controversy, a student said to him, "Professor, what do you think of the man who first made the claim that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays?" "Never heard of him; never heard of him." Another time, in referring to the same thing, he said, "Bacon and Shakespeare do not taste alike. If you have eaten Will Shakespeare so you know how he tastes, taste some of Bacon's work. They taste well enough, but not like Will Shakespeare—no more than an apple tastes like an orange." This was Professor Hudson's way of trying to get at the deepest things in all literature. "Style" or "atmosphere" is the best word to suggest the idea of personality in literature. It is that indefinable something which characterizes the individual. What is it? You have asked me to define that which in its very nature is indefinable. It belongs to the invisible world, to the spiritual world; we do not know *what* it is, we only know its manifestations. Oh, there is something deeper and higher than matter! What is it? What is thought? You see only its manifestation, and yet you know it is present

because your thought blends with it and feels the presence of another's thought.

We say, "That man is a great man,"—but that which he represents is greater. He is but a polished reflector of a greatness greater than himself. Before astronomy was known as a science, before there was a Kepler or a Newton or a Herschel, before the courses of the stars had been watched, before their revolutions and their eclipses were known, an ancient poet said in a moment of inspiration, "The stars are inlets into heaven where light shines through to the inhabitants of earth." Nothing more poetic and suggestive was ever said by any astronomer. The strictly scientific statements made by some astronomers limit the vision of the mind, but this idea of the ancients enlarges it. Every great astronomer, however, knows that the stars represent and reflect something vaster than themselves. His study has revealed to him that Infinite hands garnished the heavens; it has given him an insight into the words in the opening chapter of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens."

A man's atmosphere tells what his words can never tell; tells what eyes, nose, mouth, and hands can never tell. It is a spiritual something. It cannot be seen with human eyes nor heard with human ears. It is spiritual, and spiritual things must be spiritually discerned. What atmosphere do you radiate? Is it one which inspires others and lifts their thoughts to higher things? I have sometimes given this as a definition of oratory,—that power by which one soul affects other souls by means of speech, gesture, and, the greatest of all, presence. By the word "presence" I mean atmosphere. This atmosphere, which is a spiritual thing, comes from the spirit of man—more than that, it *is* the spirit of that which man reflects. Man is to be weighed by that which he represents,

and what he represents is in his atmosphere.

Atmosphere is a powerful influence. The technicalities of art have never taught it; in the nature of things it cannot be taught. No teacher ever lived who could tell you in the technicality of his teaching that which would make you greatest. Technique has not touched it. Technique has its sphere; but over and above the sphere of technique is the presiding soul, and that is what influences, that is what tells. There is a person who influences other lives, enkindling them to great ambition, to high and holy aspirations; whoever comes within the radius of that soul is awakened to loftier being. Will you tell us the technique by which he does it? Do you suppose St. Peter was able to tell the world how he caused cloven tongues of fire to flame on the brows of his audience? Did any one of the apostles ever tell the technique of that power by which thousands were added to the church in a single day? It could not be told. It was the power of the spirit—spirit which manifests itself in atmosphere.

In my lecture to-day I am going to speak of the relation of magnanimity to oratory. I shall not attempt an analysis of all the qualities that are embraced in this high quality, "magnanimity." I shall only touch those things that are commonly associated with it. Nobility—to say that a man is magnanimous is to say that he is noble. There is no such thing as being magnanimous without being noble. You say, "I thought it meant to be sympathetic and generous." Yes, it involves these characteristics; but one might be generous and sympathetic and yet not be magnanimous; he could not be noble unless he were sympathetic and generous. Magnanimity—nobleness. He is a sympathetic man; is he magnanimous? Not necessarily. A man may be sympathetic

and not be wholly noble. The friendship of all people is to a certain extent sympathetic. There are people who feel sympathetic toward you even to the extent of denying self for you, and yet your association with them may not lead you to nobleness. You do not always need the sympathy of those who are not noble. The sympathy of a noble soul is elevating. Mother-love is the sweetest love known on earth, the most like Divine Love, but there is a difference in the quality of mother-love. There is the maternal instinct that leads the mother to love her child because it is her child — an instinct not unlike the instinct that prevails in the animal kingdom. But there is a higher mother-love than this. The children of some mothers seem to grow to heights proportionate with the depths of the mother's love, as if the mother-love were a heaven-bound chariot in which the children ride into the kingdom. Again, the mother instinct sometimes seems to draw children the other way. The instinct is the same, but it has a different atmosphere, according to the character of the mother. In the one case the mother's left hand reaches out and takes the hand of the child while the right hand is placed in the hand of the Most High. The mother as she moves is all the time drawing these two hands together and uniting the child to the kingdom above. The other mother has one hand in the hand of the child, but the other hand feels out after dark and shadowy things, and the attraction the mother has for these things leads her downward with her child. In both cases the mother instinct is good in itself; but whereas in one case it guides the child to the Divine Personality, in the other case it drags him down to an inferior personality.

What is the relation of magnanimity to the speaker? A speaker imparts to his audience what he himself is. "It is

of more importance with whom you study than what you study" — because a teacher imparts himself. An orator imparts himself through what is termed atmosphere. It is that which you breathe when you listen to him, when you are in his presence. Is it not important that an audience should breathe that which will exalt them? They are inhaling the very soul of the orator; they are breathing that which affects them more than anything he can say. There is one thing that the technical teacher cannot steal. He cannot steal atmosphere, he cannot imprison it, he cannot peddle it. His atmosphere is himself, is his spirit.

I do not say that if you have a perfectly magnanimous atmosphere you need have nothing more. I do not say that a messenger carrying important messages needs only the disposition to be true. What else does he need? He needs legs with which to run. His purposes may be good, but they are powerless unless he can execute them. Whatever art you may study, the technique of that art gives you the instruments with which to work; but it is the soul alone that can enable you mightily and effectively to influence others. The day will come, by the blessing of God, when the end of education will be to develop nobility of soul in every student. When will that day be? It will be when all his teachers, from the first to the last, can teach the pupil the technique of the various branches which he studies with them, and at the same time unconsciously breathe into him nobility of soul.

It is a thing that cometh not by observation, this matter of magnanimity of atmosphere; it steals in upon us when we are not aware. It is something we cannot technically learn, but, thank God, we can develop it by living it.

What is my secret in teaching oratory? I have none. My methods are open to the world. What is my *aim* in teaching

oratory? It is this: that people perfected by culture, by refinement, by grace, by all that assists in the highest development, may make use of the highest sentiments and powers in their own natures. Here is a young man who goes to church on Sunday. He hears the preacher say that kindness is a good thing, honesty is a good thing, conscience is a good thing, worship is a good thing,—to all of which he assents. He says, "No doubt prayer is a good thing. I would not think much of a religion that did not have prayer in it. The Golden Rule is all right for those who join the church. I hope to get in there before I am called hence, but I mean to stay out and enjoy myself awhile."

Now I want to say to you, from the teacher's or the orator's point of view, that these things of which you have heard in the Sunday school and from the pulpit ever since you were old enough to understand what was said are the essential powers of the orator. You have heard magnanimity called one of the virtues, and you have thought that he who belongs to the church ought to practise it, but that you who make no profession could do as you please about it. Ah, young man, student of oratory, by what power do you expect to exert an influence over others through speech? Let me tell you there is no other power by which an orator can exert such influence, wherever he may give utterance to his thought, as by obedience to the Golden Rule. There is no other power such as that which comes from this high culture, this benevolence by means of which one loves others as he loves himself, by means of which a man can actually desire that even his enemies shall be happy.

When you think of oratory you think of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of Webster, of Phillips, of others who represent oratory to the world. Where were their magazines of power? You say in Web-

ster and Phillips it was largely their beauty of person. One has been compared to the mighty Jove,— "a brow like Jove." A biographer says of him, "The greatest element of Webster's success was his beauty." Ah, how was it with you, Abraham Lincoln? You have grown beautiful in history as a great figure standing on the pedestal of the nation; grown beautiful in the light of that halo around your brow in which are written the golden words, "The savior of the nation." How was it before you wore this laurel? What did people say then? I read an article from the opposite party just after Lincoln was nominated, which said, "Lincoln may be honest; he may tell the truth—when he can't help it; he may have been a good rail-splitter; tell us anything you please, but for heaven's sake, don't show us his face!" What was it that made Lincoln such a tremendous power? Was it beauty of face or of form? It was something higher than physical beauty that enabled him to win when he debated with one who was called "The Little Giant," a man who suggested Hercules—a mighty man, most nearly a match to Lincoln in power of any man of his time. Oh, yes, there was in Lincoln's personality a subtle something that touched everybody.

What governed Lincoln throughout his entire career? Those mighty qualities which make the atmosphere of the orator,—sterling integrity, which no foe denied him; benevolence, the greatest of all. It is that which binds all the other virtues together, according to St. Paul,— "the band of perfectness."

"O rose, filling the air with sweetness, tell us by what technique you learned to send forth your sweet aroma?" The innocent rose would blush at the question. "Technique—I never studied technique, neither did I perfume myself with 'Lubens' or any other extract." Question as closely as we may, the rose

will not reveal its secret—it lies in the rose itself, in the life of the rose.

The orator who radiates magnanimity of atmosphere is the orator who gives his life to his audience. Art thou an orator in the pulpit, on the rostrum, in the legislative hall, on the stump?—the world demands of thee thy life. Wherever that life breathes out the world is inspired, the world is blessed. It matters little how the life finds expression.

When magnanimity comes in its own garment, we hail it as the sweetest child of earth. Hearts open to it. Tears flow before it. Prison gates swing on their hinges, and tyranny trembles and falls.

What is one of the first hints of magnanimity in the intellect? The first hint of its appearance is found in the toleration of those who differ. The first hint of magnanimity in the Christian is that he does not condemn others because they accept creeds unlike his own. Holy Writ commands us to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Suppose I find nine-tenths of them to be humbugs? "Humbugs" will not hurt me. If I find one to be that kind of bug, after I have entertained it, like other bugs it will soon fly away and perish.

You believe, sir, only what has been tested by so-called scientific tests? You believe that everything else is a humbug? Well, sir, may there not be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy? You say you know only what your crucible has tested or your weights and measures have determined. Look into the history of chemistry for a few hundred years. Suppose the first chemist had said, "We do not believe that two ingredients may so blend together as to make a third of an entirely different character." Where would chemistry be to-day? O, entertain! Entertain!

When a man will not entertain a stranger, then only is he old. He who is

too old and infirm to unbolt the door to let in a stranger, pity him and pass him by. While the intellect is young it is hospitable, it entertains. When I will not entertain a new idea call me old, no matter if I be not yet twenty-five. Some are born young and some are born old. You cannot expect much of those who are old when they are born—unless you can teach them to grow younger in thought and sympathy.

I can say that I have neither resisted any "ism" because it was new, nor rejected any teaching because it had been taught hundreds of years; therefore I feel that I may with confidence invite you to the same repast. It is sweet to feast upon the truths that the fathers have dropped upon our tables, but no less sweet are the new fruits that the new man has brought us.

What has the future for us? It has nothing for you unless you have turned an eye of magnanimity toward the past. The present is built upon the past. Many people think that what is old should be wiped away to make room for the new. That is contrary to nature's laws. If evolution is an unfailing law, how may we ignore the past and the present? The future is the bud that is developing from the past and the present. It has the shining wings of the butterfly that has broken the chrysalis where it hindered, but has not destroyed it. The butterfly never fought the outgrown chrysalis. If you are out of the old philosophy, don't turn around and fight it. Set your face toward the future; it has something in store for you. How shall I know it? How do I know on a clear morning in June that the sun is soon to rise? Ah, I do not need the clock to tell me. I see the foregleams of the morning!

The future is bringing great principles, great ideas, great reforms in government, in society, in the professions, in individual life. It is coming; the sun is

rising with healing in his wings. How do I know? The foregleams are here! But when you see the foregleams do not, as some have done, hail them with joy, and then when that of which these are but the heralds comes, deny it. Be not as those who accepted the teaching of the prophets and persecuted Him of whom the prophets foretold. Everything is foretold before it appears. The Lord God doeth nothing but he revealeth his secret to his servants — the prophets. One class persecuted the prophets; another class garnished the sepulchre of the prophets and persecuted Him of whom the prophets foretold. This is a day of foretelling and a day of realizations; let us take heed that we shut our eyes to neither.

Prophecy is being fulfilled all the while. Open to it, O orator! The moment you shut yourself up, that moment

your audience will shut itself against you. If you have no magnanimity for those with whom you do not agree in thought, or in theory, if you shut them out, your audience will shut their hearts against you. The magnanimity of your intellect toward all that comes to it, the magnanimity of your soul toward all that comes to it, — this is the sesame that will open other souls unto you. A man who is bigoted makes everybody bigoted toward him. As you march out into life to battle with the world, what coat of arms will you carry? What shall be painted on your banner? Let it be *magnanimity of atmosphere*; let those grand words be echoed by every tone of your voice and suggested by every movement of your person; and all who come within its influence shall grow broader, higher, richer, more aspiring for truth and good.

The American Girl in the German University.

BERTHA CALLANAN-SQUIRES.

It is with pleasure that I record, for the readers of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, some of the impressions received in this city of music, foreigners, and University fame. The time spent here has revealed many facts of interest concerning this time-honored University, the education of woman in Germany, and the American and English girls abroad.

Any phase of European life is of interest and will prove instructive, approached in the right attitude of mind. To come into contact with the life of a great European university affords an inspiration that can be felt, not adequately described. None of the fond illusions long entertained of this University have been dissipated from contact with the reality. The magnificence of Leipzig University, the enthusiasm for pure learn-

ing enkindled here, and the opportunities for special study can scarcely be imagined in advance. In this home of philosophy one feels the profound influences that have radiated and controlled during five long centuries of stirring intellectual history in Europe, and its intense spirit is all-pervading. Leipzig carries on its roll of honor men who have created literature and men who will determine philosophy for centuries to come, — such writers as Gellert, Lessing, Goethe, Jean Paul, and Friedrich Schlegel; such philosophers as Leibnitz, Fechner, Lotze, Strümpell, and Wundt. These have given fame to this home of intellectual freedom and enlightenment, and made it for centuries the Mecca of all devotees of true learning.

The University has undergone a re-

markable transformation within the last decade. At an expense of over two millions of dollars, it has been completely remodelled, so that the chief structure and the library building are now the most magnificent educational buildings in Germany, if not in Europe.

The inner court of the main structure is spacious and high, with magnificent mural paintings at either end — one symbolizing the descent of Wisdom from the mountain heights, bearing, Prometheus-like, the flaming torch of knowledge to the waiting world. On three sides, canopied with beautiful ceilings painted with the literary heroes of the ages, are tiers of handsome, imposing corridors, to which lead staircases of granite and marble resting on brass with gigantic Atlanti supporting the massive arches. The effect of all is striking in grandeur and artistic to every detail. The surroundings are all prophetic of the activity engendered within the intellectual realm of this time-honored institution. No place could be more inspiring, none could wield a deeper influence over the student's life; for the environments tend to satisfy the æsthetic side of the nature, while the soul is being strengthened and uplifted in its intellectual pursuits.

The buildings and approaches not long ago were antiquated, uncouth, and mediæval in appearance. Many lectures were held in an old monastery where the dismal features of the past still cast their gloomy influence about the student's life and all reminded of the far distant days of which this University is the noble heritage. Thousands of students from all quarters of the world are now thronging its spacious laboratories and lecture-rooms, bent upon obtaining the last and best truths discovered and enunciated by the eminent scholars for which Leipzig has from its beginning been so widely celebrated.

There are two hundred and thirty-five

members of the Leipzig faculty; many of these have already a world-wide reputation, attracting ambitious students from the far East, even from China, Japan, and the American Philippines. Sievers in English, Gregory in Theology, Binding in German Civil Law, Lamprecht in Sociology, Hering in Anatomy, Lipsius and Brugmann in Classical Philology, Heinze in History of Philosophy, and Wundt in Psychology are men whose names are on every lip, and always with admiration and unstinted praise.

Wundt, the psychologist and polymath, is the intellectual giant, however, who outmeasures all others. He always enters the lecture-room with applause and leaves it amid enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. This distinguished looking man, now sixty-eight, stands at his desk during lectures, and speaks rapidly, without notes, in a most elevated and classical style, carrying his hearers through the most difficult problems with a clearness and finality of statement that betrays the great master that he is. In point of elevation of thought and style, Wundt is surpassed by none but Paulsen, in Berlin, and by Schopenhauer of former times. It is now my rare privilege to hear the lectures of this noted scientist six hours each week. His lecture-room, with a seating-capacity of five hundred, is always filled. Here representatives of all nations are gathered to hear the man who has directed the psychological tendencies of the world for the last quarter of a century.

It is instructive and highly interesting to take one's seat early and to watch the different types of students file in to take their assigned places. The most of the German students are readily distinguished from the others by their badges of gay striped ribbons strapped diagonally over the breast; and as they are seen sauntering through the corridors, the caps of red, blue, and green velvet,

denoting the *verein* to which they belong, are sure also to attract attention — but not more so, perhaps, than the sword-cuts received in duels, badly disfiguring many of the faces. These scars are considered a particular distinction, and the owners are proud of their conspicuousness. Surely a trace of mediævalism lingers in these classic halls. At a glance one can see that the members of the lecture-room are cosmopolitan, but all are actuated by a common purpose.

Really no type is so pronounced as the American student, who presents the most marked characteristics. He is dignified, generally well-dressed, independent, businesslike, the paragon of energy and culture. In the eyes of a German professor, the American student is always a gentleman and is uniformly received with respect and confidence. The American woman is likewise accorded special esteem by such professors as Wundt and Heinze, who are unprejudiced. Many of them are students of German and French literature, but a large number hear Wundt and are his enthusiastic admirers. His courtesy to women seeking access to his lecture-room is likewise manifest in his kindly and spiritual face, singularly radiant and attractive when he speaks.

This semester it is also my privilege to hear another noted Leipzig professor, Dr. Max Heinze, the Historian of Philosophy. He is a rare and most interesting man, one who has long been friendly to the admittance of woman to the University, and to her higher education. He has done a great work in finishing and keeping up to date the History of Philosophy begun by Ueberweg. His genial ways, his approachableness, his willingness to come to the student's assistance at just the right moment, and his unsurpassed pedagogic skill have given him an enviable position in the

estimation of the whole body of Leipzig students.

To aptly describe this striking, unique scholar would tax the ready skill of a practised character-painter. The longer he is studied by his students the more interesting he becomes in the charm and sincerity of his personality. He generally enters the room out of breath from climbing the long flights of stairs, and throws towards the desk his hat, which, with unerring accuracy, always lands in the right place; hat disposed of, gloves are removed in the same order; the inspiring greeting "Meine Herren" is heard at the entrance, and before the desk has been fairly reached a portion of the previous lecture has been recapitulated. After the lecturer is seated the rest is always covered with a rapidity startling and even confusing to the foreigner, and this, too, without one modulation of any kind in the delivery to relieve the monotone. This preliminary finished, the day's lecture begins. The skill of the finest pedagogue of the University is now fully evident. There is no mistaking the important things; the subordinate details are usually presented with great rapidity and in a monotone, — they are explanatory, and the main point or principle is not to be lost by the cataloguing of confirmatory facts. When the lecture is finished it stands out before the student clearly in all its vivid outlines. As the bell rings the hour to close, the lecturer rises from his place, reaches for the above-mentioned hat, starts to leave the desk, lecturing as rapidly as he goes, but now outlining the lecture for the next appointment. Often while he still speaks there has disappeared through the door, amid the applause of his admiring hearers, one of the most interesting teachers and scholars of modern times.

In 1873 women were first permitted to attend lectures in Leipzig as "hear-

ers." On account of the arrogant demands of a Russian woman, however, the University refused to grant any further permission to women to enter lecture-rooms, but permitted those already enrolled to continue until they should voluntarily withdraw from the institution. The last woman to surrender the privileges granted under this regulation was Miss Eva Channing, from the vicinity of Boston. She continued here for more than two years, after which a long period intervened when women were positively forbidden admission to the lecture-room. Gradually, however, personal appeal to the individual professors, backed by strong influence, lead these, in exceptional cases, to admit women as private hearers. Miss Denio, formerly librarian of Wellesley College, was the first to obtain the privileges of the University in this way. Championed by Dr. Gregory, a former United States citizen, she requested Dr. Brugmann, then Privat Do-cent, to allow her to attend his lectures. This, at first, he positively refused to grant, but offered the suggestion that she might run the risk of attending and take the consequences of infringing upon the University regulations if she saw fit—adding that he would not, however, have her expelled, and probably no one else would. She heard Brugmann's lectures and finally became the successful translator of his first great work. At this period of the exclusion of women Professor Heinze still permitted them to hear his lectures.

In 1896 again a marked change took place in the attitude of the University toward women; it was then provided that women, upon satisfactory evidence of proper preparation presented to the "Cultus Ministerium" in Dresden, might attend lectures as hearers. The privilege of matriculation was still denied, but lectures must be chosen and paid for according to regulations governing

the inscribed students. Woman is accorded all the privileges of lecture-room and Seminar, but cannot in any case take examinations or obtain a degree.

Among the thirty-three women in attendance here, Russian, Roumanian, and American predominate. The number of German women who take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered by this University in a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants is excessively small. The fact is that in this land, the fountain-head of philosophy and enlightenment, woman still stands to-day intellectually in quite a mediæval position. While every opportunity for the profoundest learning is offered to men, the education of girls has been painfully limited and neglected until the founding of the first "gymnasium cursus" for girls by Helene Lange in Berlin, 1893. Another was founded in Leipzig, in 1894, by Katherine Windscheid, Ph.D., the first woman graduate from a German university. This institution, however, with the four others of the same character, are simply private institutions and promise to remain such. There is little pride or ambition for the higher education of woman among the German people, and very little has been accomplished to bring the German woman to a consciousness of her dignity and high privileges.

The schools for German girls are neglected—limited in the subject-matter presented, and extending only to the sixteenth or seventeenth year, when the girl must leave school or repeat studies already taken. Girls have never until lately been prepared for the higher study of the University, so their educational career stops when they should be just beginning to study in a most serious manner. But this state of affairs is after all quite satisfactory to the German woman herself; there seems to be no "noble discontent," no serious and general agitation for the betterment of exist-

ing conditions. In fact, higher education of woman is not only fiercely inveighed against by men, but German women themselves attack it with bitterness.

A German woman lately published her "thoughts" on the emancipation of woman in Germany. The following characteristic passage will suffice to give a conservative view of woman's attitude toward the education of her sex: "For a woman to enter the professions or to aspire to a like education with man is an arrogant, unattainable folly. Wherever there is lodged in a woman's brain extraordinary talent which surpasses that of the common horde of women, this can find expression in keeping with its face value without its possessor having been sent to the higher institutions of learning, which are nothing but hothouses of idiocy systematically undermining the family peace!"

The conduct of the German students toward the foreign girls, and more particularly toward the American girls studying in the University, quite confirms this negative attitude toward the higher education of women. If the American girl enter the lecture-room late, be she only a minute tardy, she runs the risk of making herself unpleasantly conspicuous by the sudden and general hissing and stamping of the students which her appearance calls forth. This has happened several times during the past semester in Professor Wundt's lecture-room. No instance of a German girl suffering this humiliation has yet come to my notice. The American girl is a type of ambitious, aspiring, and cultured womanhood to which the German student is opposed. Even some of the most noted professors of the University look with displeasure upon the presence of women in their lecture-rooms. Sievers has declared himself on this question by saying, "Leipzig University has no place for idlers" — women. This attitude has

seriously discouraged those who have put forth great efforts to establish proper gymnasia for the preparation of German girls for the universities.

The conception of marriage entertained here is responsible for much of the intellectual backwardness of woman in Germany. No other problem so possesses the girl's mind. While she should be thinking of making herself intellectually, she is brooding over her marriage possibilities; and if not betrothed by eighteen she looks forward to a fate of hopeless single life—an unspeakable calamity to the German mind. This foolish idea of marriage has consigned the German woman to an almost helpless mediocrity. Marriage is arranged on a strictly cash basis; if property considerations do not prevail, then a girl must marry beneath her station, if she marry at all. In this city, where for five centuries a great university has been radiating its benign influences, woman's position is pitiable from the American woman's point of view. The spiritual, uplifting powers of learning have not yet filtered down to the under strata where the German woman passes her inactive existence. Even the church has made its appeals to her in vain, and women reveal a revolting indifference for both sacredness of Sabbath and common piety. The concert, the beer-garden, the theatre, and the street are thronged on the Sabbath day, but the church is almost empty.

On the seventeenth day of October, 1865, the first Woman's Congress was held in Germany. During these long years but minor interest has been taken in the educational elevation of woman. January 7, 1900, a general congress of women was held in Leipzig, and was addressed by Frau Dr. Goldschmidt, the oldest representative of the woman's movement in Germany. The subject was the struggle for "Right and Duty," but

not a single allusion was made to the intellectual incompetence of the German women; no suggestion as to the redemption of the German girl from the thralldom of the marriage customs in vogue. Worst of all, there is no comprehension here of the real situation of woman and of what a face-about in educational matters would do for the cause of social purity and enlightenment. Where gymnasia in the last seven years have been founded for girls they have not flourished; for a girl to study after she is eighteen is an evidence of her "hopeless stupidity;" studying after marriage is criticised in quite unmeasured terms. The Germans talk with great volubility about domesticity, ignorant of the fact that the home is first real when the wife and mother can be the intellectual and spiritual companion of every member of the household.

One cannot say too much in praise of the position of the ambitious American girl with a college and university education when comparing her intellectual opportunities with the incentive of the girl in Germany. The splendid, well-equipped colleges for women in America are convincing demonstrations of what the American girl may aspire to. The American woman in this University presents sufficient evidence of her ambition, poise of character, and fine accomplishments: a great purpose has impelled her, and she is here to prepare herself for usefulness in her native land, where the largest possibilities for an honorable career are open before her.

It is more than instructive to study the American and English girls abroad—those outside of the University. That so many of these come to a country for "finishing" their education where there are practically no schools for them, except the University, seems strange enough. It is a mistake to believe that girls come here for "education," in the

broad and serious sense of this term. They come here for musical instruction or to acquire the spoken language as a supplement to such knowledge of it as they have already obtained at home. Except the University, for which sound preparation is needed, there are no suitable school opportunities for the girl of more than sixteen or seventeen, outside of private instruction and a few girls' gymnasia, which cannot compare with the woman's college in America. In musical advantages Leipzig is unsurpassed, so the Conservatory is thronged with foreigners, among whom the Americans and English constitute a very large part. Foreign life has its fascinations and also its perils, and for that reason parents cannot give the matter too weighty consideration when contemplating sending their daughters abroad alone for musical instruction or language. No girl should come abroad alone for study unless of mature mind, sound judgment, and excellent poise of character. I have learned that among the Conservatory students are American girls of not more than sixteen years of age living here alone, without friends or relatives to care for or advise them. The parents of these girls are surely guilty of gross neglect. They may think that much prestige is attached to the names of their daughters when they return to their native land, but this is attained, too often, at a great sacrifice. The ideals inculcated by home training have been quickly given up, foreign customs are adopted, disregard for the Sabbath follows, and gradually they drift into habits not admired at home. The vaunted independence of the American girl often makes her forget herself, and so brings into suspicion the boasted position and intelligence of women in England and America. Many of these girls, possessed with a spirit of daring and adventure, lack the self-possession and good sense

necessary for successful attempts at the unusual.

So far my study of educational questions abroad has led me to a lively appreciation of the advantages enjoyed by the American girl at home. The American colleges for women are fine evidences of woman's real position and influence among our progressive people; true education should make no distinction of sex. In our country, long ago, it was thought that the boy alone should receive the higher classical education; but that view, happily, has long since become antiquated, and our girls may freely as-

pire to a classical education, and likewise to the fine art of oratory. It is a pleasure to call to mind how much the Emerson College of Oratory is doing in fitting ambitious and talented young women to spread abroad your ideas of the culturing and ennobling art of oratory. Though now surrounded by the enthusiasm of this foreign university, it is with pleasure and gratitude that I reflect upon the days spent under your natural and inspiring instruction, and in the city where culture of woman is a national pride and proverb.

A Trip Through Scandinavia.

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER.

I.

SOME of those who crossed the Atlantic during July and August have beautiful tales to tell of glassy seas; of dining-tables without racks, and glasses of water which reposed unspilled on table or dresser; of moonlit nights when the promenade on deck suggested a stroll on the beach. But those of us who encountered the gales of spring on the outward passage and the Texas storm on the return had somewhat different experiences. However, our good ship bore us gallantly and safely.

We arrived in Hamburg the middle of May. A few days' practice was necessary before our walking was all that a strictly temperate man's should be. As soon as we had become sufficiently readjusted to our altered circumstances we paid our respects to the more famous scenes of the city. Among these might be mentioned the Binnen-Alster, upon whose waters the busy little boats dart hither and thither, in strange contrast to the many swans which move so majestic-

ally along. Around this sheet of water, in the heart of Hamburg, are some of the more attractive stores, palatial hotels, and handsome private residences. From the quays along the Jungfernstieg small steamers ply to various points on the neighboring Aussen-Alster and to the river and canals beyond. The Art Gallery, ranking well among the galleries of the second class, especially for its works by German, and more particularly Hamburg, artists; the Natural History Museum, with its rare collection of shells and birds; the Industrial Museum, noted for its collection of Japanese porcelain, its metal-work collection, and its fine wood-carvings; the churches; the new and imposing Rathhaus, in the German Renaissance style; the Botanical Garden; the well-stocked Zoölogical Garden; — each in turn proved itself to be worthy of attention.

But our eyes were looking northward; and soon one fine morning found us in the train speeding across the North Ger-



MAIN ENTRANCE.
INNER MOAT.

CASTLE OF ELSINORE.

FLAG BATTERY.
HAMLET'S GRAVE.

man country, past the suburban town of Altona, through the manufacturing town of Neumünster, past the once richly endowed Monastery of Bordesholm, to the old Holstein town of Kiel, whose noble harbor is used as the Baltic headquarters of the German navy. As our steamer moved out of the harbor to reach the East Sea we passed a number of the Kaiser's ironclads. Sailing past the smaller Danish islands, we reached the port of Korsör. Here the train was waiting to bear us over the slightly undulating country of Zealand, past the many cultivated fields and small white cottages of the peasants, past old windmills that had evidently weathered many a wintry blast, to Denmark's capital.

Copenhagen is a city of over four hundred thousand inhabitants, the residence of the king, and a commercial port of importance. The city has a grim and smoky appearance, owing to its buildings in sandstone which have crumbled and blackened by age, but its treasures of art well repay the traveller for a visit. Here was Thorwaldsen born; and here, in the Thorwaldsen Museum, is to be found a very large collection of the great sculptor's works. This collection includes plaster models, original designs, many excellently wrought reproductions, and a few originals in marble. Among the latter may be mentioned "The Four Seasons" and "Ages of Man."

Among the most interesting places in Copenhagen is Rosenborg Castle, built by Christian IV. in 1604-10. The castle was its founder's favorite residence; and until the middle of the eighteenth century it was occupied by the various monarchs, who, in turn, fitted up rooms according to the taste and fashion of their day. Here were deposited the uniforms, coronation robes, state weapons, jewels, and other valuables; and when, later, the other royal palaces were

made to contribute much of their store, the collection became the most valuable of its kind in Denmark, if not indeed in all Scandinavia. Since 1863 it has been open to the public as the Chronological Collection of Danish Monarchs.

Of the other attractions of Copenhagen, I will take time to mention but two,—the New Glyptothek, said to contain the best collection of modern French sculpture to be found outside of France, and the Old Glyptothek, containing a remarkably rich collection of ancient sculpture (one of the finest north of the Alps), including many Greek originals and, it is claimed, the best collection of Roman portrait statues in the world. These collections were the magnificent gift to the city of Hr. Carl Jacobsen, a wealthy brewer and enthusiastic lover of art, while the expense of erecting both buildings was mainly borne by him.

This gentleman's business and attendant prosperity may suggest the idea that Denmark is not a country of total abstinence. It is said that the beer and liquor consumption of Denmark is as great *per capita* as that of any country of Europe. Yet drunkenness seems comparatively rare. As a rule the people do not drink enough beer at any one time to show the effects of it; but they drink little else. Water, as a beverage, is much to them as to the German who, after a residence of some years in the United States, said, on returning to his native country, "I never drank a glass of water in my life till I went to America."

The Dane of to-day is generally of light complexion, moderate in movement, and impressing one as purposing to enjoy life leisurely. An American gentleman, who doubtless had been somewhat tried by the Danes' slow and deliberate action, told the following incident. In 1857 a committee was appointed to investigate the jury system. The report,

after forty-two years of deliberation, was made last year.

Leaving Copenhagen, we paid a short visit to the Castle of Frederiksborg, also built by Christian IV. at the beginning of the seventeenth century. As we looked at that imposing monument of the Danish Renaissance, built on islands in the quiet lake and commanding a beautiful view of park and woodland, we could not wonder that the monarchs found here that rest and enjoyment which for centuries made it a favorite retreat. After the fire of 1859 it was abandoned as a royal residence; but it has since been restored, and is now used as a National Historical Museum. The works of art and reproductions here displayed afford a survey of Danish history from the introduction of Christianity to the present time.

From Frederiksborg our way led next to Helsingör; and there, in the evening light, we saw, for the first time, Kronborg Castle — better known to us as the Castle of Elsinore. This famous structure was erected by Frederick II. in 1574-85. It is massively built of stone and enclosed by moated walls. Situated on a point of land, which stretches toward the Swedish coast, it stands like a sentinel by the Sound, as if guarding a mystic treasure. Viewed from the sea, Kronborg is an imposing edifice. Standing so near the beach, its walls and lofty towers appear, at a little distance, to rise in majestic splendor from the very waves. At the present time the castle is used by the Danish army stationed at Helsingör. By special permission of the commandant we were allowed to take a number of photographs, some of which are here shown.

The rooms of the northeast side of the castle, occupied at one time by the royal family, are open to inspection. These, for the most part, are not very large, two only being of goodly size. The walls are

adorned with numerous pictures by Danish artists, although none are of very especial merit. The ornaments and almost all the furniture have been removed. From the small corner room, where Caroline Matilda, Queen of Christian VII., was imprisoned for a time, is seen the Flag Battery, or "platform before the Castle," where Shakespeare makes the Ghost appear. Viewed from a nearer point, we see that the platform is a small octagonal space, at the angle of the wall, commanding a sightly view of the busy Sound. The visitor is also admitted to the Castle Chapel, the walls, pulpit, and stalls of which are adorned with wood-carvings by German masters; he is allowed to ascend the lofty southwest tower, from which he commands an extensive view, embracing the town of Helsingör, the wooded coast of Zealand, the Sound, and the shores of Sweden.

Tradition says that deep down in the casemates slumbers Holger Danske ("The Dane"), well known in Anderson's tales, who will come forth when his country is in danger. His footstool, and a stone, said to be his pillow, bearing the impress of a large ear, are pointed out. Here one may visit the damp, dark cells, where two or three thousand Swedes were once imprisoned. From the castle an underground passage leads in a northwesterly direction. It is supposed that this passage furnished a secret means of communication with an ancient castle at Marienlyst, but of this older castle I could obtain no satisfactory data.

Played upon by a vivid imagination, some one, in forgotten days, has erected a pile of stones in a lonely spot on a hill above the town, and on it a column bearing the inscription "Hamlet's Grave." Not far away is a spring where the weary traveller may rest and refresh himself, and they call the place "The Ophelia Fountain." Of the other attractions

around Helsingör, a stroll up the north shore for five or ten miles and a call at the sea-bathing resort of Marienlyst may be strongly recommended.

Of the modern town of Helsingör, with its 11,000 inhabitants, but little need be said. At one time the place was of some commercial importance, but now Copenhagen has the commerce and Helsingör would be comparatively unknown had not Shakespeare placed here the scene of "Hamlet." Hallowed, as it is, by a great man's thoughts, many lovers of the Bard of Avon seek the place to let imagination work its will.

Around those places which have been made sacred by history or literature there seems woven a magic spell; and as we come within its influence we seem to meet and mingle with those who once peopled the place. The first night that Kronborg Castle broke upon the view the heart-beats quickened; we felt an indescribable joy. It was the realization of a long cherished dream.

We were reminded of an hour long before, when, for the first time, we stood among the ruins of the old Acropolis. There history, myth, legend, and song so played upon the imagination that we seemed to live in the days of ancient Athenian splendor. So strong was this witchery, this charm, that it almost overpowered us. Sinking down among the fragments of the Parthenon, we were, in fancy, by the side of Phidias as under his master hand the senseless stone assumed forms of beauty and of life; we heard the song of the Hellenic bard; we stood among the worshippers before the shrines of the ancient gods; we saw the populace swayed by the mighty power

of Demosthenes; we walked and talked with Plato and with Socrates.

So at Elsinore that night — as well as on succeeding days when we viewed the castle from within and from without — we felt the presence of Hamlet and of the other characters in the immortal drama. We walked with them as one by one they played their parts. We felt the chill upon the platform as the dread Ghost appeared; we saw the fawning courtier and the hypocritical king; we felt the sincerity of Horatio's friendship as his hand met that of his friend; we watched the lovers as in word or action the story of their hearts was told; we stood with Hamlet as he talked with his own soul about death; we heard the plaintive cry of Ophelia as, touched by the too severe hand of fate, her reason fled.

True, the castle now is chiefly used as barracks, and, of itself, is comparatively uninteresting. Few rooms are open to inspection, and those are robbed of their furnishings; but around the place the poet has cast a spell that cannot be broken. What matters it that the old historic or legendary Hamlet lived hundreds of years before Kronborg Castle was erected? What matters it that he lived in a far-off province? What matters it that the original story and characters are changed? Around the slender thread of history or legend the mind of Shakespeare has woven characters as real to us as any we have ever known. His creations are not legendary or mythical; they live and breathe, they plot and plan, they love and suffer; and with them we walk and talk and dwell and sympathize.

An orator must have everything within him which makes a warrior strong and a saint holy.

The subtle speaker attacks by points of thought, rather than by a steady broadside.

Autumn Woods.

L. E. S.

THE birds have ceased their calling 'mid the
branches,

Hushed is the music of the tiny rill;

But there's a meaning in the forest silence:

God's voice is speaking when the woods are
still.

Even the breeze that whispers in the tree-tops

Quivers to stillness with responsive will;

For there's a meaning in the forest silence:

God's voice is speaking when the woods are
still.

That silent music sweeter is and finer

Than bird or brook can utter to the ear;

For there's a meaning in the forest silence:

God's voice is speaking for the soul to hear.

Gladly I listen to the woodland message,

Deep in my heart it finds an answering thrill;

For there's a meaning in the forest silence:

God's voice is speaking when the woods are
still.

Chocorua, October 3, 1900.

College News.Opening Day.

The morning of October 16 found an eager audience in Berkeley Hall, made up of a goodly proportion of last year's classes, a large entering class, and friends of the College.

After prayer by Dr. Jameson, and the singing of "America," Dr. Emerson, as soon as he could be heard above the storm of applause, introduced Mr. Ward. We are able to offer only portions of Mr. Ward's inspiring address:—

I heartily appreciate that welcome, for which I thank you. But it is my office this morning to respond to the sentiment that prompted it by saying a word from the standpoint of the Faculty.

You have come here to enter a professional school, and we should like to extend our welcome to you on account of this new relation. Perhaps the first thing should be a word with reference to the character of your new work. You have come here from a different sort of training. Most of you have come from the fitting-schools. All secondary schools and much of the liberal art college might appropriately be qualified as general discipline in semi-technical subjects. Now you enter a professional school. Before entering a school like this one, we assume that the pupil is through with the days of trifling and compulsion; he has reached the

time when he knows what he wants, and is ready to use his utmost endeavor to acquire that. Be the professional school a school of law, of medicine, or of engineering, this characterizes all of them. You have entered this professional school that you may learn the science and the art of expression. For this there are many reasons. We have professional people of long experience who come here every year and tarry with us for reasons best known to themselves. A large part of our pupils might be catalogued under that head. We assume that they know what they are after.

But aside from these practical reasons which you can think of in a moment, on account of which we ought to have the science and the art of expression, there is one great reason that is not always included in them; that is the reason which is expressed in the motto of this school,—that there is no evolution without expression; that we cannot attain the end we seek, personal development, without cultivating the art of expression, and if possible the science which is back of the art.

There is no force in the world to-day so powerful as the tremendous desire, the longing, the ambition, for one great ideal. For it I think you are all seekers. The desire for wealth is not so powerful—although we think in America that it is the chief aim. It is not. The ambition that is behind it is not so great as the one which fires our hearts, and that ideal is the attainment of our own personal development.

This ideal is not so old, however, as you may fancy. It is not necessary to go back to the Egyptians—although they had it in greater degree than some of their successors. As late as the Italian Renaissance you find this impulse still unrealized.

All through the Middle Ages men delighted themselves only in one thing,—in crucifying their own personality; in putting out of sight the thought that they had a personal existence in the earth. Man lived for the glory of one being,—a king; or for the glory of some order to which he belonged . . . But with the Renaissance there came a new ideal; namely, that the best way to do good to other men is to put yourself in a condition to be of use to them; that is, develop your own personality. And from that day to ours the idea of the necessity of personal development has gone on with tremendous force. It was this that gave us our Shakespeare, our Milton, and our Goethe (saying nothing about the part that God gave, genius being the divine gift).

Such an ideal as this, coming into the world, at once took the form of pride of intellect. The way to secure personal development was to get knowledge; and we followed that for two hundred years, until we had made wrecks of about half the people who tried to secure development through that means. Then we found out that knowledge was just as powerful for evil as for good. Knowledge without moral power may make a devil rather than a saint . . . French Revolution . . . Then we discovered what we might have known long ago,—that the mind cannot work to good advantage except when it is working under the stimulus of the moral purpose. Therefore at last, after fully half a hundred years,—about the time the Reform Bills were agitating England, and the New Empire had been established in France,—came a great recognition of the notion that morals were necessary as well as intellect.

But even that is not enough. To-day it would be saying very little to stop there. Since the middle of our century, and still more since the last quarter of our century, and still more in the last ten, and the last half of the last ten, years of our century, we have been grasping the idea that it is not enough to develop the mind and the morals, but you must add to these the spiritual faculties if you would cultivate the whole man. There is no such thing as the developed man until you seek after his whole being.

The real meaning of man, the real expression of a personality, is the soul. There is no gainsaying the fact that we have reached that point now. There is not a school of thought to-day that denies this conclusion. . . . When the great desire for personal development comes into the human heart it does not find its answer until all the faculties are trained to this end,—to secure the development of the soul.

If there is anything toward which this school has been aiming, and always has aimed, it is to secure this development of the personality; that is, of the entire being, of the whole man. We say the best powers of the intellect are exerted only when the mind is worked under the propulsion of the soul. If ever this truth found illustration, it is in the science and art of expression, where the mind works at its best because it is working under the impulse of the soul. Some people get the idea that we are not striving for intellectual ends, not knowing that the mind cannot work at its best except when we have first enlisted the heart and the sympathies.

Yet you cannot express that which you do not have. In order to learn the art of expression, you must learn first that there is something to be expressed, and you must have an organ of expression. Many people come here without an organ of expression. They do not know it, and we never tell them. . . . Therefore we cannot assume that every one who comes to us has once possessed the power of expression; since unfortunately, in many cases, that is yet to be acquired. But the desire, the ambition, is there. First, then, you must have an organ of expression; and that is to be found in the physical organism that God has given you. If you have never rejoiced, begin now to rejoice every time you see a little child full of life and health and beauty; because God made us all to have those blessings in our childhood; and if it were not for the artificial mode of education which has crushed the life out of us we should have them yet. . . . We must acquire first a sound body, without which there cannot be a sound soul. Men have not always thought so; in the old days they painted pictures of the soul contrasted with the decrepitude of the body, but that is no longer our ideal. It is the perfection and glory and strength of the body brought again into God's image that is the first necessity in order to secure the development of the mind, the moral, the æsthetic, and the spiritual faculties. You will

never see the first physical exercises on the floor without understanding the whole mystery in a moment. That is not the trouble. But when you come to the next step, where we are aiming at spiritual results, then you may be a little dismayed; you may take five or six weeks to gain your acclimatization here in this atmosphere. . . .

Jean Paul once said jokingly, "When the Almighty divided the world, he gave the land to the French, the sea to the English, and as there was nothing else left he had to give to the Germans the air." Some did not know that Germany, the mother of the arts and sciences, the leader of the world in music, in philosophy, in literature, was contentedly enjoying her pre-eminence because she had been given the gift of the air,—the air that fills all space, that clothes the mountains with the only robe they have when the snows and mists are gone. I would be satisfied if, like Dr. Emerson, I could stand on air instead of a wooden platform the rest of my time. Well, we like to get a little air here, especially in our lungs. That is one of the great things to learn,—to breathe God's air.

Now, let me ask you one practical question—perhaps two, I won't promise. How do you secure this development of the personality? Remember, the first effort was toward intellectual development alone; then came the linking of the moral force with the intellectual, which was all good and right. The moral forces had all been in the world before; but people had taken them as a sort of medicine,—you must not do this, and you must not do that, and you must not do the other! Last of all came, with our part of the century, this glorious development which doubtless had been longer in the earth, but not widely known,—the great fact that it was the evolution of the spirit of man which was necessary in order to secure the development of the personality.

How do you develop your personality in the highest sense? Just in this way. Shakespeare has given the noblest models of manhood and womanhood the world has ever seen. He has given it. When you can express it, then you will know what he meant, and never before. There is no evolution except through expression, and your very effort to express him will bring you gradually nearer to what he meant. The great ideal will never come down to you; you will approximate it. If you want to imagine what it meant to be the character, then try to express it, and you will know what it meant.

Your very failure will teach you the exalted nature of the ideal. When you can express it, then you will have attained that breadth of personality yourself. You will find that every glow of the spirit is felt, either consciously or unconsciously, by every one within hearing of the words. You have to grow into that image before you can express it. You are growing toward it all the time.

Then you find, back of it all, that it is not for selfish ends; that the development of the personality cannot be secured except when you desire to secure this development for the glory and wonder of the power of being of use to other people. When this has taken possession of you, so that you let go of self, you are ready for the outlook toward service to mankind. With that, the crowning glory comes upon you,—the glory of working for the love of others and the benefit of others, the only thing for which any of us try to live in this world when we come to our right minds.

We have seen then that love is the crowning glory of the spirit; that self-forgetfulness is the chief of all the virtues. This lies at the foundation of the oratory which you seek to know. This is glory that you want when you are seeking for your personal development. Therefore I wish you every one all the graces of the spirit; and I wish you the grace of good health. I wish that you may never see a man or a woman the rest of your life who has it not. You will see many sick people; but we trust they all shall get well. You must live in an atmosphere of courage and hope. You will find it here. The attainment of this spiritual power will do the thing. The marvel of it all is that a single man or woman can go to the ends of the earth and produce there a little heaven like unto this. Therefore I wish you every one of these glories for yourself. I wish you the possession of a perfectly poised and rounded character with a nervous system which will always hold its masterful sway over the emotions of mankind—responding unconsciously to the cry of human want in every trying hour of the future.

Mrs. Southwick added her word of welcome:—

I have but a few words of welcome for you this morning, before giving place to our honored President, who for so many years has stood as a leader in the ideals of education, and whom we, who have heard him so many times before, hear with even greater pleasure

than can you who come within the sound of his voice to-day for the first time. I will only say, in behalf of the Faculty, that we welcome you from our hearts; we will try to do the best that we can for you; to reflect as clearly as possible in the details of the work those ideals that have been suggested to you so eloquently this morning. And just that ideal that has been brought before us it would be most helpful to keep as an inspiration ever,—the thought that all the material that the intellect can accumulate is but instrumental to the fulfilling of the purpose in the soul. When we recognize that the intellect is not the spirit, that the information which we may gain by the studies which we pursue in various schools and in various lands are but materials which we may misuse as easily as we can rightly use, then we realize the extent of our responsibility. I hope that we may educate the sense of responsibility; that we may recognize that all the intellectual faculties, all the beauties of the body, all our powers in every realm, are to be directed in the service of the spirit; that if we desire to express we must become; that expression is the life; that if we attempt to simulate our endeavor will be artificial and will so appear. The absence of nobility of purpose and of living will neutralize all that we try to do.

It is not what you try to seem, but what you endeavor to *be* and to communicate to others, that will be the power and glory of your expression. If you realize this it will help you to be enthusiastic in all departments; to seek earnestly for that discipline which develops the intellect, sharpens the faculties, and gives resource; that culture which ennobles the body and stamps it with the forms and conditions which express the soul, and renders the voice a free instrument responsive to the soul. You will realize what is the province of expression in the great and noble sense; what is meant by the motto of this College,—“Expression is necessary to evolution.” Expression is the flower which blossoms from the unity of all the faculties; it is the service of the entire being toward that which is recognized as the Infinite Being in whose arms we rest, as the earth “lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere.”

Let us then live in the glory and exhilaration of these ideals which we contemplate, knowing that the light will somehow through our imperfections find its way to the hearts of others. If we are sincere we need not be anxious concerning what others think of us,

knowing that whatever they think, in time, what we are and what we mean to communicate will have its influence, and that somewhere in the infinite cycles of time it shall return to them, and then the companionship shall become perfect. We must learn to labor and to wait.

May we join hands with a new force, with an added unity, and, under the leadership of our noble President, seek these ideals with a trust that recognizes that he who strives can never fail, because the Infinite is everywhere; that it is only fear which prevents us, for the time being, from discovering that in the spiritual, in the intellectual, and in the physical world life is joy.

Dr. Emerson said in closing:—

You are here to work out daily those ideals that you have been pointed to in the eloquent address of the morning. How many beautiful things have been said and put into books,—enough to save the world, enough to make this world as shining and glorious as the worlds above, if people would only put them into practice! No longer laid away on the shelves in books, to be looked at once in a while when you feel like it, these things are to become yours, until they are incorporated into your being and express themselves through you.

As has already been hinted to you, you take up our course of study for personal development, beginning with the development of yourselves physically, that your bodies may be the instruments of the soul. How many people live up to the possibilities of their physical powers? You are to be introduced to a work that brings power,—muscular power, lung power, assimilating power, vitality. You are to be introduced to a work that brings hope, joy, enthusiasm; for without enthusiasm the world cannot get on. Enthusiasm is the very wing of the soul. You will find great enthusiasm here,—I say this to the new-comers,—and you will wonder perhaps at the enthusiasm in the Senior class, in the Junior class, and in the post-graduate class. This is the atmosphere of the individual. It is life, power, being—which means life. Christ said, “I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly.” This is what you came here for,—that you might have life, and have it more abundantly. No new power, no new potentiality, can be added to mind or heart or body; but the development of what is there is the work of education.

You are to find sympathizing helpers. I want to say to the Freshman class something that experience has taught me to say. Look to the Graduate class, to the Senior class, to the Junior class, for appreciation. They will appreciate every effort you make. I know that sometimes the Freshman class will say, "Now, I don't want to recite, for the Seniors are in the hall to-day. They will be so critical!" Ah, they are the last people on earth who may be expected to criticise your efforts! You will be astonished to find that every good word you say is appreciated; and you will find that the Senior class, instead of being so exceedingly sharp to find out all the faults and shortcomings, are as exceedingly keen as you may give them credit for in finding out your *virtues*. And after speaking with them a little while you will discover more virtues in yourself than you ever dreamed you had. They will discover you to yourself . . .

I am going to leave one question with you to-day,—What is God? How easily it is answered in Scripture, and yet who can fathom the answer? "God is love."

Who made yon star shining in its splendor? Love. Who made all these worlds that light the sky at night? Love. Who put wisdom into the heart of man? Love.

We speak of this day as the day of inventions. . . . Since my time I have seen, for the first time in the history of the human race, the fire-horse snorting his way among the mountains. I have seen, on the sea for the first time, the first boat driven by steam-power. What was it that put it into the mind of man to invent the engine? What was it that discovered that expansive power, that elastic power, of steam and air? Love in the heart of man.

You are to give much study to literature while you are here. Indeed, everything you learn will be related, and that very directly, to literature. What is it that has given us the poet? What is it that has given us the orations of eloquence? Love in the heart of man. Love is God. How much of this All-powerful God have you? Just as much as you have love in you. That man will develop into the mightiest advocate who loves men most; for he directs his love in advocacy. If you want to develop your power of oratory you must *advocate* somebody, something. Advocacy is what made a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Burke, a Daniel Webster, a Henry Ward Beecher.

Every throb of affection you feel for your

fellow students develops so much eloquence in you; and especially if you give that love of their welfare expression in action, in trying to do something to help them.

When you come up to read to-morrow before the different teachers, what motive will you have? You may say, "To read correctly," or to read "so that the teacher will approve." Ah, those are not the most inspiring motives! What is the motive that will quicken your intellectual activities, and add to your power as an orator? Love for your classmates; love for their welfare. Why are you going to read? To inspire their minds by what the author has written.

Now, let me point out the student who will not fail in the study and practice of oratory. It is the one who practises constantly—to what end? To the end of making his classmates think, of making them see, what the author intended to reveal. Nor is that all. To what end does he wish them to see what the author saw, think what the author thought? To the end that they may feel as the author felt when he wrote that passage. We have nothing more to do with abstractions. Everything is concrete now; everything becomes real and tangible. We are learning to take hold of men and women through eloquence—and what is eloquence? Eloquence is that form of expression which persuades those who hear to live a higher life. I claim no eloquence for any man who does not reach that end, for our eloquence is measured by that in the great scales of Omnipotence. The welfare of man, his interests, are in one side of the scales. The orator is pouring his help into the other end. If he can see the interests of humanity rise by what he is putting into the other scale he is eloquent.

When one asked Napoleon the secret of his success, he said, "I inspire men to fight for what they believe is the welfare of their country." Even that bold man of war saw this as a power.

Now let me say one word of encouragement. You are looking out upon the future. Perhaps before you came here you wondered for some time whether you should take up this work or some other work. You wished you knew what was wisest for you. You have a question to ask, Is there a demand for this work? There is no limit to the demand. There is a cry coming up from every part of the world, "Come over and help us." Never has there been so much need. The consciousness of the need and the demand

for help in the study of oratory has grown immeasurably within the last ten years; and probably within the last three years it has increased as much as in the previous ten. Each energetic graduate makes a demand in the country where he goes for ten more. So long as our students go out and work as they are now working in the world, so long the demand is going to increase. Success is for you — final, triumphant success. No one, in the history of this institution, has put his whole soul and mind into the work and commanded anything less than a reasonable success.

There will be days when the way will be bright and easy to you. They will be followed by other days of gloom and discouragement; days when it will seem to you that you are not growing. But no one can measure his own growth. That boy is growing so rapidly that his friends do not know him if they have not seen him for three years, and yet there was no time during that three years when he was conscious of growing, of adding a pound to his weight. It is so with your development. You cannot measure yourself in intellectual development so well as you can measure yourself in height. In my boyhood days a little friend and I used often to stand up against a door-casing and make a mark above each other's head, in order to see how much we had grown. There is no one to mark above your head and see how fast you are growing intellectually. But if you are anxious, ask some one of the teachers how you are growing. You will not be left in the dark in regard to your development.

In closing, let us unite in one resolve,—that we shall seek our happiness here, not in realizing our own development, but in looking for the development of others. When you reach the stage where you rejoice in seeing the development in all your classmates you may be assured that you are growing rapidly yourself.

The Seniors Receive the Freshmen.

"The Seniors," said Mr. Foland, in extending the invitation from the platform, "are not quite happy this year — there are so many strangers, and we don't feel at home!" If there is any one in either Senior or Freshman class who does not feel at home since Tuesday

evening of the second week, it is surely his own fault.

The evening was one of unalloyed cheer and sociability. The new student forgot that he was a "stranger;" the last lingering trace of *Heimweh* was dispelled. Dr. Emerson came, and gave a word of greeting; Mrs. Southwick supplemented it with another. Mrs. Emerson read some little character sketches, and captivated every heart; Mr. Kenney gave us of his wealth of song. Other members of the Faculty were present, strengthening the note of cheer.

There are no strangers among us now; the Seniors have banished them, and are consequently once more in their right minds and at peace with the world.

Emerson Day at Cottage City.

A special program in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Emerson marked the close of the Summer School. The expressions of appreciation in the impromptu speeches by various members of the class had no uncertain ring. Among the speakers was Dr. Dorchester, of St. Louis. Dr. Dorchester said, in part:—

Charles Dickens makes Captain Cuttle say, after giving some advice, "The truth is in the application." Captain Cuttle, sagacious observer that he was, saw that the worth of the wisdom of life which he was scattering so freely about among his friends and neighbors was determined by the way in which it would fit certain practical exigencies of life. The same is true of oratory. The truth is dependent not only upon the relation of various parts to one another, but also upon the way in which it subserves the demands of actual experience.

Oratory is pre-eminently practical. The more widely you apply the principles that you have been studying here, the more you will see the sweet reasonableness of them and feel their power. Every great teacher, speaker, and singer will tell you that while sound instruction is of the utmost importance, yet each person has to feel out for himself the true method of speaking and singing.

Oratory is a system, as Dr. Emerson says, and one of the best things in connection with the Emerson School is the fact that it is so well organized, so systematic. It puts the principles in the way in which they will not only be easily heard, but easily applied by those who go out themselves to teach. The system is indeed remarkable for the facility with which it lends itself to be reduplicated, to be carried by its students into every walk of life.

I remember a man in Pittsburg who was called by some wealthy people in the neighboring city, Allegheny, to be at the head of a preparatory school. They said to him, "We want a good school for our children; money is no object." They gave him *carte blanche* with reference to the choice of teachers. He was of my congregation, and he consulted me somewhat about matters. When he came to the department of reading and physical culture, he said, "What shall I do?" He was a graduate of Harvard, but knew little about reading and physical culture. I told him the best thing he could do would be to get a graduate from the Emerson College. He engaged a graduate, and after a year's teaching on her part, he said to me one day, "I'm going to give that department all the scope that I dare to, because it not only accomplishes results in that department, but it diffuses a beautiful spirit through the entire school, and tones up the activities of the scholars in every department." I thought that a great and significant testimony. I declare to you that I have not met a teacher who was a graduate of this school who was n't making a great success.

Oratory is something more than a set of rules; it is a body of living principles, running into every artery and vein of human life, and I am confident that the principles that you have been studying here will stand any test that you apply to them. I have tested them myself in a humble way in a great variety of experiences, and I have seen their blessed influence upon many others as I have gone here and there over this great country of ours.

Oratory, especially the system that is taught in the Emerson College, has been widely and variously applied by its exponents and friends; it has been applied to literature, to physical culture, to piano playing, and to many other things. I thought the other day, as I went out from this room to the beautiful grounds on this island, that it might be

applied to the ancient and honored game of golf. The essential principles of golf and of oratory are alike,—to use not simply the brain, but the grey matter. A golf-ball is not very large, and it requires a good eye and a good brain behind it, and a perfect responsiveness of every member of the body to what the brain says and what the eye directs. Isn't that what you have to do in oratory? I venture to say that three quarters of Dr. Emerson's work, and that of his associates, consists in making the brain work and then leading the body to respond to what the brain tells. Now as I said before, a golf-ball is not very large, and the idea of any piece of literature may not appear very definite and distinct when it is approached; and it is so easy to attempt to read and speak without fastening the idea, or if you get the idea, making the body entirely responsive to it. I've seen people go out to play golf, and they have swung at the ball, they have fanned the air and everything else but the ball; and isn't that often done in speaking? I think Hamlet speaks of "sawing the air."

I remember a little anecdote that is told of a green player who went out with a green caddy. He swung at the ball without hitting it, and again without hitting it, and again, and finally the caddy said, "Mr., what is the ball for?" I have wondered while hearing a person recite, What is the selection for? I think one of the things that attracted my attention first favorably to Dr. Emerson and his system was some of the miracles that I observed him work on this platform and on the platform of the College of Oratory. I've seen people come on the platform with their minds fairly bare of ideas; the only connection was the book, or some words they had memorized. Then the Doctor, with unflinching courtesy and kindness, would endeavor to construct a little scenery in their minds in connection with the subject, and it was most interesting and little short of miraculous to see how, as their minds began to work, their voices and their bodies began to respond. I said, This is true oratory; this is a principle to work upon under every variety of circumstances.

There is a tendency in these days to seek short cuts to results. People have been so anxious to cater to that propensity in Americans to adore short cuts to success that they have advertised that they would prepare people for the stage in three or four months. So some persons are continu-

ally advertising certain sovereign methods to cure certain diseases by means of two bottles of a certain kind of medicine; and they give you portraits before and after taking. There is a great tendency to take the short cuts and reduce things to their lowest terms; there is an idea of oratory that it can be passed around and distributed among whomever will take it.

I once heard of a man who tried to find out the success of Phillips Brooks. At last he said, "I have it! It is the way he turns his hand, with the palm outward." You will find no encouragement to that sort of thing in the Emerson College of Oratory; as in golf, it is necessary not only to hit the ball squarely, but to send it in the right direction. That principle has been brought continually before you. We golfers often console ourselves in the way Dr. Emerson consoles you if you don't do all you ought to do; we say, "That is in the right direction."

Then in golf it isn't necessary simply to get a good drive and send it in the right direction, but as you approach the hole there is the necessity of certain skilful approach-shots, and that requires a graduation of the strength exerted. "You must acquire and beget a temperance, a self-control" that will exercise just so much power, and with a certain definite reference to the object at hand. It is so easy to over-drive, so easy to go to the right or the left, and so difficult to hit the ball with just enough force to land it near the hole so that with a short punt you put it just where you want it!

Shakespeare used this idea in every one of his dramas. Study "The Merchant of Venice," and observe how the hint of Antonio's losses begins to work with definiteness; Shakespeare is preparing the minds of his hearers continually. In the meantime we see the passion of revenge in Shylock growing and growing until it bursts upon us with elemental force. So it is in speaking. There is a climacteric point in almost every speech, and as one approaches it one must sight it and feel it, and the audience is brought up to the climax with the speaker.

Coming back to the parallel between oratory and golf, I am reminded of a picture by Gibson in the series relating to the education of Mr. Pipp. This one represents Mr. Pipp on a Scotch moor, with five or six golf-sticks broken and the caddy taking out the last club and passing it to

him. So many persons in the midst of these great and blessed privileges are breaking them one after another. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" of man that somehow we may achieve these great things.

I think Dr. Emerson is a man to be envied, because there is nothing that is so blessed in this life as the consciousness that comes to a successful teacher; to a man who has concentrated all his energies, not on going about the country and engaging in various side-occupations, but on the great work of teaching the principles of oratory, and teaching them in a way in which they have been incorporated into other lives. Thus he has the sublime consciousness that his personality is being multiplied through the years.

The Summer School.

Those of us who were privileged to attend the Summer School at Martha's Vineyard will never forget those four happy weeks.

There were Emersonians in attendance not only from the Eastern States, but from the far Pacific coast, the genial South, and the breezy Lake Regions. And although they came from the home and from the law-office, from the pulpit and from the schoolroom, under the unifying influence of the atmosphere of Emerson College soon all were dominated by a common purpose.

There was an increase over past years in the number of pupils in attendance at the Institute. The Normal Department had perhaps the smallest number of students, while the Emerson College Summer School, including Physical Culture, was the most popular department of all, and had by far the largest attendance.

Dr. Emerson was there, winning hearts and laurels as ever, and Mrs. Emerson was an able second in the Department of Oratory. The large class in physical culture, under the instruction of Miss Blalock, was a most enthusiastic one. Professor Ward's classes in English literature made special study of the char-

acteristics of the Shakespearian drama in the principles of dramatic construction. Miss Merritt conducted a class in visible speech. Mrs. Ward gave a course of ten masterful lectures upon current history.

As many of the students expressed a wish to continue the work, Dr. Emerson will add a Junior course next summer.

In the course of evening entertainments Miss Lamprell brought us much inspiration through a program of readings, and on "Emerson evening" Miss Blalock charmed us with her admirable interpretations of Southern story and song.

The hours of recreation were as full as those of study, as many a book of mounted sea-mosses and collection of rare shells will testify. Immediately after the morning lessons came the plunge and swim in old ocean, followed by delightful excursions to Newport, Nantucket, and other resorts near-by.

The summer outing, combining culture and recreation, was ideal, and many of the students in attendance eagerly anticipate a return of those days of inspiration next year.

ALICE BROWNELL.

Miss Blalock at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.

The students and teachers who went to Cottage City this summer to attend the Summer Institute found there splendid opportunity for growth and development. Especially was this true in the department of physical culture. Some of us had gone not realizing the importance of the work; others feared it might be difficult to carry away anything practical from such a short period of study; still others began the work for mere pastime. But for all of us there were surprises in store.

There was in the very atmosphere such a spirit of helpfulness and good will that we were made to feel "it was good to be there." The instruction was given with that conciseness and definiteness which enabled us soon to grasp the thought and put it into practice.

Though the days were warm and the exercises were vigorous, it was insisted that we be faithful in our practice and faithful also in the use of the text-book in order to learn what the exercises were designed to accomplish.

But a knowledge of the exercises, and even the ability to teach them to others, was not the only result of the weeks spent at the seaside. There was born into our thought the conception that we may express physically those qualities and elements of nature which make for morality, and, indeed, the deeper, finer feelings which make up our heart-life. Our bodies responded vigorously to the conceptions of manhood and womanhood placed before our minds daily as objects of thought. I am sure that I voice the thought of the Summer Institute students in saying that our greatest gain from the Emerson System of Physical Culture was in nobility of character; for:

"As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

It was Angelo who saw in the cold block of marble an angel; but it is Christ who sees in these warm, throbbing bodies of ours "temples of the living God."

MARGERY MOORE.

Mr. Southwick's Lecture Course.

On Saturday, October 20, Mr. Southwick addressed the students of the College in Odd Fellows' Hall, delivering the first of a series of lectures which he has promised to offer during the coming season. The lecture, the theme of which was "Success," will be reported in full in our next issue. The eloquence of the orator, however, can be imagined only by those who have heard Mr. Southwick on the lecture platform.

Mr. Southwick will be in Boston November 30, to fill his appointment in the Shakespearian course, and will give his second lecture on the following day.

A Festival of Shakespearian Comedy.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick announces a course of six interpretative recitals of Shakespearian comedy, to be presented in Steinert Hall, 162 Boylston



MRS. ANNIE WINSLOW KIDDER.

Street, on consecutive Friday evenings, beginning Friday, October 26, at eight o'clock. The program of the course is as follows:—

- October 26, Mr. Leland Powers
 "The Taming of the Shrew."
 November 2, Miss Maud Leighton Gatchell
 "As You Like It."
 November 9, Mr. George Riddle
 "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."
 November 16,
 Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick
 "The Merchant of Venice."
 November 23, Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp
 "The Tempest."
 November 30,
 Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick
 "Twelfth Night."

Since the above announcement was made, half the course has been presented, although we go to press too early to permit of a mention of more than the first and second numbers.

The course opened auspiciously with Mr. Powers's presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew." The attendance and enthusiasm boded well for the series of readings to follow. Mr. Powers's marvelous power of complete abandon to whatever character he impersonates was never more manifest than in his portrayal of the shrewish Katherine and her resourceful tamer. The after-piece from "David Copperfield," setting forth the crisis of affairs between David and Dora, was particularly well received.

Miss Gatchell, who followed with "As You Like It," was greeted by a large and eager audience, and she held the interest to the end of the reading. Miss Gatchell's Rosalind was altogether charming, and the other characters were definitely and suggestively drawn. The beauty of Miss Gatchell's reading of the lines, and the apparent unity of the production, betrayed an intimate acquaintance with the play. Miss Gatchell brought the spell of this most charming of comedies, and left her audience, indeed, in "holiday humour."

Mr. Southwick offers the course as a benefit for the Emerson College library; the proceeds will be devoted to supplementing the well-chosen volumes already in the library with others which will be in demand as the various departments of our college work are broadened.

Aside from this immediate, practical benefit, however, Mr. Southwick presents the study of Shakespeare as an educational influence of inestimable value to students of literature and of life. Believing that we can command the inner life of a great drama only by means of vocal interpretation, he hopes to follow this series with others, introducing to the Boston public the best artists, and presenting the highest models for students of literature and expression.

Annie Winslow Kidder.

"Beloved Mother! Hail and farewell!" Many an Emerson student will tenderly, tearfully, join in this salutation. We shall see her face no more among us; but the influence of her personality—strong, loving, helpful—will remain. It is not easy to write a fitting memorial of such a life as this, so large in its sympathies, so intense in its activities, so many-sided in its affinities with all that is truest and best, so progressive yet so conservative, so peculiarly its own and yet so largely entering into the lives of others. No one who did not know her personally and intimately can ever know her very well by anything that can be said about her.

Annie Winslow was born June 5, 1820, in New Vineyard, Franklin Co., Me. Her father, the Rev. Howard Winslow, was for fifty years an active local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church,—a flaming evangel, conducting religious services, not only in churches and chapels, but also in schoolhouses and farmhouses, preaching at open-air meetings in sum-

mer, and penetrating to the logging-camps of northern Maine in winter, winning many a trophy for Christ from among the hardy lumbermen. Her mother, Mary Winslow, was a woman as godly and as practical as Susannah Wesley, tireless in activity, cheerful and brave and gentle in spirit, rearing a large family of children, and leaving upon the character of each an impression that was never effaced. In such a home as this the childhood of the subject of this sketch was passed.

The mental and physical activities which so strongly characterized her later life began to manifest themselves very early. At the age of four years she learned to knit (a very valuable accomplishment for the misses of those days); and, from the age of five years, she knit all of her own stockings and helped knit for the rest of the family. The school which as a child she attended was a mile and a half from her home; and, feeling that too much time was being wasted, she would take her work on pleasant days, and knit while going to and from school.

At the age of ten years, while attending one of her father's meetings, she sought and found peace with God; and ever after, for the remaining seventy years of her long and eventful life, she continued a loving and earnest follower of Christ.

At the age of fifteen years, as a means of earning her own livelihood, she learned the dressmaker's and the milliner's trades, and, a little later, the tailor's trade, working at these diligently, as occasion offered. Early in her teens she became a teacher of district schools. Then, thirsting for a better education and a life of larger usefulness, she worked her way through the Bloomfield Academy at Skowhegan, Me. From the time of completing this course till the time of her marriage, she taught in the larger villages and cities of Maine.

In 1849 she surrendered her heart and hand to a prince among men, Wellington Kidder, a prosperous farmer of South Norridgewock, Me. Three sons were born of this union, — W. P. Kidder, the inventor, of Boston, B. F. Kidder, of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Charles Winslow Kidder, of the Emerson College of Oratory.

A period of declining health, between 1860 and 1865, made it impossible for her to participate very largely in the activities incident to the life on the great farm; but the mind could not consent to be idle, and she took up the study of art, and succeeded in gaining a sufficient degree of proficiency for her pictures to find a ready sale and her services to be called for as a teacher.

A little later, after recovering from a severe illness, she turned her attention to medicine, and, more from the sense of duty than from inclination, devoted the last thirty years of her life to work among the sick. So many were the calls for her services, not only throughout New England, but frequently from beyond, that, during those years, she travelled, by train and carriage, a distance equivalent to more than ten times around the globe. From 1870 till the time of her death her home was in Boston, or the immediate vicinity. During the last twenty years of her life she was a widow.

Several years ago she became interested in the Emerson College of Oratory; and it may be doubted whether the institution ever had, or ever could have, a more loyal and zealous friend. The genuineness of her enthusiasm is attested by the fact that she took up the work herself and graduated from the school when she was past seventy years of age. And from the time of graduation till the close of life she continued to visit the College and mingle with the classes in postgraduate work on every possible occasion.

On the morning of Aug. 29, 1900, while at the home of her son, the Rev. B. F. Kidder, in Winsted, she entered upon that larger life which awaits those whose lives here are consecrated to truth, to duty, to God. Her mind was clear and her heart warm and brave to the last. She manifested no diminution of interest in anything that had engaged her mind hitherto. Her greatest regrets were that she must leave her children, to whose highest interests she had been so intensely and unselfishly devoted, and that she must leave unfinished the good which she had still hoped to do. But when the "one clear call" was distinctly heard she was cheerfully ready to obey. A few hours before her departure her son said to her, "Mother, Jesus is with you now, is n't he?" And, with the light of the upper world in her face, she whispered, "Yes; it is so sweet!" And so she passed to be with Him. As one has said of Browning's immortal Pompilia, "Death came? What of that? She had lived life, had seen God with naked eyeball. And death was no more than stepping across a runnel far among the hills, a step—and then—the blue of distant mountains, the shifting shadows of the clouds, the voice of waters, the infinite blue, and—the deathless morning and the face of God."

Personals.

Mrs. Alice Emerson has been appointed preceptress of the College.

Miss Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe is director of the London School of Oratory, London, Ontario.

Mr. Noah Cadwallader Gauze was graduated from Cornell College, Cornell, Io., with the class of '00.

Miss Catharine Rogers has charge of the Publishing Department, and receives the orders for books this year.

Miss Frances Tobey succeeds Miss Tinker as assistant in English, and has classes in the evolution of expression.

Miss Catharine Tinker goes from the College this year to take charge of the Department of English in East Bridgewater Academy.

Born, to Rev. and Mrs. Franklin P. Narber, July 17, 1900, in East Cambridge, Emerson Bushee Narber and Susie Georgiana Narber.

Dr. Sherman, whose illness called her from her department last year, is much improved in health, but will not meet with her classes this fall. Mr. Alden is conducting the anatomy classes at present.

Miss Eleanor Gordon Barrett, corresponding secretary, was one of the corps of instructors in the State Summer Schools of Maine, in July and August. Miss Barrett taught physiology, hygiene, and physical culture.

Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp resumes his connection with Emerson College this year, and is again active in the Dramatic and Literature Departments. Mr. Tripp also teaches in Boston College and lectures in the Boston University Law School.

Miss Maud Leighton Gatchell, who has long kept in touch with the College through meeting many of the students in private class work, has become a member of the Faculty, and has classes in Shakespeare, perfective laws, and evolution of expression.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick has renewed his association with the Emerson College, and, with Mrs. Southwick, has assumed the business management of the College. Mr. Southwick continues to occupy the chair of literature in the Penn Charter School, and lectures in the Ogontz School for Young Ladies. After this year, however, he will be in his for-

mer place in the College. During the coming season he will appear before the student body with a series of lectures.

Miss Elsie Shortt Powers, whose classes reluctantly released her early in the past year, is slowly recovering her accustomed strength. Miss Powers has been granted a year's vacation, and hopes to return to her work with renewed vigor next year.

Miss Mary Bass Merritt has been called to a responsible position in the Laurel Institute, of Cleveland, O. Miss Merritt is Associate Principal, and director of the Department of Physical Health. She will also direct the evolution of expression in the classes. Dr. Emerson's name appears in the artistic prospectus of the school, as a member of the Associate Council.

Miss Annie Blalock is engaging in platform work, as reader and lecturer, this season, in addition to her college work and her art studies in Radcliffe. She recently appeared before an enthusiastic audience in Montpelier, Vt., presenting a program of readings arranged from Southern authors, a line of work in which Miss Blalock specializes, as a daughter of the South.

Miss Gertrude Chamberlain has returned to us from her fourteen months' sojourn abroad. Miss Chamberlain was in Paris during the winter and early spring, and spent the remaining time in England, where she was privileged to study typical English country life in the beautiful county of Surrey. She found that life, "remote from towns," most fascinating. Miss Chamberlain comes back stronger than she has been for years. She has lost none of her enthusiasm for her Alma Mater, and graciously presides at her old place at the piano again. Her work outside of the College this season will be in music, English, and the study of Browning.

Miss Julia King read before the Boston Browning Society, May 22, in Trinity Church. Her numbers were "Saul," which was accompanied by music arranged by Miss Harriet A. Shaw, harpist, and "Abt Vogler." Mr. Whitney, organist of the Church of the Advent, played special music which he had composed for the latter poem. In July and August Miss King presented a course in voice training in the Harvard Summer School, and took special work in English under Mr. Young. Miss King's classes in the gymnasium were larger than those of the preceding summer, and included several of the Cuban teachers. Among the latter were two instructors of expression in Cuba, and the daughter of the Mayor of Havana. At the close of the Summer School Miss King sailed for the Old World. She lectured at the Paris Exposition, before the International Congress on Physical Education, a most significant meeting attended by distinguished teachers of physical training from many countries. After attending the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, Miss King made a trip down the Rhine, visiting many German art centres. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* speaks as follows of Miss King at the Exposition:—

"Miss Julia King gave an address yesterday on 'Expressive Physical Culture' at the International Congress on Physical Education at the Paris Exposition. The lecture was listened to with appreciation by the many educators present, and at the close the applause was very hearty. Miss King is a member of the Faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. She is the only woman representative of physical culture at this congress."

Miss King will fill many public engagements of importance this season, and will make a specialty of Browning study.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Rannells, '99, is teaching in a new mission in Kentucky.

Miss Keene Skuse, '00, has charge of private classes in Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. M. Florence Johnson, '86, has private classes in Milford, Mass.

Miss Margaret Bidwell, '99, is teaching in Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky.

Miss Abigail Jack, '96, is teaching in the Friends' School, Wilmington, Del.

Miss June Southwell, '00, is teaching in the Higbee School, Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Pernal Dewey, '98, has been called to Salisbury Academy, Salisbury, Mo.

Miss Emma A. Moor, '97, continues her work in Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.

Miss Minnie E. Littlefield, '88, conducts private classes in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Marilla Marks Curtis, '99, teaches in the Troy Conference Seminary, Poultney, Vt.

Miss Anna Isabel Brooks, '99, teaches this year in St. Katherine's Hall, Davenport, Ia.

Miss Marry Canney, '93, teaches reading in Academy Mt. St. Vincent on-the-Hudson.

Miss Grace Holmes, '00, is director of the Portland School of Oratory, Portland, Ore.

Miss Romaine Billingsly, '98, continues her work in Beaver College, Beaver, Penn.

Miss Ida M. Page, '96, teaches English and reading in the Brockton (Mass.) High School.

Miss Marie Isabella Newton, '91, is teaching reading and physical culture in Waterloo, N. Y.

Miss M. Eden Tatem, '96, is teaching in the Rockville (Conn.) High School.

Miss Grace Cross, '99, has charge of a kindergarten in the schools of Waterbury, Conn.

H. Toros Daghistanian, '99, has entered the State University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor.

Miss Louise H. Allyn, '95, has charge of private classes in voice culture in New London, Conn.

Miss May Belle Adams, '97, has been called to a position in Cazenovia Seminary, Cazenovia, N. Y.

Miss Marion H. Sterns, '86, receives pupils in her studio in the Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Mr. Harry Ross, '97, will continue his association with Worcester Academy this year, as Master of English.

Miss Florence A. Elliott, '00, has accepted a position in the Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss Alice Howell, '98, is the head of the Department of Oratory in the State University of Nebraska, at Lincoln.

Miss Adele Ripont, '91, is teaching elocution and physical culture in the Central High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Minnie Belle Bradford, '99, is teaching oratory and physical culture in the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga.

Miss Alice M. Osden, '97, has the Department of Oratory in the Minnesota State Normal School, Moorhead, Minn.

Mr. Edwin E. Cox, '93, is practising law in Chicago. He is treasurer of the Western Chapter of the E. C. O. Alumni.

Miss Lena Harris, '00, is conducting the Department of Oratory in the Michigan Conservatory of Music, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Emma E. West, '96, is teaching in the Wheatcroft Dramatic School, New York City.

Miss Anetta Bruce, '99, has been appointed Lady Principal of Talledega College, Talledega, Ala.

Miss Edith Maud Husted, '92, teaches private classes in physical culture and oratory in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Rose Boyd, '00, has charge of the Department of Oratory in the Pottsdam (N. Y.) State Normal.

Miss Clara Catharine Adams, '00, has the Department of Oratory and Physical Culture in Scio College, Scio, O.

Miss Alice M. Hutchinson, '96, is Assistant Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Cambridge.

Miss Daisy Earle, '96, is teaching elocution and vocal music in the State University of North Dakota, at University.

Miss Helen Gertrude Davies, '97, teaches physical culture, evolution of expression, and literature in Ottawa, Can.

Miss Claire M. de Lano, '98, teaches oratory and physical culture in the Brockport State Normal School, Brockport, N. Y.

Miss Maude Alice Berney, '95, is teaching the evolution of expression and physical culture in the Taunton (Mass.) High School.

Miss Mary Elmira Noone, '93, has the departments of English, elocution, and physical culture in the Kingston (N. Y.) High School.

Miss Florence Overton, '98, is director of the Department of Oratory in the Georgia Conservatory of Music, in Gainesville, Ga.

Miss C. I. MacColl, '93, is Head Resident Worker in Christodora House, a young women's College Settlement in New York City.

Miss Margaret English Piles, '00, has charge of the Department of Oratory and Physical Culture in Tabor College, Tabor, Ia.

Miss Rachel Lewis Dithridge, '99, is again presenting English and elocution courses in the Norwich (N. Y.) High School.

Miss Ethelwyn Drew, '99, is teaching the evolution of expression and physical culture in Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

Miss Ricke Jacobosky, '00, is teaching oratory, literature, and rhetoric in the Carter Conservatory of Musical Art, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Miss Edith May Root, '98, who has resigned her position in Columbia (S. C.) College, will do private teaching and reading this season.

Mrs. Sara Hall, '00, is in South Lancaster Academy, South Lancaster, Mass., where she directs the Departments of English and Oratory.

Miss Grace Winnifred Joy, '95, Providence, R. I., makes a specialty of work in Women's Clubs, teaching literature and physical culture.

Mrs. Priscilla Puffer, '98, teaches in the Quincy Mansion School, Wollaston, Mass., and gives lectures and readings before clubs and schools.

Miss Mariella Ruth Wood, '98, is teaching oratory and physical culture in the Clyde (N. Y.) High School, and physical culture in the grades.

Miss Virginia Lyons, '99, who completed a course in the Sloyd Manual Training School in the spring, is teaching Sloyd in the schools of Brookline, Mass.

Miss E. Estelle Barnes, '98, is teaching in Montevallo, Ala., in a large school for girls. Miss Lillias Lougheed, '98, succeeds Miss Barnes in her classes in Chicago.

Miss Margaret Golden Cox, '99, succeeds Miss Ada Dean, '98, in her school work in Dunmore, Penn. Miss Dean will fill engagements with a concert company during the coming season.

Miss Annie Mathewson Morse, '96, returns this year to her work in Christian College, Columbia, Mo., and Miss Sadie Lowell, '99, accompanies her as assistant in the Department of Oratory.

Mr. W. H. H. Strong, '99, has a professorship in Wooster University, Wooster, O., which institution recently conferred upon him the degree of A.M. Mr. Strong has charge of the Department of Oratory.

The Paris School of Expression, which opened September 24, in Paris, Ill., with Miss Elfleda Ferris, '98, as principal, has issued attractive and interesting circulars, and has a promising outlook for the coming season.

Miss Maude Masson, '98, is entering upon another busy year in the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution, of which she is the principal. Mrs. Inez Cutter, '98, and Miss May Robson, '99, are associate teachers.

Miss Bertha Augusta Raymond, '96, will assist Miss Edith L. Nichols, '92, this year, in her labors in the English High School of Somerville, Mass. Miss Nichols had over seven hundred pupils in her classes last year.

Miss Ada Evelyn Lewis, '99, continues her work in the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga., this year. Miss Lewis has gained a wide reputation in the South by her artistic readings before Chautauqua Assemblies.

Miss Edna George, '00, is teaching in the Texas Female Seminary, Weatherford, Tex., where she succeeds Miss Edith C. Noyes, '96. Miss George taught in the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me., during May and June.

Miss Grace H. Foster, '00, teaches elocution and physical culture in the Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, West New Brighton, L. I., N. Y.

Miss Lillian Mae Cairns, '97, who recently resigned her position in Scio College, has been elected a member of the faculty of a new college at West La Fayette, O.

Miss Edith Carol Pinneo, '99, has opened a Home School for Children at her home in Brookline. The Misses Ruth, Mildred, and Jessie Southwick are among her pupils.

Miss Cora Marsland, '88, continues her work in the Department of Oratory in the State Normal School at Emporia, Kan. Miss Marsland puts on a Shakespearean play each year.

Miss Helen M. Sanborn, '89, and Miss Winchell Lee Collom, '96, continue their work in the Normal School in Oneonta, N. Y., this year. Their classes presented two plays in June,—“Ingomar,” drilled by Miss Sanborn, and “Shore Acres,” by Miss Collom.

Mrs. J. Van Ness Beeman, '98, who has been conducting a class in oratory and voice training in Dr. Sargent's Normal School in Cambridge, has classes in Newburyport, Brockton, and Hyde Park. She also directs a class in physical culture in the Dorchester Woman's Club.

Mrs. Anna Delony Martin, '99, has been very successful in presenting her “picture dramas” in summer schools. She appeared before the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute at Cottage City, and before the Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, N. Y. Mrs. Martin has charge of classes in Irving Institute, at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. She will be in New York City during the season, and will fill engagements as formerly. Her latest “picture drama” is “The Old Homestead,” adapted by permission of Denman Thompson, the author.

Miss Elvie Everett Burnett, '92, who has appeared before many large audiences in the Southwestern and Middle States during the past three seasons, as reader with the Temple Quartette, will continue her association with that popular entertainment company during the coming season.

Miss Mabel Henderson, '97, is engrossed with literary and social duties at her home in Cambridge. She is chairman of the Educational Section of the Cantabrigia Club, and gives readings in women's clubs. She has charge of a physical culture class of fifty members in the Woman's Educational Industrial Union.

Among those who are already enrolled for graduate work in the College this season are: Miss Fannie Cummings, '00, Miss Gracia Bacon, '00, Miss Lena Whittlesey, '00, Miss Edna Mills, '98, Miss Ada Brooks, '99, Miss Eleanor Collins, '00, Miss Edith Hadcock, '00, Miss Edith Herrick, '00, Miss Eva Lombard, '00, Mrs. Augusta King, '00, Mrs. Anetta Robinson Moody, '00, Miss Ella Murdoch, '00, Miss Edith C. Noyes, '96, Miss Cecil Palmer, '00, Miss Alice Pollock, '00, Miss Arian Scott, '00, Miss Dora Watt, '00, Miss Margaret Randal, '97, Mrs. A. C. Carpenter, '00, Miss Bertha Clowe, '99, Miss Edith Pecker, '00, Miss Ella M. Andrews, '96, Mrs. Sara Hall, '00, Mrs. Emma Russell, '00, Miss Flora Whittaker, '98, Miss Eleanor Barnes, '99, Miss Margaret Barger, '00, Miss Alice Low, '00, Miss Blanche MacIntyre, '00, Miss Jennie Sanborn, '00.

Further corrections and additions to the Alumni directory published in January number:—

Alexander, Mrs. E. P., '87, Belfast, Me.
 Ash, Frances C. Hoadley, '93, Tampico, Ill.
 Brown, Mrs. Jennie Carlton, '93, Newburyport, Mass.
 Brush, Mrs. Josephine Taylor, '95, Salamanca, N. Y.
 Cattern, Mrs. Clara Newton, '93, Armor, N. Y.

Finney, Mrs. Emma Boardman, '87, 210 Hunt St., Newton, Mass.
 Graves, Mrs. Harriet M. Matthews, '97, Springfield, Mass.
 Holton, Mrs. Evalena Hill, '89, 10 Warner St., New Dorchester, Mass.
 Hutchings, Mrs. Gertrude M. Bickford, '92, Woburn, Mass.
 Knerr, Mrs. Nellie M. Nichols, '95, Hope Valley, R. I.
 Learoyd, Mrs. Adeline K., '93. Deceased.
 Miller, Mrs. Minnie Tapley, '87, New Market, N. H.
 Pillsbury, Mrs. Ada Huntley, '90, 32 Manchester St., Nashua, N. H.
 Purdy, Mrs. Jessamine Patten, '96, 1411 Hill Road, Reading, Penn.
 Shanks, Margaret E., '92, 51 Lakewood Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.
 Stevens, Helen A., Cromwell, Conn.
 Worcester, Mrs. Mabel Snow, '93, Concord, N. H.

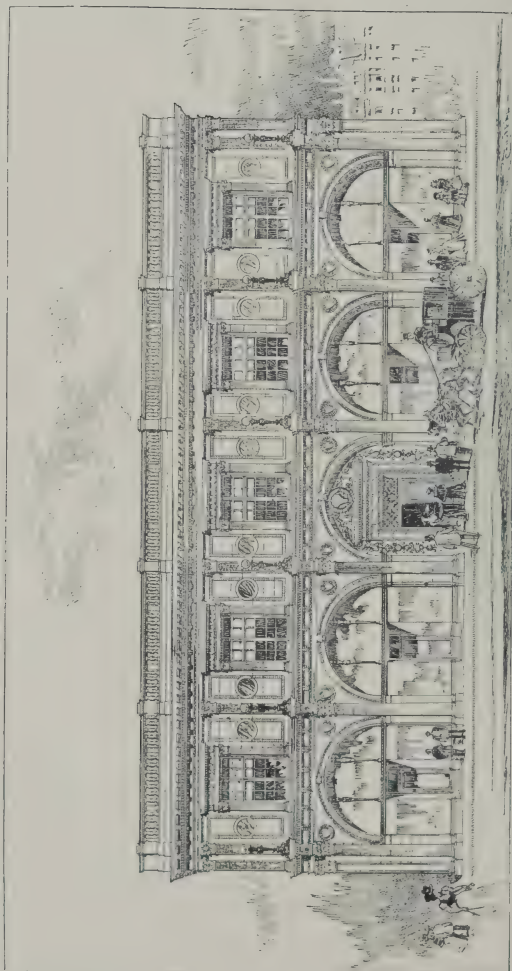
Owing to the pressure of matter this month, it has been necessary to carry over a number of alumni items to our next issue.

In Memoriam.

Lucile Hamlet, '99, died at her home in Pamplin, Va., June 12, 1900, after a lingering illness of several months. She had been at home since her graduation, not having been able to assume the responsibilities of the important position which awaited her.

Miss Hamlet was one of the bravest, brightest, truest souls that her Alma Mater has known. No one has ever claimed a larger portion of love from student body and from Faculty; no one has ever accepted love and homage with sweeter, more unconscious humility. She brought only sunshine and inspiration to her classes; she reflected in her daily life the sentiment of the class motto: "Let each esteem other better than himself."

We rejoice that the message of this gifted young soul was flashed into our lives; we thank God that her life, in all its beauty, was revealed to us. We shall remember—even as the sad ones in the little town in Virginia remember. May the Lord "lift up his countenance upon them, and give them peace."



OUR NEW HOME.

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Contents.

Editorials	35
President Emerson's Lecture, "Daniel Webster"	38
Professor Southwick's Address, "Success"	50
Studies from the Poets: Browning's "Love Among the Ruins." <i>Frances Tobey</i>	59
The Psychic Voice (Poem). <i>George R. Lourde</i>	61
College News: Our Christmas Gift, The Shakespeare Course, Mr. Towers' Address, Nineteen Two Receives Nineteen Three, Personals	61
Alumni Notes	66

The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Our New Home.

MR. SOUTHWICK, on the occasion of his latest appearance among us, was the bearer of joyful tidings. The announce-

ment that the management had been successful in securing one of the handsomest of Boston's new buildings for our future home was received with unbounded applause. Though the old halls and class-rooms of our present home have long been held dear by hundreds of students, yet the desirability of a location in more congenial surroundings has become apparent to all. The change is but another step in that progress for which Emerson College has been remarkable throughout its career of twenty years.

Our new college home, situated on Huntington Avenue, near the corner of Massachusetts Avenue, is in the immediate neighborhood of the great Symphony Hall, recently dedicated, the new Horticultural Hall, and the new site for the New England Conservatory of Music. The frontage on Huntington Avenue is 100 feet, and the building extends through to Falmouth Street, a depth of 210 feet. The main hall is at the rear.

The College will occupy the entire second floor, where nine class-rooms, all having a complete system of lighting and of ventilation, open into a broad corridor. Two of these are small halls, 40 x 22 feet, where larger classes may be held. On this floor are several large square rooms for class work and ample toilet accommodations.

The College also has offices and library upon the first floor, with room to expand as new requirements arise. The large hall, which will also be occupied during the morning hours, is to be the most elegant of its kind. Its most original and interesting feature will be the stage, 19 x 37 feet, with its sounding-board of

plate glass backed by heavy planking and covered with felting. The sounding-board will be composed of glass plates 3 x 4 feet, separated by metal bars. The interior decoration of the hall will be of the Corinthian order. Natural light will be furnished by means of a skylight, and the artificial lighting will be by the indirect system of radiation, the incandescent bulbs being concealed above the cornice and behind the frieze. The seating-capacity of the hall is 800.

The architecture of the structure is of Italian Renaissance, and the materials used are several light shades of terracotta, with marble disks at intervals and much decorative ironwork. The front of the building is in five arches, between which fluted pillars rise the distance of one story, and are surmounted to the limit of the second story by elaborate cast-iron lamps with large globes. The decoration of the entrance will be elaborate and effective. The first entrance-way, running into the body of the building, will be 60 feet deep, flanked on either side by ornamental columns, and having a panelled ceiling. The second-story front is approached by six marble stairways with wrought-iron balustrades.

The finishings and general equipments of the building will be first class in every particular. Many of the details of description cannot yet be given, but we shall be able to present views of this new home later in the year.

Chickering Hall has attracted much attention from the Boston press and from leading musical societies. Many of the best musical programs, as well as other entertainments of a high order, are already booked for presentation here.

The building will be ready for occupancy early in February, and will receive Emerson College at the close of the second term of the present school year. The class of 1901, therefore, will hold their Commencement in the new hall.

We shall hope that the Alumni will make this first Commencement in the new home the occasion for the largest reunion yet known in the history of the College.

Situated in the beautiful Back Bay district, commanding cars for all points, and near Copley Square, with its resources of literature and of art, Emerson College will be surrounded by every influence that makes for progress in the life of an institution of learning and of art.



The Shakespeare Course.

The recent course in Shakespearian comedy presented by Mr. Southwick in Steinert Hall was highly significant, not only as an Emerson College venture, but as an event in literary Boston. It was significant in its unity and scope, which were unusual; significant in the high level maintained throughout the course; and significant in that it was offered as an earnest of good things to come.

In unity and scope, we have said, the course was exceptional. We are not aware that any course of Shakespearian study of equal extent has been brought before the Boston public within recent years. In a city which is a recognized centre of literary and artistic culture, endeavors to present an adequate interpretation of the creations of the peerless dramatist have been but desultory and infrequent.

Again, the high level maintained during the late course in comedy commands our sincere admiration. Each reader was an artist, an interpreter of literature—not a performer. Each betrayed an appreciation of the motive of the play presented, and that motive was not lost sight of throughout all the lights and shades of the minor plots and byplay. To command the unity of a great literary creation so as to flash it upon the minds of an audience as a living whole is a far greater

test of power than to impersonate well a variety of characters. And so while across the foreground flitted the buoyant Rosalind or the rustic Audrey, from the background of the Forest of Arden was wafted on the fragrant breeze the spirit of "Peace, good-will to men." Or while we sympathized with the joys and the perplexities of the radiant Portia and her ardent lover, or trembled before the relentless justice of Shylock, the lesson of divine mercy settled down upon our hearts, and we realized with new insight what the friendship of man for man may be.

In the third place, the course is significant in that it is an earnest of inspiration to come. Mr. Southwick hopes to make this consecutive study of the great dramas an annual institution. On these occasions he will introduce before the Boston public readers of recognized scholarship and dramatic power. We note, with pardonable pride, the fact that four of the six readers of the late course are members of the Emerson College Faculty.

The educational value of such a course could hardly be overestimated. The dependence of the study of literature upon vocal expression is an old theme with us, yet it is one not likely to be unduly emphasized in these days of prescribed requirements and dissecting-room work in English. We would by no means decry the detailed study of English in our schools, and we grant the importance of careful, discriminating word-study; but in the name of the sanity of the pupil, let the dissecting process follow an intimate acquaintance with the living, throbbing organism. And how is such an acquaintance possible save through adequate vocal interpretation? It is worth immeasurably more to a student to hear Mr. Powers' presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew" or Mr. Southwick's "Twelfth Night" than to learn the mean-

ing of every obscure allusion in either play. Better still if he himself be inspired to endeavor to express what has been revealed to him by such an interpretation.

We cannot conceive of the possibility of a young student's gaining a complete appreciation of the airy delicacy of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" from a silent reading of the drama. But Mr. Riddle brought us under the spell of the enchantment of fairyland as completely as if Titania, by a wave of her wand, had enslaved us with her witchery. So in that other fairy play, "The Tempest" — under the guidance of the reader, we roamed over the enchanted isle, and sighed with Miranda at Ferdinand's enforced labors, or rejoiced with the lovers when the period of probation was over.

When literature and vocal expression are recognized as mutually dependent, then many volumes now sealed to the average reader will open to him, and with them will open new worlds of beauty and of thought. In the meantime, let us rejoice in our opportunities, hoping for many returns of the season of inspiration and instruction we have just enjoyed.



Crossing the Bar.

As we go to press, a shadow falls upon the rejoicing which has marked these latter days of the term. One of the most honored members of the college family has just been called from us. Dr. Sarah E. Sherman passed into the life beyond, December the sixth, from her home in Salem.

We cannot speak in these few lines of the wide beneficence of the life of this friend. Mingled with the keen consciousness of personal loss is a deep prayer of thanksgiving that we were permitted to know her.

In our next issue our simple tribute to the life of our friend will be presented.

Daniel Webster.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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As you have travelled among the New Hampshire mountains you have seen among the senatorial group the mountain named for Webster; you have also seen the mountain named for Washington, which is by far the grandest of all the mountains of New Hampshire—not only in its size, but in its expression. Had there been another mountain that looked like Mt. Washington, our instincts would have obliged us to name it Mt. Webster, for the mountain named for him has not so much of the expression of Webster as Mt. Washington has of its namesake. There is but one Mt. Washington; there was but one General George Washington, President of the United States. There was but one Webster, and after Mt. Washington was named there was none left from among the grand New Hampshire mountains worthy to be called Mt. Webster. But we have done the best we could. A mountain is Webster's only fitting monument. A monument that God has reared, a monument that marks the masonry of heaven, is the only fit monument for Daniel Webster.

I want to have you feel, with me, that when we discuss Webster we are in a sacred presence; for what can be more sacred than the presence of a great and good man! What can be more holy than our thoughts of Divine goodness expressed through a human being!

The time when we were almost compelled to look at Webster under the influence of prejudice has passed away. Twenty-five years ago—more especially thirty-five years ago—it was hardly possible to contemplate Webster unpreju-

diced, because of the conflicting opinions concerning him in this country at that time. We have no criticisms for these disputes—but they are past. Now we can stand in the clear light of the present, and view that colossus as he stands clearly defined against the sky of history.

At the zenith of his power, Webster might fitly be compared to a great vessel in the midst of smaller ones. Such a vessel needs not to ride the others down for a conquest; it moves such deep waters that whichever way it sails the smaller crafts are drawn in by its weight. When Webster was in the prime of his power, whichever way he sailed other men went. He was the monarch of the United States at one time, and he enjoyed quite a long reign. It was a reign longer than that of a majority of kings in the olden time. It was a reign lasting not less than twenty years, and it is making it short to call it but twenty years. Webster was the government, because he commanded public opinion in this country; and public opinion among a free people is not a despot, it is truly a monarch. He commanded that opinion; he made that opinion.

When we contemplate the greatness of a man,—a greatness which seems phenomenal,—we are led to ask the cause of that greatness. One is instinctively led to ask the cause of that which attracts its undivided attention; therefore we are called upon to trace, at least in outline, which is the most we can do in this lecture, some things which seem to be causes, though really they may not be the fundamental causes, of Webster's

greatness. The fundamental cause of his greatness can no more be analyzed than the greatness of any great man can be analyzed. Modifying and indirect causes we may contemplate, but the prime cause we cannot see. It lies hidden. We look on the external world and see modifying causes, but the prime cause is in the Unseen Mind; it is in the Infinite, from whence such a mind proceeded — from which all minds proceed.

In tracing the early influences which surrounded Webster in infancy and through childhood and youth, the mightiest circumstance we can mention as conducive to the formation of that mighty man and his sublime character is the fact that Ebenezer Webster was his father; and that his mother was a woman well fitted by nature, by intelligence, and by grace to be the companion of Ebenezer Webster.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was born in 1739, in New Hampshire. He was known throughout his life as a man of tremendous energy of character. I like that expression. *Energy of character!* Not a passive character, but a grand character, impelled by love of right, love of truth, love of his fellow men. This Webster took up the questions of his time, and was active in them. In his early manhood the French War — generally called the "French and Indian War" — occurred in this country. He served as captain in that war, and he proved one of the boldest and most skilful of captains, leading on his Mountain Rangers to noble deeds, deeds that will live forever. Among the heroes of that time none was greater than Captain Webster and his Rangers.

Soon followed the Revolutionary War, and Webster, like Washington, was well prepared for that second struggle. Not with France and Frenchmen this time,

but with England and Englishmen — a time when we might fitly say that Greek met Greek! As soon as Ebenezer Webster and his Rangers heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill, down they came to participate in any struggle that should free the downtrodden and weak; that should shape the colonies into states, the states into a confederation — which under the superintendency of his son was to be developed into a living nation. His father helped to furnish the materials for a nation; *Daniel made the nation*. I know that is a strong expression, but I shall not qualify it!

Daniel Webster was born of such parents, and under the influence of such parents he grew up. The father, before the birth of Daniel in 1782, near the close of the Revolutionary War, had settled in a home in Salisbury, N. H., on a side hill near the Merrimac River. It was a rough-looking place, and as we see it to-day we can hardly imagine that any man would believe he could get a living there. But the men of those days knew how to make the granite rocks bear corn; they had muscle and determination, and this enabled them to do it. There were giants in those days! Ebenezer Webster was one of them, and his son was another!

Let us think of him now for a moment — if it is possible to contemplate the infancy of a giant — as a little one. We see him as a delicate little child, concerning whom the women of the neighborhood said, "That child will never live to grow up," and then consoled his mother by telling her so. With tears coursing down his dark cheeks, the father one day brought little Daniel in his arms, saying to his mother, "We will have to give him up; we can't raise him; he's too frail." When the mother saw her husband, whose mind never grew discouraged under any physical difficulties, almost in despair over the life

of the little one, she snatched the child from the father's arms, and held him to her breast.

Daniel was only an infant, yet he was old enough to remember the feeling occasioned by the mother's tears as they dropped on his little face. The mother took him on horseback to the seashore many miles away, that she might bathe in sea-water that large head, which looked so large in comparison with his tiny body it was thought he had the rickets. I do not suppose the sea-water did much for the child; but that mother did, that mother did. As Daniel said in after-years, "There was a mother for you!"

The boy grew up tall and slender. He was a bright boy. He does not remember when he learned to read, because he did not learn to read at school. His father and mother taught him, he supposes. Little Dan, five or six years old, had been heard of by the teamsters, and each new teamster that came along wanted little Dan to come out and read the Bible to him. It was a sight to see that little prodigy reading the Bible! He felt inspired with such an audience and with such a theme.

Finally the people said to Mr. Webster, probably harping his own fears aright, "Your boy can never wrestle with the elements here in New Hampshire. There is no other way for that boy to get a living but to give him an education." The old man respected education. He himself had wept because he did not have an education in his youth.

He once came very near being sent to Congress. He had brains and energy enough, but his competitor was elected because he had a college education. Nobody knew exactly what that was, but it was something wonderful in those days. No one disputed the mighty power, intellectual and moral, of Ebenezer Webster, but this other man of

lighter proportions and common caliber of mind had somewhere in his house a piece of sheepskin with his name on it, also the name of the president of a college faculty, and he must go to Congress.

One day Mr. Webster said to his little boy, "Now, Daniel, I am going to do all I can to give you an education, but you know I am poor." You and I have been working very hard here in the hay-field. Come and sit by me; I want to tell you something. Did you notice that man who just went from us? He has represented this district in Congress, and the only reason he was elected and I was not is due to the fact that he had a college education. Now, Daniel, learn all you can, won't you?" And Daniel answered, "Yes, father, I will."

He was sent to the schools, such as they were. There were few schoolhouses in those days. School was kept here and there among the neighbors. When it was near his home Daniel could go. Sometimes it was held in a distant part of the town. He was too weak to walk to where the school was kept; but perhaps the next season it would be nearer home and he could go. He learned to read, to spell, and tried to learn to write, but he did not succeed in the latter very well. He hated it all his life.

In the district school they sometimes committed to memory verses from the Bible. One Saturday the master promised the boys of Webster's class that the one who should commit the greatest number of verses before Monday morning should have a new jack-knife. When the time for the recital came, the other boys said their verses. Daniel, always shrinking and sensitive, held back. However, finally Dan came up. The little, bashful fellow began in a very low tone; they could hardly understand him; but he went on and on and on. He recited about a hundred verses, way be-

yond what any other one had recited, and the master said to him, "I guess that is all I can hear to-day." Daniel replied, "I have learned two or three chapters more." "Never mind; the jack-knife is yours."

When Daniel was about a dozen years old his father took him to Exeter Academy — called Phillips Academy because it was endowed by a member of the Phillips family, a relative of Wendell Phillips. It was one of the finest schools in New England. Daniel remained there about nine months.

At the expiration of this time his father came down to the Academy and brought Daniel home. He had concluded to put Daniel under the instruction of Rev. Mr. Wood, who lived in Boscawen, not far from Salisbury, to be prepared for college. Daniel did not know he was to go to college. His father was wise. He wanted to see how well the boy would take advantage of his opportunities. The father knew what Daniel had been doing,— he had found out from his teachers,— so on their way over to Mr. Wood's he said to Daniel, who was then about fourteen years old, "Dan, I am going to send you to college." Oh, the boy never had his heart beat so before! He had never dared to ask his father to send him to college; he knew his father was poor. Daniel could not say anything, not a word, but he took his father's hand in both his, and laid his head on his father's shoulder and wept. The old man wept in response, you may be sure. Daniel went to Boscawen, and in a few months was ready for Dartmouth College.

When he started for college his mother gave him a new suit of clothes. Where did she get them? She made them. She washed the wool, she carded it, she spun it, she wove it, she dyed the cloth, cut the suit, and sewed it. This suit was dyed blue, good indigo blue. Web-

ster always liked that color, almost always wore a blue coat — perhaps because his mother dyed his college suit that color.

On his way to Hanover there came up a tremendous rain. The bridges were washed away and he had to go twenty miles around through the rain. Upon his arrival at the college he was thoroughly drenched. He went in, however, and passed his examinations in his wet clothing; then he arose very politely, — a youth about fifteen years old now, — and bowing to those who had been examining him, said, "Sirs, with your permission I will go where I can change my suit, which is very wet, as you will observe." When he changed his clothing he noticed that the color had been transferred from the suit to his person, and a *bluer* boy on entering college never was known.

In process of time he graduated from Dartmouth College, but before he graduated he had made himself known as the father of the man he is destined to become. By invitation of the good people of Hanover, where the college was situated, he delivered a Fourth-of-July address. Some say he delivered it the second year he was there; others say the third year, but the date is of little consequence. That oration may be read to-day in old prints, and it is very interesting; it is sublime all the way through. Such dignity of language, and at the same time language so expressive of the thought, can scarcely be found from so young an orator as Daniel Webster was at that time.

Now we must see what is in the boy's heart. All along we have seen he was a most lovable child. We learn from his devotion to his little sister, and from his response to his father's care, that he was an exceedingly affectionate boy. He had a brother two or three years older than himself, whom he says

had more brains than he had. Certainly Ezekiel Webster had enough for all reasonable purposes. Daniel wanted Ezekiel to go to college. On his return home, after his second year at college, he tells Ezekiel he is going to speak to father about it, and although they have gone to bed, they talk almost all night.

Next morning they think they had better take mother into their confidence. They know their father is poor, that the farm is under a heavy mortgage. "How can Zeke be spared from the farm? How can a heavier mortgage be put upon the farm to raise the money for Zeke?" The family meet together for a conference over the matter. Dan is the orator of the occasion. He puts the case before the father, who sits silently thinking. Every nerve in Ezekiel's body quivers with anxiety for the result. Finally, Daniel closes his plea, and the old man turns with tremulous tones, and says, "Zeke, do you want to go?" "Yes, father, I do." "Well, mother," he says, turning to his wife, "what do you say?" Mother — what does she say? She says, "Sell the farm if it is necessary; raise the money and let him go. Father, the boys will take care of us in our old age if the farm is gone. I believe in them." So the old man says, "Ezekiel, you may go."

Daniel at once begins teaching during his vacations to earn enough money to keep Ezekiel at college. Daniel attempts to study law; but Ezekiel needs money, so Dan goes off to Fryburg to teach in an academy at the enormous salary of \$350 a year. This boy, who hates writing so terribly, cannot find anything to do to add to his meagre salary but to copy deeds, which he does at twenty-five cents apiece. This brings him \$100. The first quarter comes around, he hires a horse and rides over to Hanover to carry Zeke \$100. They stroll out into the woods and finally sit

down on a log. Dan tells Zeke about his school at Fryburg, and in the meantime he manages to get hold of Zeke's hand, and when Zeke takes his hand away the \$100 is in it. With tears of gratitude in his eyes, Zeke embraces Dan — two more affectionate brothers never lived. Daniel continues to teach at Fryburg, saving nearly all his salary, earning enough by copying deeds to pay his board.

Subsequently, Daniel enters Judge Thompson's office at Salisbury, and resumes his study of law for two years more. Ezekiel gets along the best he can. Father and mother help them all they can, getting a little deeper into debt until, finally, Ezekiel, obliged to earn more money before he can go on at college, goes down to Boston to teach school. Daniel goes down first and finds a private school which he arranges for Ezekiel to take charge of. Daniel goes back to Salisbury and Ezekiel comes to Boston. The boys correspond for a while, until Daniel tells Ezekiel he would like to leave Judge Thompson's and come to Boston and study with Mr. Gore, who afterward became Governor Gore. Ezekiel, who is a successful teacher, finds that he needs some assistance, so he writes to Daniel to come down and help him for a few hours in the day.

Daniel came to Boston. It was his great ambition to study in the law office of Mr. Gore; but he did not know how to get introduced to him. He did not know anybody who would introduce him to so great a man. Why, this great man comes in to his office from his home in Watertown "in his coach and four;" the driver, in livery, sits on the box, and four horses draw this one Mr. Gore to his place of business every day! But he is a man who has made his own way. His father was a sea-captain.

Well, Daniel found a young man that

he had known somewhere before, and he told him he wanted to meet Mr. Gore. "But I have n't anybody to introduce me," he added. The young man said, "I met Mr. Gore once, so I will take you in and introduce you." The young men start, but they get frightened about the time they reach the office door. "What will Mr. Gore think of such an introduction as this?" thinks Daniel. However, they enter. Mr. Gore sits there with his glasses on, looking severe and awful. He looks up, and seeing the young men, asks them what they want. They are rather intimidated, but the young man manages to say, "I want to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Webster, from New Hampshire. He is an awfully smart young man, sir. He wrote a Fourth-of-July speech, and delivered it, and he has been through college." After he finished this speech he turned and ran down stairs, leaving Dan to face it out.

Well, Daniel took up the conversation, with some encouragement from Mr. Gore, where the young man had left it. He told Mr. Gore that he had n't thought of coming in to see him so soon, intending first to write home to get some letters and credentials. Mr. Gore eyed him sharply. He was accustomed to reading men, so he said, "I like your looks, sir. I think I can trust you. Hang your hat up there and go into the other room and begin your reading, and send for your credentials at your leisure." Thus began Daniel's study of law with Mr. Gore.

An incident now occurred upon which the future life of Webster turns. At about the close of his study with Mr. Gore he received a letter from his father, who was at this time Judge in his county. It seems the father had asked those who had the authority in his county to appoint Daniel to the vacant office of Clerk of Court, which was a great honor and a remunerative office, and to gratify the

father, whom everybody loved and honored, they freely granted it. This office would give his son Daniel, say, \$1,500 to \$2,000 salary, which would mean to-day about \$6,000 a year. "How easily he could lift the mortgage from the farm with that sum of money! How tenderly he could care for his parents in their old age! How easily he could help Ezekiel along in his studies, who had not yet received his degree of Bachelor of Arts!" Daniel is so happy that night at the prospect he does not sleep at all.

The next morning he is in the office a long time before Mr. Gore arrives, and when the latter enters he says to Daniel, whose very bones are bursting with excess of joy, "Good-morning, Mr. Webster, you seem to be in excellent spirits." Daniel tells him the good news, whereupon Mr. Gore says, "Will you kindly go into the other room, while I will look over my letters; then we will talk the matter over." An hour or two later he calls to Daniel and says, "I do not want you to accept that offer." Finally, he made the young man promise, before he left him to go home and visit his parents, that he would not accept the position. His line of argument was this: "Young man, you have been with me for a good many months. I think I understand you. It is your place to express opinions for others to write, not to write other people's opinions. Should you accept this office now, it shuts to you all opportunities of greatness in the future. You will simply be a Clerk of the Court always, if you are anything. You may not be anything; for by and by, after you have remained in the court a number of years, having closed your opportunities, and being dependent upon others, they may choose to put some one else in your place, and then where will you be? Mr. Webster, be independent; live upon your own earnings; make your own way."

Daniel is very reluctant, but finally promises that he will not accept it. He starts home, a place you can now reach in a few hours. Then it took about as many days. At last he arrives at the old home, Elms Farm, near the Merrimac River. He jumps out of the sleigh (or pung, as they called it then), steps upon the piazza and looks in at the window. They are expecting him. There sits his father, prematurely old, though he is not over sixty-six at this time. There he sits by the hearth, the bright fire shining on his dear old face, his long white locks hanging down over his shoulders,—a most venerable man. Daniel hesitates to go in, thinking his father looks unusually happy, probably contemplating the opportunities for his son's advancement, and he thinks, "How can I break the news to him?" Finally, he goes in. The old man puts his arms around Daniel and kisses him as he did when he was a little boy, and Daniel warmly returns the embrace. About that time the mother comes in, and then, oh, what a happy trio!

Finally supper is brought in. The old man is very happy. After supper he says, "Daniel, you'd better go up to Squire So-and-So's in the morning and take your oath of office." Then Daniel gradually breaks the news to his father that he is not going to accept the office. The old man is amazed, and exclaims, "Why, why?" "I am not going to do it, father," Daniel replies; but his father can only repeat, "Why, Daniel, why?" Daniel tells him that he thinks it will shut off his opportunities for the future. But his father says, "Not so. It is a wonderful opportunity. Think how many there are who would like the office!" Then he recounts how he and his mother have worked for him and Ezekiel, and he says, "I cannot work any more, my boy. What are we going to do if you won't accept this position?"

Daniel answers, "Mr. Gore—" "Mr. Gore, what of Mr. Gore?" the father asks sharply. "He advises me not to take it." "Mr. Gore is a fool talking to a young fool. What does he know about poverty; what does he know of the struggles we have had with debt?" Daniel was silent. Finally the old father says, after a little reflection, "Daniel, is your mind made up?" "Yes, father, my mind is made up; I shall not accept it." The old man looks at him steadily for a moment, becomes almost the picture of despair; but is silent. He never mentions it again.

One of Webster's biographers says there was a sequel to this story. He records that a Mr. Emery came into the office about the time of Daniel's going home, after giving the promise to Mr. Gore not to take the position his father had secured for him. Daniel told Mr. Emery about the financial straits of the family, and Mr. Emery gave Daniel money enough to pay off the mortgage. So after the thing is all over with his father, Daniel takes out that money and lays it upon the table, saying, "There is enough to pay the mortgage." His father asks, "Where did you get it, Daniel?" "Mr. Emery let me have it." "More mortgage, I suppose?" "No, father, no mortgage, no note to be given; this is to clear up the mortgage on the farm." So that little family scene ended, and Daniel went back in a few days to study further with Mr. Gore.

Later Daniel concludes he will return home, because his father's health is failing; so he opens an office at Boscawen, where he can walk easily from his business to his father's home. I have seen the very stairs that Daniel's feet ascended, and the windows out of which those young but glorious eyes looked. He did the best he could there. One writer states that he was never able to pay the rent of the office, which was only

\$15 a year. Three others declare that he did pay all his bills, and worked up a practice of six or seven hundred dollars a year. Daniel made his first plea before his father, who was Judge of the County Court. His able plea convinced his father that he had been wise in refusing to take the office of Clerk of the Court.

Two years pass quickly away, the failing constitution dissolves, and the loving hands of the son close forever the eyes of his father. He sees now no necessity of staying longer at Boscawen, so he goes over to Portsmouth, N. H., and there rises rapidly at the bar. He there meets Mr. Mason, the great lawyer of the State, the great lawyer of New England, and, according to Mr. Webster's opinion in later years, the great lawyer of America,—a man six feet seven inches tall, tall physically and mentally.

On one occasion Webster and Mason were employed upon the same case, Webster acting as prosecuting attorney. Mason said that when Webster began to speak it seemed as if a thunder-shower had suddenly burst upon him. Webster lost the case, but Mason had all he could do to save his client.

Webster was quick to see what the oratory of a practical lawyer should be. He saw that Mason carried off verdict after verdict for his clients. He observed that Mason did not stand off and say great things into people's ears, but that he went up to the jury where he could almost put his finger on their noses, and after he had talked with them for a while they all thought as he did. From this time Webster changed his style, and dealt no longer with the ears of men, but directly with their minds.

We must now leave this eventful period, in which Webster has been developing his powers by wrestling with giants in New Hampshire. He felt that he could now with propriety come to Boston. In New Hampshire, by riding all over the

State, and being present at almost every court, he had raised his income to \$2,000, which was a great sum in those days, being equivalent to about \$8,000 to-day. He again comes to Boston. They had heard of Daniel Webster up in New Hampshire, but the old heads say, "He will be lost in Boston. It is one thing to plead and be successful in New Hampshire, but quite another thing to be successful among the lawyers of Boston." In one year after being with the great Boston lawyers he had taken \$20,000—his first year. Money does measure some things, and in this case it measures the power of that young man.

A man is wanted for Congress, and Webster, thirty-one years of age, is elected. We shall have to pass over a most interesting portion of his life and allude to the first great lawsuit which gave Webster an American reputation and almost a world-wide fame; namely, the Dartmouth case. Some question came up concerning the management of his Alma Mater, Dartmouth College, and Webster's power was brought to bear on her side. Every power possible was brought against him. The case was carried up from court to court. It was finally carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, but Webster won the victory before that tribunal. Great lawyers say that he did not win the victory by discussing points of law, but that he conquered Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, whom he turned into an advocate for his case. Webster did it by his personal power.

We will next view Webster in the zenith of his power. He is now interested in national affairs. Let us see for a moment what the question is which at this time attracts the attention of the country. After the Revolution, the different states had voted to join with other states, according to the letter of a

certain article they called the Constitution. But in public sentiment these states had not formed themselves into a nation as yet; they were generally supposed to be merely an aggregation of states. This is why I said in the beginning of my lecture that Webster created a nation. The American States were no more a nation than Greece was a nation. Greece would draw up articles of confederation sometimes for practical purposes to meet an emergency, and then the confederation would dissolve. There was no Greek nation, although there were Greek States. We did not have an American nation; we had the American States. This was practically the situation, briefly stated.

The public sentiment of Massachusetts only about fifteen or sixteen years before this had declared that any State had a right to withdraw from the confederation if it chose to do so. Other States expressed the same opinion. This was because there was no nation, no living body that could be called a nation. In Congress this question came up from South Carolina, and one day General Hayne, of that State, made a speech. Mr. Webster answered the speech, satisfactorily to his friends. A day or two later General Hayne came forward with a second speech,—and up to that time probably one of the grandest speeches ever made in Congress,—in which he took up the whole history of the question, showing what Massachusetts had thought, what other States had thought, what the general opinion had been as history recorded it. Hayne had the history on his side, which showed that the general opinion was that we were a confederation of States, and if any State wished to nullify an act of Congress it had a constitutional power to do so.

The question is left here: we have no nation; there is no national life, no national power. Congress can make no

law for the states that each state has not a right to nullify so far as it applies to that state. This is the plain English of it. Hayne's speech was published, and it went all over the country. Webster is about forty-eight years old and in the prime of his power. The Federalist party, to which Mr. Webster belongs, say that he cannot answer that speech. To give you some idea of the feeling that prevailed at that time, I will allude to an incident which then took place.

In addition to owning a home in New Hampshire, Webster bought a farm in Marshfield. When he bought it, Mr. Thomas, the owner, who was much involved in debt, delivered the deed to him in tears. Mr. Thomas was an old man; he must now go away from the home he loved so much. Webster turned to him and said, "I will accept the deed only on one condition, and that is that you will stay in this house as long as you live." From that time you can imagine that Mr. Thomas loved Mr. Webster very much. He watched the papers, and when he saw the first speech of General Hayne he felt comfortable over it, for he knew that Webster could answer it. Webster did answer it, and he felt satisfied.

A few days afterwards the second speech of General Hayne came out, and the old man read it here in Marshfield. He didn't say much, but he got up slowly, went toward the stairs, and turning to one of the boys said, "Henry, come up and get my boots; I am going to bed. I shall never want these boots any more." "Why, father," his son replied, "Mr. Webster will answer that speech." "It can't be done; it can't be done. Mr. Webster could if anybody could, but nobody can answer it, and I don't want to live any longer." So the old man went to bed, and Henry brought down the boots. There the old man lay and would not be comforted. Two days

went by, but the old man was certainly going to die; he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. Finally, a day came around which brought the paper from Congress that contained the reply of Daniel Webster to General Hayne—the reply that made the nation, remember; the reply that gave vitality to the Constitution.

Without that speech we should not have a nation to-day. Can a man do so much with a speech? He can. Webster has done it. A nation had been born in a day!

From this time onward the people north and the people south, the people east and the people west, have a Constitution to swear by—a living thing. It is a living nation; a nation to live for, and a nation to die for if need be. No longer States held together by a rope of sand; no longer held together by a mere parchment, but held together with a cement that nothing can dissolve,—the cement of universal public opinion. This will furnish the sequel to the last public act of Webster, of which I shall speak to-day.

Let us now go back and see the effect upon Mr. Thomas. It is evening, the paper comes, and Henry goes upstairs with the newspaper and a candle. The old man turns and groans as Henry comes into the room. "What do you want, Henry?" he says. "Father, would n't you like to look over the paper to-night?" "I never want to see that paper again." "Well, father, Mr. Webster has answered the speech." "No, my son, that is n't possible. It cannot be answered." "Now, father, come; we are all very much afflicted. Won't you read this? Mother is very much distressed at your condition. Won't you read it?" "No, Henry." "Now, father, please read it, and gratify us." "Well, you may put the candle and paper down on the stand here beside

my bed, and perhaps I will look at it by and by."

Henry went down-stairs. The family gathered round the fireplace, statues of melancholy—nothing to be said or done. Finally, mother said, "Don't you think anything can be done for father?" "No, mother, nothing can be done. He won't even read the paper." They fall into silence. Suddenly there came a shout from up-stairs. Mother, old as she was, ran up-stairs with the boys to see what had happened to father. There he sat on the side of the bed, with the candle in one hand and the paper in the other, shouting, "He has done it, Henry; he has done it. Henry, get my boots!" There is something prophetic in that demand, "Get my boots." Uncle Sam did not need any boots until then, for he could not stand alone until then; but now, as the Irishman said of Lincoln, he stands straight in his boots.

Webster is at this time forty-eight years old. I can trace him no further through his work as a public man, except simply to say he affected this nation for good as a statesman more than any other man. He was a peacemaker, not only between individuals, but between nations.

I shall pass over twenty years of Mr. Webster's active life. He is now sixty-eight years old. There is coming a great hostility between the North and the South. Mr. Webster has given vitality to the Constitution. He believes in the Constitution. He loves the Constitution. He loves the Union, because he loves the whole country. He loves Massachusetts, the State of his adoption. He loves New Hampshire, the State of his birth. He loves South Carolina no less; and equally well he loves Georgia and Alabama and all the States of the South and of the West. His gigantic arms embrace the nation,—his worldly ideal, his worldly pet.

He does not want to live longer than the Union lives, because out of the Union, as out of a never-failing fountain, flow all the blessings of the United States.

Webster sees that the hostility between the North and the South is sure to bring on us dismemberment and destruction through civil war. An amendment, a compromise, is proposed: that the North shall concede certain things and the South shall concede certain other things. The concession of the North involves something besides the concession of money or position; the concession of some of its principles, at least, is involved. But Mr. Webster virtually says, "The less must lose itself in the greater. The Union must be saved. Then it will be good for all men, the black as well as the white. Dismember it, and you have lost what our fathers fought for; you have lost the consummate flower of the tree of liberty, planted perhaps in Thermopylæ, growing and shedding its branches all over the world, at length to blossom and bring forth fruit here in America. If the tree is lost the world rolls back in progress two thousand years. The experiment of free government is yet to be tried. We must concede." To this compromise he brings the still undiminished power of his intellect. The seventh-of-March speech was a diplomatic speech; it was the speech of a statesman; it was the speech of a mighty man who foresaw the evils that would come if no such compromise was made.

The law is passed. Webster loses standing in his party. The lovers of liberty in this country say, "We had all we could do before in the struggle for liberty and progress; but now, when we see the gigantic form of Mr. Webster leading on the opposition, we are almost in despair and almost palsied." I remember the time, although but a young

boy, when the news of that terrible speech came. I remember what my father and grandfather thought. Everybody that worshipped Webster felt like saying, "O Lucifer, thou son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" Now, in the clear light of this later day, we can look back upon that speech of Webster's and see that it was consistent with his whole career. He loved the Union. For the Union he had lived. He had identified himself with all her interests. For that Union he was ready to lose the reputation he had built; and he lost it—he lost it, but by so doing he deferred the Civil War ten years.

That speech of Mr. Webster's sealed two things: first, his doom as a politician in this world, and second, the high reputation of the Union. Ten years after they are ready to cry, "Union, Union; die for the Union!" and five hundred thousand of our best young men died for the thing for which Webster sacrificed so much. Millions of money were poured out for the same reason, and the Union still lives; and here across the old feuds between the North and the South we join hands as her children and love one another. Those feuds are forever gone; nothing but the cement of love remains. We are not joined by the interweaving of bayonets; we are not joined through fear; we are joined through love. The South will do all it can to help the North; the North will do all it can to help the South; the West will do all it can to help both. We are not only one nation, but one people, thank God.

Webster has but two more years to live, and those are years of sorrow. He comes to Boston, where his friends love him still—his personal friends and some political friends. They go to the city fathers, and ask for Faneuil Hall in which to meet Mr. Webster and do him honor. The fathers of Boston will not

allow them to meet in the old cradle of liberty. They bring the news to Webster, and find him bowed in grief in his home at Marshfield. An old friend enters. It is raining. "My dear friend, have the clouds brought you? I am glad to see you; come in." Mr. Webster loved his friends, and lived on their love; they have deserted him, and he is obliged to listen to the confirmation of the news that they will not allow him to enter Faneuil Hall.

A year or two passes, and he is made Secretary of State again, under General Pierce; and he conducts the business of the office to within the last weeks before his death. He has prophesied that he will not live to be over seventy years old. He is now seventy. One day he gets into a wagon to ride with a friend from Marshfield to Plymouth. On the road the king-bolt flies out, and the carriage falls suddenly to the ground. Webster falls; he puts out his arm to save himself, but in spite of the effort he falls to the ground stunned by the blow. He is taken up senseless and carried into a house. Doctors are sent for. When he finally comes to consciousness he finds himself lying upon a bed. He takes in the situation, and looking toward the woman of the house as she comes in with some cordial for him, says, with a smile that shows the heart of the man, "As I awoke to consciousness, madam, I thought of a story I had read: how there was one journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho, and he fell among thieves. I was journeying from Marshfield to Plymouth, and I fell among friends." From this time forward he is never well, though he partially recovers from his injuries.

Webster has been called an intemperate man. He was one of the most abstemious of men until he was fifty. He was never a drunkard. This is an incident which is recorded by his attend-

ing physician. He was to meet his friends and make a speech a short time after his accident, while his arm had yet to be carried in a sling. The doctor said to him, "Mr. Webster, before you deliver that speech I think you ought to take something stimulating." "No," said Mr. Webster, "I have been advised not to take stimulants, and I shall not do so; I wish to meet my friends in my own strength." No one ever saw Mr. Webster intoxicated, say historians, and we must believe this and not believe the gossip of the street.

His life is closing. He is at his home in Marshfield. The most celebrated physicians of Boston are attending him; he himself knows that he is to die in a short time. One morning he looks toward the doctor, who has been with him constantly for two or three days, and says, "You look melancholy, doctor, but I shall not die to-day. I shall certainly live to-day, and I shall live to-night. Do not be cast down." The day and night passed just as Mr. Webster had predicted. He made a similar remark to the doctor the following morning. The third morning Mr. Webster said, "Now, doctor, the last day has come; I shall live through the day, but I shall not live through the night. Do you not think so, doctor?" He replied, "I will tell you better to-night." The evening came, and Mr. Webster said, "I shall not live until morning; I shall not see the sun rise in the morning."

His son Fletcher was in the room, and he called him to his bedside to bid him good-by. Other friends were in the house; he had the male friends come to his room first, and there was a scene like that when Socrates of old put forth the women while he drank the hemlock. Socrates' friends wept. Webster's friends wept. Socrates comforted his friends, and Webster comforted his. He comforted them with assurances of im-

mortality, assurances of God's love. Webster then called for his wife and her friends. They came in one by one, and he said a personal and tender word to each.

Then he turned to his friend Mr. Harvey, — "Mr. Harvey, you will not leave until I am dead." "No, Mr. Webster, if you request it, I will not." All but Mr. Harvey, the doctor, and an attendant went out. Mr. Webster said, "I want to know when the end comes; I want to know when it begins." The doctor told him he had thought of giving him a stimulant. "No," said Mr. Webster, "I shall understand when you do that the end is near." The doctor said, "Let it be a sign." The hours of the night crept on. He slept for a short time. At last he awoke and said, "Am I alive in this world?" They assured

him he was. Then, his mind as clear as ever, he said, "I still live" — and was gone.

Prophetic words, — "I still live!" Ah, he lives in the nation to which he gave a constitutional life! He lives in the hearts of true men and women who read his biography and works all over this world. This is not all. He lives among the glorified in the world above. Being dead, he yet speaketh! His power for good walks abroad over the earth! A great, good man cannot die. His works do live after him, and live forever! This nation is better than it would have been had there been no Webster. Every one who has studied Webster can say, "My life has been better, my purposes nobler, my aspirations higher, because Webster lived."

Success.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF EMERSON COLLEGE BY HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

[*Stenographic Report by Ethel Carnan.*]

I THANK you, fellow students, for your kindly greeting. It has an echo of other days. Personally most of you are now unknown to me, but you represent a work that I love, a student body that I love, a memory that is rich. I thank you, as I have thanked your predecessors in these halls, and I tell you that

"I hold the years in my heart,
And all that was — is yet."

When I found that I could meet you to-day, I asked myself, "What can I say to them that shall make it right to take an hour from their busy week?" In an art store, where I sometimes go to refresh and delight my soul, I found an

answer. It was a picture, — a picture with breadth of meaning and perfectness of expression. A maiden, Greek, beautiful, beauty-loving, is alone upon the sands. The breath of morning touches her hair; the cool sea is at her sandalled feet. She has picked up a shell; the young face, full of eagerness and hope, bends over it. There is a growing gladness in the face, for in the shell lies a pearl. And in that eager young face I saw you; I saw incarnated your hopes and expectations, as you take up what is for many of you a new line of endeavor. I saw you standing at the shore, seeking that pearl whose name is

"success." The sea hath its pearls; is there one for me?

To him that enters upon a new field, the question of questions is, "What shall I do to succeed?" And the fear that sometimes chills the heart is, "If I fail!"

What, then, are the conditions of success? Everybody knows the answer to that question—or thinks he knows it. He is willing to tell you; nay, is anxious to tell you. Receipts for success are more abundant than patent medicines; and yet the percentage of failures is enormous. There is something wrong somewhere. The one who has made a failure always knows why he failed, and is perfectly certain that he would succeed another time—often a sad mistake. The successful man knows just how he did it, and he is absolutely sure that you may succeed also if you will follow in his footsteps—often an error equally grievous.

At Fredericksburg, Sergeant Peter, of a Jersey regiment, captured a Confederate, whom he had stunned with a blow from his musket. But when he had made the capture, Peter found that he was alone with the inanimate Confederate; his comrades were in retreat. Throwing his prisoner over his shoulder, Peter "advanced backwards" until he found his regiment at the foot of the hill. And as he came in carrying his prisoner, one of the boys said to him, "Why, Peter, where did you get him?" "Get him? Get him? Why I got him up there on the hill. Any of you fellows can have one if you will only go up there and get one." Peter may have been ironical. It is possible he was sincere. The attainment had been perfectly easy for him—others might do the same thing. Why not?

Is great natural endowment the secret of success? We have seen very substantial success reaped by people of

very ordinary talents, and most pitiful failures among the most splendidly equipped. One says, "Enterprise is the secret of success." But the enterprising are often destitute. "Good health spells success," says another. So it would, if the only thing in life were living. "A flawless conscience brings success." Not if it is coupled with a weak head. "Be good, and you will succeed," says one. Yes, if you are good for *something*. "Effort will bring success." But the greatest things are always done easily *by* the great. "Helping others is the way to succeed." Yes; though your measure will be somewhat limited by what you have to give. "Tact will win." Not unless it is mixed with talent. "Looking out for number one is the road," says some one. Many a man has found that the road to humiliation and failure. "Persistence is a sure winner." It has not always so proved. "You must struggle and fight and be masterful, for to the strong belongs the victory," says some one. And others softly whisper the reminder: "It is the meek who shall inherit the earth."

Amid this babel of truths, errors, and half-truths we see, not only that success is a complex thing, but we see also that the path which one man may follow with firm and joyous footsteps to the shining goal may prove to another the way to heart-break and failure. It is not the road for him; he cannot follow it. No man can successfully pursue a method not in accordance with the laws of his own organism. That man was not intended to climb; he will make a creeper, not a climber. You can no more depend absolutely on the effect of anybody's particular receipt for success than you can upon the effect of a certain form of medical treatment, or medicinal receipt. The receipt may be good; but it may not agree with you. That treatment may have restored your dearest friend;

it may have helped thousands; but for some reason you receive no benefit. If my powers are like yours, if our equipment is exactly alike, if our tastes and ideals are similar, if my forces all move in your direction, then I may successfully use your methods. Otherwise the measure of my accomplishment will be less than yours; less than mine would have been if I had followed a course in accordance with the laws of my own organism.

We frequently see, in the professional as in the commercial world, persons who are doing a thriving business upon a small capital. Seemingly, the equipment is slight, their manners and methods are coarse and utterly repulsive; and yet, to the astonishment of their acquaintances, they are successful. Their way is energy, enterprise, self-advertising, breaking through by sheer drive. We see other people, more intellectual, more spiritual, sweeter, finer, shrinking from the coarser crowd, and holding their breath in amazement, or crying out, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." That is always such a consoling phrase! The implied compliment is often as irresistible as the condemnation is undeserved. Those other people are not fools. Those very people may be making a better use of their one talent than their critics are making of their ten talents. Rushing in is their way. They are crude engines, but they are made to go. If they do not make success in that way, they are foredoomed to failure. They have been given the power of locomotion. "Yes, but if that is the way to succeed, I prefer to fail," says the sensitive man; and his remark is wise after its kind, though not entirely free from the pucker of sour grapes. He would not succeed in that way; he knows it—at least we know it. His powers would be overmatched in that kind of competition. He must find an-

other way. There are about us tens of thousands of highly endowed, intellectual, spiritual, sensitive, beautiful people, who lack precisely those qualities of enterprise, push, and — yes, let us face it squarely — of courage which enables a man to go into the arena and offer combat. Must they, then, give up the desired things in life to rough force, noisy assertiveness, and the desperate onrush of the claim-staker? Not if they will listen in the silence of the spirit to the message which life has for them. Not if they will seek out amid the half-lights the path their feet should tread. Let us cease calling upon people to do that which they cannot do; to gird up their loins and follow — us. No; "follow the gleam" that God has given you.

But is that, after all, any answer to our question? Are we not still face to face with this problem? Is success possible to all people? Is there not some one condition which is absolutely fundamental, and without which success may not be at all? Yes, there is such a condition: the possession of real power, personal power of some sort, dynamic force in personality. It is a power that makes all things possible. Without it nothing is possible. It is steam to the boiler, blood to the heart, the sun that permits life to be.

It is the fashion nowadays, in certain quarters, to apply unpleasant epithets to those whose business it is to shoot when ordered to do so. But the heart of this world warms to its military heroes quite as much as to its preachers. The world loves a splendid exhibition of power. Again, we hear a good deal of laughter at what is called exuberant enthusiasm at college track events and football games, and much talk about educating man's heels instead of his head. But the crowd is not praising the youth for what he is not

doing in something else. It is praising the skill, the power, the nerve, the trained judgment, which wins victories. And I believe that the spectators even at a prize-fight are not altogether the human brutes and beasts which it is our fashion to fancy them. I do not believe that they can be rejoicing in the manifestation of ferocity, in brutality, in degradation. Their joy is rather in the glow of the onset; in the sight of splendid strength and skill; in Titanic blows; in bodies inured to receive them as well as to strike like the hammer of Thor,—to endure long, to struggle mightily, and to overcome a giant foe. Under the spell of power they lose sight of its abuse. The world loves power.

The other day the hearts of our people throughout the breadth of this land cried out in anguish and sympathy when upon the city of Galveston fell that awful visitation of death and ruin. And while we read of the thousands upon thousands of dead, of shores lined with human bodies, of the sights and sounds in that once splendid city, how our hearts tingled and glowed when over the wires came those thrilling words of the Governor of Texas, calling upon the laborers to come to them at double wages, for the work of rebuilding the city was to begin at once. That was power. We love power. We know it when we see it—whatever its form of manifestation. It is unmistakable. It convinces like sunlight.

Ah, *but*, you say, power is given to the few. That is true. A few men have much of it; many have some; very many apparently have little or none. With power, success *may* not be; without power, success *cannot* be. And, after making a liberal allowance for the failures which result from misdirection and misuse of power, we can hardly escape the conclusion that many persons do not succeed because they have

not enough power to achieve success. Is it inevitable? Something is wrong somewhere if it is. It is precisely because I do not believe that God Almighty ever made a race a large percentage of which must inevitably fail and fall that we are discussing—however hastily, however imperfectly—this problem this morning. It is precisely because we do believe, on the other hand, that any young man or young woman, with a sound mind in a sound body, may achieve a measurable degree of success, by a right and definite direction of his power; and if he have not power sufficient to succeed, may develop it—may grow it.

And yet there are many men, as we know, who, if unaided, would fail. Society recognizes this by legislation, institutions, schools, churches, libraries, its efforts, organized and unorganized, to help men to help themselves; to develop power in them and to guide it.

Power is essential to success; but it is not success. It is steam to the boiler; but steam may explode. Steam may bring the locomotive right into the ticket-office in the station, as it did near Philadelphia the other day. Power is a permission and a propeller; but it must be directed by wisdom; it must be controlled by character.

So far I have spoken of success without defining it, merely as a general term, knowing that each one would attach to that word the meaning that it has to him. In my own thought, I have meant by "success" the results, outward and inward, of doing exceeding well that which you can do best in this world; the fulfilling of what the Almighty put you here to do.

But now we see that not only is success, like contentment, a relative condition; not only is it true that the path which one man follows successfully cannot be followed successfully by another

man, perhaps; but it is also true that ideals of success are very widely different. The ends sought are as various as the paths are divergent. What is to one man success would be in the thought of another man pitiful failure, the wasting of life's best gifts. And some who have failed in the thought of man may not have failed at all in the sight of God and His angels. There are planes of success, as well as degrees; and the man who is interested in the fulfilment upon one plane may know nothing and care nothing for achievement upon a plane higher or lower than his own. Why should a fish want to fly? He was made to swim, and what interests him is to swim exceedingly well.

For what kind of success does a man yearn? There are different kinds. One man's interest is in the material, and in the power its possession gives, and his powers can work best upon that plane. Let him strive for it, win it if he can. And when he has attained that ideal it is not unlikely that he will become dissatisfied and long for another ideal he did not see before. Another man reaches out to the beauty of God's universe, the beauty of life. His joy will be in statues, in paintings, in making beautiful things, in form, in color, in the poet's dream. His ideals will be artistic. A third man is interested in the spiritual significance and meaning of the relations of God's universe, and that man's ideals will be philosophical, ethical, spiritual.

The first man, if he succeeded greatly, would be a king of finance, a royal merchant, an organizer of enterprises, or a power in politics — practical, secular, influential, dominant. To his tired nerves and throbbing brain the artist and the philosopher bring relaxation and balm. They shed gleams into the dimmer recesses of his nature. They touch with passing light those gropings and fancies for something beyond,

fairer ideals whose petals have not yet opened. But "such things are not practical." Life is too stern for them, and time is too short.

The second man is living in the realm of beauty. To him the man of affairs is sordid, his ends commonplace. He is useful — as a customer; he must be cultivated as such. But he is living below his privileges. As to yonder philosopher — why, he is too vague, cool, gray, remote. "He is a dreamer. Let us leave him."

The third man dwells in the realm of spirit. He stands upon the mountain-top, whence he sees far back into the past, catches the first ray of new truth, "looks quite through the deeds of men," and from his lofty height observes and relates the forces at work below. He wonders why a man should want to live down there in the valley, when he might stand so near the stars.

So the ends sought are various, the roads divergent, and loud is the shouting of directions. The travellers do not understand each other, and great is the darkness and confusion.

The first thing to determine is the right path — the right path for you, the way your forces should be directed. We must first have an ideal towards which to mount; for without an ideal permanent success of any sort is out of the question. Why, a man without an ideal is a ship without a sail, without a rudder. He is a derelict, is a menace to navigation; he can only bump and be bumped. "But supposing I have not found my ideal yet, how am I to find it?" You may say, "I can do so many things so well that it is hard to tell which I can do best;" or, "I do many things so badly that it is hard to tell in which I shall be least unsuccessful." There are many people who take up one thing after another — painting, acting, elocution, music, modelling —

successively but not successfully. They have mistaken aspiration for inspiration, ambition for ability. They are appreciators merely. A person who loves art at all is not unlikely to love all the arts; and yet he may not have innate power of self-expression in any one of them, and so his output of work will be colorless, forceless, unimaginative. He is an appreciator, not a potential artist. He cannot create anything. He may be a great teacher, but that is a different power. A great teacher will teach greatly anything he loves and knows.

There is an index, a voice, a finger-point, which directs us toward the point to which we should be moving. We will hear the message if we listen for it. What are your permanent tastes? I do not mean fads, fancies, mere appreciations, but tastes that abide. In what way do your powers work? What can you do—what have you done? There is something you can do, some stone that you can lay in the great temple of God's plan. You are put here to do something. Sometimes the bidding, to do our real work comes stealing upon us insensibly, creeping upon us like morning-light, and abides and warms into day. Sometimes the call is imperative and sudden as trumpet-note. You see a work that needs to be done. Probably you are the one to do it. Again, you find yourself through circumstance, by accident, as it seems, doing a certain thing in which you discover an aptitude, an authority. If you have heard the voice you will hearken to it. If you will but listen in the silence of the spirit, it surely will speak to you. Many of you have found your ideal, your pathway, the road to your success—and that is why you are here. Others do not know. They think they may have found it. They have come here in earnestness, in faith, in hope, and in trust. And your trust, fellow students, shall be

honored. Work on! Work on! And if by and by we find that you have made a mistake, if you do not recognize it yourself, ask your teachers, and they will tell you. No teacher who takes the problem of education seriously, who has any sense of responsibility to his pupil, to his mission, or to his conscience, will encourage a student to persist in a study from which he expects to earn his livelihood if he knows that the poor wanderer is doomed to humiliation and defeat.

In addressing you, this student body, I am speaking to some perhaps who come to the work as to an enrichment; to many more who hope to find in it and through it a life-work. All such find some ideal in the sacredness and truth of beauty. Your ideals are artistic, using that expression in its broadest sense; you want to exemplify or teach. And so, during the remainder of our time this morning, our question is, What are the conditions of success in the realm of artistic endeavor? A great number of the conditions of success in the artistic realm are the same as those in many other lines of endeavor. But upon that common ground we can hardly touch this morning.

In art, in its largest sense, something of everything is desirable, and everything of something is vitally essential if you would succeed. After finding your ideal you must be devoted to her. The law of artistic success, of artistic creation, is ever from within, out. He who comes in from the outside, he who looks upon his art and says, "How much money may I get out of that?" will probably end by not getting any. You must not mix your art with commercialism; it is the noxious vapor in which the creative instinct cannot thrive. The ideals of the man of affairs will gradually approach yours; but you cannot go to his or even meet them half-way. Keep your own

place. It is for you to make your art so true, so fine, so rich in the humanities, so redolent with revelation, that it shall command its price. It is your business to create the art; the public will appraise it. Be an artist, not an auctioneer; let commercialism alone.

Your art, then, demands your devotion, demands your loyalty. This is a lesson which should be learned early, and never forgotten for a day. Now, the loyalty which your art demands must be an individual force in you, a character force. Loyalty is the magnetic needle of character; it always points north. The loyalty which your art demands cannot be taken on at some time when it is convenient to have it. It is a seed that must be planted early and nourished carefully and well, until its roots are deep and its branches spread wide and are strong. You must be loyal to your art, and to all that belongs to it, — loyal to your fellow workers, loyal to your school of art—this school, any school where you may be. You enter a school, pay your tuition, and get an equivalent, and thus far the transaction is commercial and complete; but the moment you enter a church, a school, or a family, that church, school, or family becomes bound to you, to minister to you, to help you, to guard you, to be interested in you now and hereafter—in a word, to be loyal to you. The law is not written, but it is none the less binding; and that law is reciprocal. The moment you enter a church, a school, or a family, that moment you have become by your own choice a member of that church, school, or family, and you are responsible for its good name, for its welfare, for its traditions, for its success. You are bound to it, as it is bound to you. If you are not satisfied, if you do not get those things in the church, school, or family that you think you should have, it is your privilege and

your right, not to stir up dissension, for that is cowardly and disloyal, but to go straight to headquarters and ask for an explanation. If you do not get an explanation, or if this is not satisfactory, it is your privilege to withdraw; but while you stay you owe loyalty, heart loyalty, to the flag which is yours by your own choice. I said this loyalty is your duty, but that is parenthetical; it is your education, your success—this same loyalty.

Every college has its college spirit, its class spirit, its alumni spirit—incarnations all of that loyalty which recognizes that the student body is the college as much as its faculty is the college; sharers alike of its duties, its privileges, its honors; responsible alike for its welfare and its fair name, typifying the spiritual hand-clasp of the pupil and his guide. The successful student is invariably the responsible student. The responsible student is invariably loyal. There is a lesson of duty, of education, of success. Learn it now.

Loyalty to your art, loyalty to your associates, loyalty to your school, opens the way by and by to loyalty to your profession and its traditions. When you enter professional life you find, as Kipling says, that "there are certain things a fellow cannot do." Many of you will enter professional work. As teachers, you must be loyal to your subject, and teach it well. You must do more than that,—you must teach your pupil well; you must be loyal to your pupil. You must carry him, his needs, his difficulties, his hopes, his future, his soul, in your soul. Ah! you must do more than that. You are associated with fellow teachers. You must not only teach your pupil and teach your work, but you must do the work of all the other teachers on your staff; do just as much as you can to help them. You must all hang together—or you

will hang separately. Do not be so busy claiming your rights that you forget to do your duty. You will learn in professional life, if not before, that you must all take hold together and lift. It is cheaper to learn that lesson now.

To succeed in the artistic world to-day one must be very thoroughly equipped. The world moves very fast nowadays. The old of to-day was new only yesterday. How long must I study? Your student life, friends, must last just as long as you attempt to give out anything. Do not think that you can study for three years and feed the public on canned goods for thirty. Too much teaching tastes of the tin. Study your subject. Dig down through it till you come to the very bottom facts; then work out round and see what they mean, and their relations; then look up and see how high it goes; then perhaps you will be able to climb up through it—and that means success.

Do not neglect your physical work. I did, and I am sorry. Make it a personal matter. All there is in a man goes into all his work. I am not speaking of athleticism—though I admire that. But infinitely better is that physical condition in which every function works well,—the enduring nerves, the steady heart, the stomach that works on and makes no sound, the red blood that feeds the dynamo of the brain.

But brain-power does not depend merely on physical support. It demands both intellectual nourishment and liberal exercise. There is an outcry every now and then that our young people are overworking their brains and are likely to die from knowing too much. I think our population will not fail from that cause; at least the disease is not epidemic. Misuse of the brain—starvation, worry, drugs—and other causes bring breakdown; but the right use of the brain, and the liberal use of the

brain, develop power. The law of professional success is study, study; and after that, study. Art, that most precious coinage of the thought and feeling of great souls, can never, as we said before, rise higher than its creator, than the source; hence everything that you do that is of personal benefit is of professional benefit.

Again, see and hear those who are leaders in your line of endeavor. Remember that an ounce of quality is worth a whole pound of quantity. A man of power in the world of art is always worth your attention, whatever his artistic theories. He may be right or otherwise; he may be successful and strong in spite of some artistic heresies. Bring your trained powers to bear upon him. If he is great, find out why, if you can. Study power.

But, while you should open wide the windows of your mind and heart to all light, and study with special care the work of those who have succeeded in your own line of endeavor, strive with equal care to preserve the individuality of your own work. Do not lose that. Your ideal is in the perfection of your own talent. Do not leave your own true way for the way of another, no matter how good that may be. It is his way, not yours. Do not imitate the gestures or the voice of some artist. And do not, my dear young readers, borrow or steal each other's programs. It may not hurt the other fellow much; it will hurt you. The success is not in the piece of literature. How many times must we say that! It is not in the piece; it is in what the artist sees in it and brings to it,—distils from it,—the aroma, the charm, the note of power, the light of spirit. Do not follow in each other's footsteps. That is what the American Indians do when on the war-trail, each one stepping in the footprints of the others. What for? To keep out of

sight. I know no better way. So if you wish to keep out of sight in the artistic world I have given you a secret. Preserve your own individuality. It is your copyright. Did you ever think of that? It is your protection against all competition. Make your own gestures; use your own voice; speak your own thought. Be yourself; love truth; put on nothing. Express what you are now, and you will want to be what you should be.

There are other conditions. One of them is sympathy. You must have sympathy if you are to succeed anywhere in the realm of artistic endeavor—the sympathy which is the dramatic instinct that enables you to see things from another's point of view, to put yourself in his place. That is the point where the successful teacher commences his work. That is the point where the artist makes his appeal. That is where the orator begins to weave his magic spell. It is this sympathy that knows that is the beginning of all true influences.

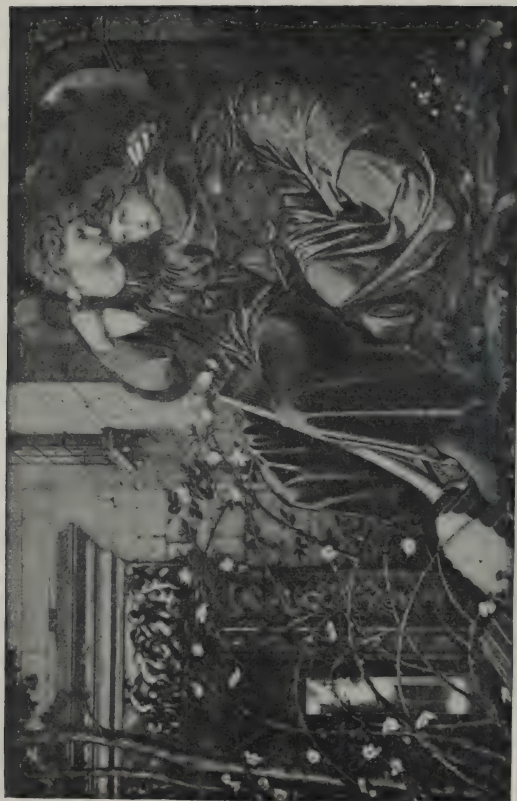
Another condition of success is the power to see and to act upon the summons of Opportunity, who knocks some time at each man's door. Abraham Lincoln was looking for such a man in the dark days when the heart of the North was bowed in the humiliation of defeat. He had tried McClellan; McClellan had failed. He tried Pope; Pope failed. Again was McClellan tried; again McClellan failed. He tried Hooker; Hooker failed. He tried Burnside, and he failed. He tried Meade. Meade won Gettysburg, but he failed to follow up the magnificent opportunity. At last came a man who could see an opportunity and act upon it; his name was Grant. And from that hour the tide of defeat was hurled back. . . The man of success sees his opportunity and *makes* his conditions. . . "The gods cannot help a man who throws away an opportunity"

says a Chinese proverb. It is their gift to the man who sees and dares.

Success in the artistic realm, then, implies power guided by character, reinforced by preparation broad and deep. It means love of beauty and an imagination that creates. It involves persistent effort, love of truth, loyalty, the sympathy that knows and feels and helps, the courage that lays hold upon opportunity, and the upreach toward a noble ideal.

There is one other lesson. Success, friends, is of two kinds,—that which we get outwardly, and that which we get inwardly. There is an old Norse legend of a certain blacksmith who sold his soul to the devil in order that he might, for a season, be the greatest blacksmith on earth; and over the door of his shop he put the legend, "Master of masters." And one day Jesus came to that shop—so runs the story—and showed him a better way to shoe a horse than he had ever known. Forgetting all his pride, he threw himself at Jesus' feet and begged that he might become His pupil. Jesus said to him, "Now have you escaped the power of the devil. He made you a master through pride; you have learned from me to be a master for the sake of the work itself." The abiding satisfaction in a noble work is in doing it nobly. Why, in the very light of the ideal you serve are you glorified, if you serve in spirit and in truth; for it is by the unfolding of these secret, spiritual powers and perceptions that we really gain that which is best worth having. Our true wealth is in our perceptions, our capacity of appreciation.

With the devotee of the ideal of beauty, and the sacredness of beauty, dwell two friends,—Memory and Hope. For him who has followed his ideal of beauty on land and sea, in her temples and in her secret places, what pictures are in Memory's gallery!



LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.—(BURNE-JONES)

What marbles fill her niches! What stately cathedrals and colosseums rise, yet glorious in ruin and imperishable in renown! What precious memories of Mediterranean days — days more of paradise than of earth! What splendors flash of Alpine heights! Such pictures are a wealth which moth and rust cannot corrupt nor time and change make dim. To own them is success.

"Ah, yes," you say, "but there are other pictures which are dark in Memory's gallery, and he must see them all." But now Hope takes him by the hand, as he wanders amid the forms and faces of the past, where "things that might have been and never were" are forever lingering. Amid the thorns where

roses once have been he walks content, for the ideals of hope put forth petals of yet fairer excellence. His joy is in his work, in the beauty that he sees. Memory abides with him and Hope is his friend. What he loves he feels he has, until he may exclaim, with good John Burroughs: —

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,

Nor care for wind or tide or sea;

I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,

For lo! my own shall come to me.

The waters know their own and draw

The brook that springs from yonder height;

So flows the good with equal law

Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Nor Time, nor Space, nor Deep, nor High,

Can keep my own away from me."

Studies from the Poets.

Robert Browning's "Love among the Ruins."

FRANCES TOBEY.

As an exquisite bit of word-painting, the dramatic lyric "Love Among the Ruins" is above criticism. It would be difficult to conceive of a clearer or a more significant picture than the one drawn here in a few bold lines. Browning, with the instincts of the painter, never misses an opportunity to emphasize the picturesqueness of a situation.

"Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles on miles,
On the solitary pastures where our sheep,
Half asleep,
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop,
As they crop —"

the picture is as real in atmosphere and coloring as is "The Angelus." The quiet, the solitude, the peace, possess our souls and prepare us for the tryst that is the sequel to the meditation.

As a study in contrasts, the poem is remarkable. The lover, in the Roman Campagna at twilight, reflects upon the pomp and glory of the days when it was the centre of a great nation's power. Nothing could be farther removed from the splendors and vanities of that Roman civilization than is the effect of the present solitude — a solitude that seems almost conscious — "the place is silent and aware." This vivid contrast is introduced into each stanza. Each stanza passes swiftly from a review of the present situation to a contemplation of the time when

"A multitude of men breathed joy and woe,
Long ago,"

except the last two, which reverse the order, proceeding from the more remote to the immediate interest.

Note again the picturesque element:—

"Where the domed and daring palace shot its
spires
Up like fires,"

and the vivid contrast in the next
stanza:—

"Now the single little turret that remains,

Marks the basement where a tower in ancient
time'

Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots
traced

As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his
dames

Viewed the games."

In the fifth stanza we are given the
closer touch with the personality of the
speaker, and are brought at once to an
appreciation of the motive of the
poem:—

"And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave

To their folding all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,

And the slopes and rills in undistinguished
gray
Melt away—

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there

In the turret whence the charioteers caught
soul

For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now,
breathless, dumb,
Till I come."

"A girl with eager eyes and golden
hair"—just that one verse, out of the
eighty-four of the poem, to describe the

central figure of the picture. And yet—
what more would we have? The maiden
is as real a creation as if the entire poem
had been devoted to a description of her
physical charms. Compare the "eager
eyes" with Caponsacchi's "the same
great, grave, grievful air," in his descrip-
tion of Pompilia:—

..... "there at the window stood,
Framed in its black square length, with lamp in
hand,

Pompilia; the same great, grave, grievful air
As stands i' the dusk, on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
Our Lady of the Sorrows."

Browning seldom catalogues the phys-
ical attractions of his heroines in detail.
He characterizes his women as he paints
his landscapes, with a directness and
vigor peculiar to himself; but he gives
us always glimpses of the spiritual be-
ing, while the references to the physical
are always secondary and often indirect.

This fifth stanza, we said, suggests
the motive of the poem, which is formu-
lated in the last verse: "Love is best."
The lyric is a tribute to love, which it
recognizes as the one thing worth while,
the one thing that triumphs over time
and space, the one thing that endures.
One could imagine that this lover, with
his fine disdain of the triumphs and the
glories of the world, with all "the folly,
noise, and sin" that they involve, is
another Norbert, who urges that

"Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be
true!

And love 's the truth of mine."

Truth must be made manifest through
all the individual personality. I want
the individuality I have now consecrated
and made useful. The teacher must
study the individuality of the pupil and
see that it *serves*.

We must develop the voice in the ex-
pression of cheer, its normal state, before
we can effectively express pathos. The
truly pathetic is projected from a normal
background. Great is the power of
antithesis.

The Psychic Voice.

GEORGE R. LOURDE, '01.

After the fire, a still, small voice. — *1 Kings*.

OH, the Voice,
 Psychic Voice!
 Myriads hear it and rejoice;
 Hear it thrill,
 Hear it still
 Warring wilds with "Peace, good-will";
 Hear it rise
 To the skies,
 Wafting love and sacrifice;
 Hear unroll
 Spirit-scroll, —
 Mystic music of the soul.
 From within,
 To within,
 Voices woo and voices win;
 Lyric-life,
 Spirit-strife,
 Art in eloquence is rife.
 Publicist,
 Rhapsodist,
 Lost would be in Lethe's mist;

But their art
 Voices heart,
 Hence is Fame's unerring chart.
 Ages flow,
 Nations go,
 Justice e'er has Cicero;
 Freedom's needs
 Phillips pleads;
 Webster still the Union leads.
 Sphinx-like Past,
 Sleeping fast,
 Heeds not Vulcan's thunder-blast;
 But the Voice,
 "Still, small voice,"
 Speaks, and Stoic years rejoice.
 Future times
 Ring with chimes,
 Echoing sonorous rhymes
 Which inspire
 Psyche's lyre
 From a far celestial choir.

College News.Our Christmas Gift.

Friday morning, November 30, was marked by an undercurrent of excitement among the classes as they assembled in Berkeley Hall for the usual morning exercises. The occasion of this unwonted agitation was a hint which Mr. Kidder had let fall, two days before, of a surprise awaiting us on our return from the Thanksgiving holiday. Some of the pent-up nervous energy found vent in hearty applause when Dr. Emerson and Mr. Southwick entered together; although this was hardly a surprise, as Mr. Southwick's visit had been expected.

Dr. Emerson spoke briefly and earnestly of his association with Emerson College, past, present, and future. He

emphasized the power of the family spirit which has always prevailed in Emerson College, among faculty and students, and which has been the source of its peculiar strength. He referred to the rumor, occasionally heard, that he had severed his connection with the school. He said he could not promise how long he should continue to be identified with the College which twenty years ago he had founded and dedicated to God's service, because it was not in his power to determine how long his life should be — that rests with a Higher Power. He held in his hand a paper, which formulated an agreement by which he was to continue his work in the College as long as he was able and willing. This paper, which

had just been signed and given him, came, he said, as a birthday gift.

Dr. Emerson spoke as a father to his children, and never was the mutual love of the great-hearted leader and his followers more manifest than on that memorable morning. He spoke of the love which had prompted the founding of the College, — "It was *born* of love!" He said that he had lived for the College; that the love he had always borne it was surpassed only by his love for the individual students. The students were moved to tears even while they rejoiced deeply at this first public assurance that they were not to lose their leader.

Turning to Mr. Southwick, Dr. Emerson said, "Eleven years ago I took this man by the hand, and, in the presence of the students, called him my son. . . . To-day I take him by the hand again, in your presence, and promise to do by him the best I know, and — God knows! — the best by you!" In response to this assurance of continued fellowship, Mr. Southwick said, "Even as this man has called me son, so I here call him my father, and *our* father!"

Dr. Emerson spoke of repeated endeavors in the past few years to find a suitable home for the school. Two years ago, he and Mr. Kidder had, as they thought, almost completed arrangements for the possession of a new building to be erected at Copley Square; but their expectations were not realized. "To-day," he said humorously, "I feel like Moses, who, though he was permitted to view the promised land, could not lead his people over. But I anticipate — *Joshua* will tell you the rest!"

With this informal introduction, Mr. Southwick arose and spoke as follows:—

It is a common belief that the golden age of any school was the exact time when *we* were there. We then knew the advantages not shared by those who had gone before, and school life meant more to us than it has meant since. That was the golden age for

us. The real golden age of any school will be known only when all its history is written and the book is closed forever.

It is my privilege to have something more of perspective relative to the Emerson College than you have known. In that matter some now present have the advantage of me. I went to school, not only to our great leader, but also to Mrs. Emerson and Mr. Alden, and to one other — who is not only a great teacher, but is the most absolutely unselfish woman I have ever known; one who, in taking my name, conferred the greatest honor I shall have upon earth.

These were my predecessors. Mr. Tripp was my contemporary. Miss Smith and Mr. Kidder came soon after. The others belong to modern history.

I knew the school when it was but five years old, and when it was yet a little family. If I had not known it since I should, with earnest conviction, have declared that those were the golden days of the school when I felt the great awakening and saw the new horizon which are the lot of him who comes for the first time under the influence of Dr. Emerson and his thought.

While my heart hails those days of the little rooms at Pemberton Square as "the golden days," my judgment knows that this is not true. I do not know what may be Dr. Emerson's ideas on "imperialism," but I declare him to be an ardent *expansionist*. Why, he has done nothing but expand since I first knew him, fifteen years ago. And the end is not yet. During these years the school has quadrupled in numbers, has twice changed its name, has twice changed its location, has evolved and elaborated its methods, and added departments and opportunities from time to time. But one thing it has never changed. Its peculiar genius has been preserved throughout all changes. The light of its spirit has been a steady shining, and, please God, it shall shine as long as the school is.

But the work of the College has been one long story of expansion. When we left Pemberton Square there were many who were loath to go. They felt that a new home would never have for them the meaning of the old. Something of that feeling lasted after the new home was made at Bromfield Street. But new students came who had never been at Pemberton Square, and Wesleyan Hall was their school home; and when, a few years later, the growing life of the College made another change

necessary, these pupils, in their turn, were loath to go away from walls that spoke to them and from memories that were dear. And this was natural, and it is right. The man who parts with the old without regret, who knows not the meaning of a wistful reminiscence, who never hears the faint and tender echoes of once-loved ideals, lacks something of the fineness of full manhood. All changes bring their regrets, but the law of life is change. Life itself is change. We cannot resist the law, and if we are truly wise and fulfil life's meaning at each stage, we shall never wish to set the law aside. We must "leave the last year's dwelling for the new." We must move forward.

When it was my privilege to announce to the students some ten years ago that a new home awaited them, I said, "The home of this institution is where C. W. Emerson hangs up his hat!" That was true then, and it is true to-day.

But I am anticipating what is in reserve. After completing my graduate course here in 1887, I was honored by our president with an invitation to join his faculty. I declined the honor, because I wanted to try my wings under more difficult conditions, in the midst of exacting requirements and fierce competition, and without the sheltering love and the sunshine of encouragement which I knew would await me here.

In 1889 I was recalled by an offer of a life interest in the business of this College. The future was then untried, and it seemed some risk to give up a salary of \$3,000 from one of the finest schools of this country, the Penn Charter, of Philadelphia. But the enterprise of youth was upon me. Dr. Emerson declared his need of a younger partner, and, with the additional persuasion of a member of his faculty who had promised to share my fortunes, I came.

Our hopes of success were not disappointed, and, five years later, the College had more than five hundred students. My business connection with the institution has never entirely ceased, although, influenced by the advice of Dr. Emerson and other friends, I went forth to try some professional experiments, and have since taught in Philadelphia.

During my absence for the past three years many have arisen "who knew not Joseph," and I return almost a stranger in my old home. I have many ideas and ideals which I have longed to realize in a work not limited by a mastership in a preparatory

school, where many studies must claim their share of attention. Within the past few months I found it possible to make such arrangements as would bring me back to my old college home, should I, at any time, desire to give my full time and strength here. I can work again in the home of my love and can make the bravest of efforts to have the ideals of which I have been dreaming made realities. With the aid of Mr. Kenney, Mrs. Southwick and I have been enabled to purchase the control and to assume the responsibility of the business management of this institution; and Dr. Emerson, who still has his own financial interests in the College, and will remain with us through the future years, will be free from the responsibilities of business details, and will devote his entire strength to his lectures and class work with you and with your successors. This is an alliance for the future years. We are again shoulder to shoulder for the future of this College. Dr. Emerson is still the president of the institution which he has founded and has filled with his spirit, and upon which he has stamped the impress of his genius for twenty years.

For this school Mrs. Southwick and I have undertaken the heaviest of responsibilities; into it we have put everything we have in this world; to it we shall give our best and most consecrated effort. And this because we love the work and believe there is something for us to do, and that the present opportunity is the best one we have had for doing it.

We believe that the further enlargements now under consideration will be hailed with deepest satisfaction by all intelligent and sincere well-wishers of the College. While the immediate management of the College is in our hands and we shall ever desire the counsel of Dr. Emerson in all matters of importance, the future of the institution is, in a large sense, in *your* hands. We — you and ourselves — are as the two blades of a pair of shears. Neither can cut much without the other. Both need the rivet of sympathy and a common purpose. We shall give back to you even as you make it possible to give; and the measure with which we can give to you and those who come after you will be the measure of your support to your Alma Mater. We enter upon the work in earnestness and high faith. Whatever may be the results, it shall be said of us that we have done what we could.

Our first offering we make to you this

day,—a new and finely appointed College Home.

It is yet too early to give you any full description of the building which will be ready for you in three months. Its location at Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues, close to cars to every point, within a minute's walk from Symphony Hall, in the educational and art centre of this city, is the best in Boston. If we were to build on a spot of our own choosing we could hardly make a better choice. And if, in the course of time, our College should be endowed and able to purchase our own home, the place to which we are going would be most satisfactory. It is near a property our president was looking at within a few months with a view to removal to that part of the city, although, unlike that estate, the present one is ample and admits of expansion.

We leave because of no unkindness or want of consideration here. The representatives of the benevolent order that owns this building have been kind to us at every stage. Their officers have done their best for us from the first. But we should be in a different part of Boston altogether, as every Bostonian knows, and such an opportunity has now come as may not offer again in years. The best interests of the students and the College are all in favor of the change.

Our new home will give us light, ventilation, room for unlimited expansion, and a hall that will be a model of elegance and beauty. The fine front, of the architecture of the Renaissance, will be of but two stories in height. Our offices and library and great hall will be upon the first floor, and the entire second floor will be for our smaller halls and class-rooms. We go to the new Chickering Hall Building, which has attracted so much favorable comment in the newspapers of Boston since the laying of the foundation last summer.

This, fellow students, is our offering to you this morning.

After the excitement attendant upon Mr. Southwick's cheering announcement had subsided, Dr. Emerson supplemented Mr. Southwick's reference to the managers of the building by a special tribute to Mr. McDonald's unfailing courtesy and consideration.

A fitting close for the morning was the prayer offered by Dr. Emerson—a

prayer of thanksgiving to God for past guidance, and of most earnest entreaty that He may confer strength and wisdom upon those who have assumed the heavy responsibility of the management of the institution which, twenty years ago, was founded in His name.

The Shakespeare Course.

The Friday evening course in Shakespearean comedy, introduced so felicitously October 26, in Steinert Hall, by Mr. Leland Powers, with "The Taming of the Shrew," has satisfied all expectations, both financially and artistically. We have already spoken in these columns of the effort of the great impersonator upon that opening occasion; also of Miss Gatchell's artistic rendering of "As You Like It," one week later. Both performances delighted all who heard them. Mr. Powers' genius for making Shakespeare's men and women live is unexcelled. Miss Gatchell's portrayal of the characters was suggestive rather than broad, yet it was satisfying. Perhaps the chief charm of her production was the beautiful, scholarly reading of the lines.

Mr. George Riddle, who followed with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is so well known that comment upon his platform work seems superfluous. Suffice it to say that he charmed the audience with the frolic of the fairies and convulsed them with the rehearsals of the rude "mechanicals." Mr. Riddle's reading of the lines revealed a keen appreciation of the exquisite beauty of the poetry of this most poetical of Shakespeare's plays. The ethereal delicacy of the play of the fairies and the broad humor of the dramatic efforts of Nick Bottom and his associates were most effectively suggested.

Mrs. Southwick's "Merchant of Venice" is by no means a new creation to literary circles in Boston, yet perhaps on

the evening of November 16 she revealed depths of beauty and strength which we had not sounded before. Certainly her Shylock was never more grandly malignant nor her Portia more transcendently radiant. The wide range of characterization in "The Merchant of Venice" affords opportunity for a splendid exhibition of Mrs. Southwick's marvellous dramatic genius. The delineation of character throughout the entire play seemed to us entirely adequate. Particularly happy was the introductory comment upon the play, which suggested the unity and motive of the production at once. Mrs. Southwick was assisted by Miss Beatrice Newby Phinny, who augmented the charm of the moonlight scene with sweet strains from the harp.

Following Mrs. Southwick came Mr. Tripp, who, with "The Tempest," wafted us to an isle of enchantment. Mr. Tripp's presentation of this fairy drama was admirable in its scholarly and artistic interpretation. Especially marked was the exceeding facility with which the artist portrayed one character after another, in swift succession, yet always with unerring definiteness and accuracy of stroke. Each character was shown as in cameo, clear-cut, chiselled. Mr. Tripp's power was best displayed, perhaps, in his Caliban and his Stephano, which were, indeed, the perfection of art. The beautiful love scene of Ferdinand and Miranda, unparalleled in literature for delicacy, was presented with excellent skill and taste. The music, which so materially enhanced the beauty of the production, was adapted by Miss Glenn Priest, violinist, and Mrs. Cora Gooch Brooks, pianist.

On Friday evening, November 30, Mr. Southwick appeared in the closing recital of the course, presenting "Twelfth Night." The well-filled house and the enthusiastic applause which greeted Mr. Southwick spoke of a sustained interest

in the course. As an interpreter of the great dramatist, Mr. Southwick needed no introduction to literary Boston. His appearances in Boston, however, have been less frequent in recent years than his friends could have wished. Mr. Southwick's treatment of "Twelfth Night" was masterly; it left little to be desired. It was a fitting climax for an exceptional course. The delicious naïveté of the romantic Viola in gaining a hearing from the Countess Olivia was most charmingly suggested, as was the ardor with which she pleaded the cause of her beloved master. But perhaps the heartiest commendation of the audience was reserved for the scenes in which Sir Toby is the central figure. Sir Toby was irresistible as a mirth-provoker. He was a flesh-and-blood creation, who swaggered and sang and made festivity under our eyes, while Mr. Southwick was forgotten.

Mr. Southwick's announcement of a similar course to be presented next year was received with delight by the lovers of the drama who have enjoyed the recent series of recitals.

Mr. Towers' Address.

By the kindness of the author, we are privileged to present in our next issue the scholarly address on "The Hebrew Scriptures," delivered recently, in Berkeley Hall, by the Rev. Mr. Towers, of Cambridge. Mr. Towers' discourse revealed exceptional breadth of thought and of sympathy, as well as an acute appreciation of the literary values of the Old Testament. We trust that we may look forward to hearing Mr. Towers soon again.

Nineteen Two Receives Nineteen Three.

The Juniors, emulating their elders, received the Freshman class in the college office and library on the evening of November 13. The evening brought the

members of the two classes close together in sympathy and mutual personal interest. Good cheer prevailed, and the evening seemed all too short. The rooms were attractively decorated, and delicate refreshments were served. Dr. Emerson and Mrs. Southwick each spoke a word of welcome and of inspiration. Other members of the Faculty were present; among them was Miss Powers, whom we have missed from class work and personal association during the past term.

Personals.

Cards were received in the summer announcing the marriage of Miss Marta Frederika Davidson and Mr. John Foster Carr, May 30, at St. George's Church, in Bloomsbury, London; also cards announcing the marriage of Miss Blanche Brown to Mr. W. LeRoy Bryant, June 12, at Springfield, Vt.

The class of '01 reports the following

marriages in its ranks: September 26, in Wapakoneta, O., Miss Florence Edna Means to Mr. Edgar Boyd Kay. Home, Ithaca, N. Y. September 26, in Cortez, Penn., Miss Beatrice K. Kipp to George Wynn Johnson. Home, Wimber, Penn. From the class of '02: Mr. S. M. Funk and Miss Minnie C. Hoover were married in June, in Hagerstown, Md.

Mr. W. H. Kenney, who is associated with Mr. and Mrs. Southwick in the business management of the College, does not come to us as a stranger. His voice, which is a rich, powerful baritone, has been heard in Odd Fellows Hall on the rare occasions when he has been able to be with us at the Commencement season. Mr. Kenney, who was baritone soloist in Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, before he came to Boston, has been studying in Germany during the past season. He is engaged extensively in concert work, besides teaching and studying. Mr. Kenney directs the college chorus this term.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Elizabeth Howe, '99, is teaching in Cottey College, Nevada, Mo.

Miss Frances Waterhouse, '99, is teaching in the Lawrence (Mass.) High School, and filling engagements with a concert company.

Miss Emily Robinson, '93, is again teaching elocution and physical culture in the Alabama Conference Female College, Tuskegee, Ala.

At a recent meeting of the Washington State Equal Suffrage Association, Mrs. Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer, '98, read a paper which was received with much interest. Mrs. Holbrook was elected first vice-president of the State Association for the ensuing year.

An attempt has been made to verify the addresses of old students as recorded in the card catalogue recently compiled by Mr. Carpenter. A number of letters of inquiry have brought immediate response, and many interesting facts relative to former students, undergraduates, have been gleaned from the replies.

Many have married since leaving the College:—

Mrs. Lalla Milligan-Hanna (Freshman, '92-3), Sterling, Kan.; Mrs. M. H. Blaisdell-Bruce (Fr., '92-3, Jr., '93-4), Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Knox-Powell (Jr., '91-2), White Rock, S. D.; Mrs. Mabel Buckman-Goodfellow (Fr., '93-4), Vineland, N. J.; Mrs. Elsie M. Ranney-Thrasher (Fr., '93-4, Jr., '95-6), Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Alice Mead-Woodin (Fr., '93-4, Jr., '94-5), Chicopee,

Mass.; Mrs. Katharine Sweet-Warren (Fr. '96-7, Jr., '97-8), Westboro, Mass.; Mrs. Annie K. Chaplin-Whittle (Jr., '90-1), Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Nell Hughes-Mathes (Fr., '95-6), Union City, Tenn.; Mrs. Hattie E. Achorn-MacGlauffin (Fr., '96-7), Sheepscot, Me.; Mrs. Emma Manning Huntley-Walker (Sum., '86, '87, '88), Millis, Mass.; Mrs. Winifred Pike-Emory (Jr., '86-7, '87-8), Honolulu, H. I.; Mrs. Cordie S. Parshall-Park (Fr., '92-3), Rutherford, N. Y.; Mrs. Mabelle Anderson-Brown (Jr., '89-0), Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Helen Wood-Babcock (Fr., '93-4), Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie Edith Wooderson-Lamb (Fr., '95-6), Beltsville, Md.; Mrs. Carrie M. Chase-Sheridan (Sum., '91, Sat., '91-2), Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Josephine Pittman-Scribner (Jr., '90-1), Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Ruth Noyes-Thompson (Fr., '93-4), Brattleboro, Vt.; Mrs. Nelly S. Osgood-Gilman (Jr., '91-2), Gardner, Mass.; Mrs. Ella G. Worden-Rich (Sat., '86-7), Newton, Mass.; Mrs. Rose Mallory-Warner (Jr., '91-2), Wellington, O.; Mrs. Lena Leonard-Fisher (Fr., '92-3), Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Louise Barrows Gurney-Whipple (Fr., '95-6), Santiago, Cuba; Mrs. Caroline A. Summey-Dinwiddie (Fr., '96-7), Clarks-ville, Tenn.; Mrs. Minetta Canney-Edson (Fr., '92-3, Jr., '93-4), Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. Clara Robinson-Hutchinson (Fr., '92-3, Jr., '93-4), Lexington, Mass.; Mrs. Janie Chastain-Marshall (Fr., '98-9), Raleigh, N. C.; Mrs. Helen L. Cobb-Goldthwaite (Jr., '89-0), Alameda, Cal.; Mrs. Rachel E. Johnson-Sands (Fr., '97-8), Wollaston, Mass.; Mrs. Edith A. Irons-Kidder (Fr., '92-3, Jr., '93-4), Assonet, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Proctor-Howe (Jr., '91-2), Wilton, N. H.; Mrs. Rainsford Seaver-Hoyting (Sat., '90-1), Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Mabel F. Heath-Beckwith (Fr., '93-4), Great Barrington, Mass.; Mrs. Mary E. Cornwell-Collar (Jr., '86-7), Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Ella M. Richardson-Castle (Fr., '94-5), East Aurora, N. Y.; Mrs. Belle Marion Brown-Laurence (Fr., '94-5, Jr., '95-6), Springfield, Vt.; Mrs. M. Emma Graham-Leathe (Jr., '91-2), Otter River, Mass.; Mrs. Harriet M. Marcy-Armstrong (Jr., '88-9), Newtonville, Mass.; Mrs. Carrie M. Chiles-Van Antwerp (Fr., '92-3), Mt. Sterling, Ky.; Mrs. Florence England-Nosworthy (Jr., '89-0), New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Hattie F. Damon-Baker (Sat., '91-2), Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.; Mrs. Clara B. Peabody-Crosby, Mattapan, Mass.; Mrs. Bertha Callanan-Squires (Fr., '92-3), Leipzig, Germany.

In the list of the deceased are the following:—

Robert Taylor George (Jr., '88-9); Annie G. Parker (Jr., '90-1); Georgia A. Palmer—Pew (Jr., '90-1); Rev. Chas. W. Bird (Jr., '89-0); Simeon H. Jennings (Fr., '92-3).

Among those preaching the gospel, the following have responded:—

Rev. A. N. Foster (Sat., '91-2), Second Universalist Church, Lynn, Mass.; Rev. Geo. F. Macnagott (Sat., '87-8), First Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass.; Rev. Francis S. Bernauer (Fr., '92-3, Jr., '93-4), Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. W. W. Trout, Ph.D. (Sat., '88-9), Oakwood Ave. M. E. Church, Columbus, O.; Rev. E. E. Marsh, A.B. (Sat., '90-1, '91-2), Hill View, N. Y.; Rev. Frank Park (Fr. '94-5, Jr., '97-8), Beechwood, Mass.; Rev. John MacCalman (Sat., '90-1), Eddytown, N. Y.; Rev. Alexander Lewis, Ph.D. (Sat., '88-9), Pilgrim Church, Hudson, Wis.; Rev. Oliver W. Hutchinson, A.M. (Sat., '88-9, Sp1, '89-0), Cambridge, Mass.

Some are practising law:—

Frederick Henry Cox (Fr., '96-7, Jr., '97-8), New York City; Bayard C. Tullar (Fr., '93-4, Jr., '94-5), Wellsville, N. Y.; Chas. W. Bosworth (Sum., '90), Springfield, Mass.; Willis B. Hall (Fr., '93-4), Caribou, Me.; Leonard G. Roberts (Sum., '88), Boston. Mrs. Elizabeth Knox-Powell (Jr., '91-2), has been recently admitted to the bar of South Dakota.

Many are teaching and reading:—

Helen Mabel Woods (Fr., '96-7), High School, Warwick, N. Y.; Anna Smith (Fr., '97-8, Jr., '98-9), Macon, Ga.; Martha Grace Pinkham (Jr., '89-0, '95-6), Weymouth, Mass.; Frances Temple Ellery (Fr., '93-4), Clavier Company School, N. Y.; Miss Baldwin's School, South Orange, N. J.; Grace Evelyn Goudey (Sat., '90-1), Bath, Me.; Jessie Lillian Carter (Fr., '94-5, Jr., '95-6), Public Schools, Leominster, Mass.; Elizabeth W. Trafton (Sum., '90, Sat., '90-1), Watertown, Mass.; Emma Wyman (Sum., '91), Plattville, Wis.; Ione Waggoner (Jr., '89-0), Franklin, Ind.; Jennie Evelyn Willoughby (Fr., '92-3), Clarke School for the Deaf, East Charlotte, Vt.; Marjorie Evelyn Waxham (Fr., '95-6), Chicago, Ill.; Wm. G. Caskey (Fr., '93-4), Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.; Emily K. Hutton (Fr., '97-8), Whitewater, Wis.; A. S. Humphrey (Jr., '91-2), Galesburg, Ill.; Sam. C. Currier (Fr., '92-3), Danville, Vt.; Wm. B. Chamberlain (Sum., '90), Chicago Theologi-

cal Seminary, Chicago, Ill.; Mary V. Estabrook (Fr., '93-4), High School, Lunenburg, Mass.; Mabel P. Johnson (Sp'l, '94-5, Fr., '95-6), Winthrop, Mass.; Mary C. Joyce (Fr., '93-4, Jr., '94-5), Lowell, Mass.; Sue D. Hoaglin (Sp'l, '91-2), Northern Illinois State Normal, De Kalb, Ill.; Elizabeth P. Howe (Fr., '97-8, Jr., '98-9), Cottey College, Nevada, Mo.; Julia E. Curtis (Sum., '91), Iowa State Normal, Cedar Falls, Io.; S. Edith Snell (Fr., '95-6), High School, Johnstown, N. Y.; Geo. E. MacLean (Sum., '88), State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.; Amanda Landers (Sum., '88), State Normal School, Millersville, Penn.; Anna G. MacDougal (Sum., '91), High School, Chicago, Ill.; Caroline E. Mackie (Fr., '92-3), St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Ont.; Geo. F. Mills (Sp'l, '89-0, '90-1), Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.; Annie Elizabeth Hills (Jr., '85-6, Sat., '86-7), Prin. Miss Hills's School for Girls, Philadelphia, Penn.; A. M. Spavin (Sat., '89-0), Public Schools, Revere, Mass.; Martha F. Sawyer (Fr., '93-4), High School, Winchendon, Mass.; Hannah Sears (Sum., '90), High School, Chester, Penn.; Maudelle Germonde (Fr., '99-'00), New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton, N. H.; Alice M. Barrett (Fr., '92-3), Kindergarten, Germantown, Penn.; Hattie F. Damon-Baker (Sat., '91-2), Kindergarten, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.; Madella Arelia Buck (Fr., '94-5), Public Schools, West Chatham, Mass.; Annie E. Bliss (Jr., '80-1), Claremont, N. H.; Myra Churchill Holmes (Sat., '88-9, Sp'l, '93-4), Philadelphia, Penn.; Katharine E. Olliver (Sp'l, '91-2, P.G., '94-5), Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, Ill.; Nera Russell Benham (Fr., '94-5, Jr., '95-6, Sr., '96-7), West Haven, Conn.; Herbert Warren Lull (Jr., '80-1), Superintendent of Schools, Newport, R. I.; Arthur C. Smith (Fr., '93-4, Jr., '94-5, Sr., '95-6), West Hampton, Me.; Mary Brown (Fr., '96-7), High School, Water Valley, Miss.; Alya O'Neil (Fr., '96-7), Dalton College, Dalton, Ga.; May McAfee (Fr., '96-7), Public Schools, Dalton, Ga.; Helen N. Eacker (Sum., '91), County Superintendent of Public Instruction, Ottawa Co., Kan.; Gottlieb D. Ziegler (Sum., '91), Superintendent of Schools, Ontaganic Co., Wis.

In the lecture field :—

Rev. H. H. George, D.D., Beaver Falls, Penn.; Annie Jenness Miller (Jr., '80-1),

Washington, D. C.; Frances Temple Ellery (Fr., '93-4), New York City; Laura E. Giddings (Jr., '80-1), Somerville, Mass. Mrs. Florence England-Nosworthy (Jr., '89-0), is an artist in New York City.

Marriages.

In New York City, Miss Ola Esterly, '93, to Mr. E. H. Alexander. Home, New York.

April 25, 1900, at Haverstraw, N. Y., Miss Lucy May Wood, '93, to Mr. George Miller Martin. Home, New York.

June 20, 1900, at Woburn, Mass., Miss Edith Elmira Ramsdell, '92, to Mr. Jacob Winn Brown. Home, Woburn.

June 19, 1900, in Chicago, Miss Mary Maud Barnes, '98, to Rev. John Steele. Home, 3617 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

June 5, 1900, in Dallas, Tex., Miss Inez Beulah Packard, '98, to Mr. Wilmer Greene Burchfield. Home, Jacksonville, Fla.

September 25, 1900, in Hyde Park, Mass., Miss Etta Josephine Collins, '98, to Mr. Jerome Van Ness Beeman. Home, Boston.

September 10, 1900, in Waterville, Me., Miss Hortense Low, '86, to Mr. Dennis Evarts Bowman. Home, Philadelphia, Penn.

April 19, 1900, in Boston, Miss Clare Louise Plummer, '92, to Mr. Wilfred Henry Dresser. Home, 49 Belden St., Hartford, Conn.

In Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Grace Maude Bronson, '95, to Dr. William Henry Purdy. Home, 207 West Lincoln Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

August 27, 1900, in De Kalb, Ill., Miss Junia M. Foster, '98, to Frederic D. Barber, professor of physical sciences in the Illinois State Normal. Home, Normal, Ill.



SARAH E. SHERMAN, M. D.

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Contents.

Editorials	69
President Emerson's Lecture, "Is There a Demand for You?"	71
Professor Southwick's Address, "Patrick Henry"	76
Mr. Towers' Address, "Spiritual Value of the Study of the Hebrew Scriptures"	78
A Trip Through Scandinavia. Charles Winslow Kidder	87
College News: A Tribute of Love, Our New Dean, Report of Library Committee, The Faculty Recital, The Southwick Literary Society, Our Visitors, Our New Home, The Philosophy of Gesture, In Memoriam, Personals	92
To C. W. E.—A New Century's Greeting (Poem) Emily Louise McIntosh	101
Alumni Notes	102

Sarah E. Sherman.

THE friends whose tribute to Dr. Sherman appears in this issue have spoken for all who have known her in the classroom. She will long be remembered by hundreds of students as one of the strongest, bravest souls under whose influence they were brought during their college days.

Dr. Sherman was born in Fayston, Vt., April 28, 1845. She was educated in Vermont schools, and taught in Vermont and Massachusetts. While a teacher in the Fitchburg schools in 1872 she began the study of medicine with Dr. D. D. Whittier, and in 1876 she completed her course in the Boston University Medical School. The same year she went to Salem, and has remained there as an

active physician ever since. She had the distinction of being the first woman physician in Salem, and was frequently called in consultation on critical cases in Eastern Massachusetts. She was foremost in the organization of the Salem Woman's Club, and was its first president. She was for several years a member of the local School Board, and was one of the staunchest friends and supporters of the kindergartens of Salem.

In 1879 she was elected a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy. She was also at one time president of the Massachusetts Surgical and Gynecological Society, and was an active member of several other prominent medical societies in the State.

Dr. Sherman was for years an honored trustee of Emerson College, where she was lecturer on anatomy and physiology. She was also one of the trustees of Boston University. Her presence in the classroom was characterized by that serenity and strength which made her a power in professional and social circles. As teacher, her judgment was unerring, her sympathy and tact unfailing. As counselor and friend, she will be most sorely missed in the institution of whose strength her wisdom has been a valuable element.



Bon Voyage!

We share the joy of all Emersonians that we were permitted to mark the twentieth birthday of the Alma Mater by a personal expression of our ever-deepening love for our leader. Not that we are privileged to present a stated sum of money to the man our indebtedness to whom cannot be estimated in dollars and

cents—that in itself would mean little or nothing. It is that we, his children, are to be honored in knowing that he is doing some special thing in our name, even though it be only to spend a summer abroad. This one journey, if our president deem it practicable, we shall make by proxy, and we shall esteem it one of the greatest opportunities of our lives. Ah, for once we shall view the treasures of the Old World through discerning eyes!



Dean Southwick.

The many old students and friends of Emerson College who have golden memories of the days when Professor Southwick was associated with the College as secretary, and was active in the Dramatic Department, will read with pleasure of his recent appointment as dean. We may, no doubt, interpret his acceptance of this honor as an assurance that in the near future we may command more of his personal instruction and presence than we are this year privileged to enjoy. In the meantime we welcome Mr. Southwick and the inspiration attendant upon his occasional visit, knowing that his heart and his highest thoughts are ours, even though he may not be with us every day in person.

Professor Southwick's brief response to the enthusiastic welcome of the student body, on the opening day of the new term, revealed, as do his scholarly lectures always, that Mr. Southwick, during the interim since the days of his class work in Emerson College, has yet kept in close touch with students and student life.

At the close of the Saturday lecture, on the eventful first Saturday of the term, President Emerson spoke with special emphasis of the harmony which has been the strength of the Faculty in years past. He then adjured the members of the Faculty to unite with him in pledging anew their loyalty to the common pur-

pose of service in harmony. President Emerson could not have offered a more convincing assurance of the bright outlook of the College upon this new century. Upon the consecrated co-operation of Dean and Faculty with President rests the hope for the future of Emerson College.



The Library Fund.

Mr. Tripp's report in behalf of the Library Committee suggests added wealth of resource in the literature at our immediate command.

Our library, as it now stands, is remarkably well chosen, and is adapted to meet the needs of the students. New courses, however, and new requirements in class work each year demand new books of reference. Our library must grow as we progress. Hence we voice the gratitude of the entire student body in acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. Southwick and the artists who gave their highest work in the interest of our college library.



Our New College Home.

The students are watching the progress of the new Chickering Building, in eager anticipation of its completion. The scaffolding is at last removed from the Huntington Avenue entrance, and the passer-by may command a full view of the handsome front.

There is no doubt that the building will be ready for occupancy early in February, and that we shall open the spring term in our new home.



Hundreds of our readers will greet with delight the face of the one whose sunny optimism and boundless sympathy daily bless the lives of hundreds of students, whether in the class-room, the reception-room, or at the desk,—our gracious and efficient secretary, Eleanor Gordon Barrett.

Is There a Demand for You?

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Ethel Karnan. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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WHATEVER a person may have which he wishes to sell, no matter how much of it he may have, if there is no demand for it he is in poverty.

In view of this fact, it is well for those who are students to ask the question, Is there a demand for me and for the work which I am doing? Every question of success must relate to demand. No human being can do more than supply a demand created. That demand may be created by others; it may be created by himself; but a demand there must be before he can enter upon the walks of success.

What security have you, then, that there is, or will be, a demand for you? If there is no demand every effort you may make is a failure. However highly you may appreciate your endeavors, however highly your friends may prize them, unless there is a demand for what you have to give you cannot prevent the failure.

One of the best object-lessons I ever had my father gave me when I was a small boy. He held in his hand what was termed a gimlet screw. It had just been introduced into mechanics. "Now," said father, "I want you to learn, while you are a little boy, that whatever you do must be of use to somebody. The inventor of the gimlet screw was poor; but this simple invention has made him a rich man. Why? He invented something the world wanted, something that met a great need. If you are going to do anything in life, your first aim should be to find out what people need." I have never seen a gimlet screw from that hour

to this without thinking of that lesson. That inventor recognized and met a common need.

Let us bring this matter right home to ourselves. What is the condition of demand? The needs of mankind—and the world is full of needs. Have you in yourself, or are you developing in yourself, that which will of necessity legitimately supply this demand? You do not want to be able to supply merely the needs of a few persons. The man inventing the screw supplied the need of a large class of people; therefore his work was a success.

You are entering upon the study of oratory. Is there a demand for what you will do after you are educated in oratory? And is that demand a great demand, or is it limited to a few persons belonging to a certain class? This is an important question, and I hasten to answer it by affirming that the demand for the orator is found wherever man is found; whether you confine yourself simply to oratorical discourses, to the pleading of cases at the bar, to pleading with sinners, from the pulpit, or to reading the highest thoughts of other minds, I say that demand is wide, and it is not supplied.

Why is the demand for the orator a universal demand? Because the orator is a universal helper. The study of oratory involves a culture that polishes the mind and makes the body expressive. In all free countries the orator has ever been in great demand. People like to hear a good discourse.

An important case is to be tried before Julius Cæsar. The case of the client is

to be plead by the most famous orator in the Roman world. Julius Cæsar has heard him with pleasure many times, and knows his abilities. But of late the emperor has been so occupied with enlarging Rome's empire that he could not go to hear this delightful orator, whose name is Cicero. And is he any less occupied in business now? No; but he is to appear as a judge, and the plea has come for him to listen to Cicero. At first he thinks he cannot give the time. Cicero may speak for hours, as is the custom in the courts. Finally Cæsar decides, "Well, I think I would enjoy hearing Cicero again. I will hear him speak. But then," he says, "it will make no difference with my judgment. I know the facts of this case, and my mind is already made up. I shall condemn the man to execution. Still, I am willing to hear the plea, because I enjoy Cicero's pleading. It is delightful, like a piece of art, like splendid music." Ah, that is the wedge by which Cicero gets a hearing before the great Julius. Julius Cæsar listens for entertainment for awhile. He has papers in his hand that he has been looking over. He still holds them in his hand, which rests upon his knee. And he listens to Cicero. Soon all are observing Cæsar to see how the eloquent Cicero is affecting him. They see him start; they see his hands tremble; then they see the papers fall from his knee. All are waiting breathless for Cæsar's decision, for him to condemn or free the accused. Finally, as eloquent, as strong, as though Cicero himself had said it, comes the decision. And indeed Cicero did really say it, Cicero speaking through Julius Cæsar, "Set the man free!"

This incident illustrates the need of and the demand for the orator — for you. Let me bring you an illustration from more recent times. The greatest pulpit orator that has lived in America was so great and so good (for there is no such

thing as being great without being good) that the fiends in the lower regions held a council as to how they could injure this great pulpit orator, who was melting hearts, saving sinners, reforming the world. They sat in solemn conclave, for they saw that the kingdom in which they were interested was jeopardized. Why, the noble Beecher, inspired by the spirit of God, was thundering at the foundations of evil. The devils heard and trembled. Then they scattered from this solemn conclave where they had counselled as to means and ways of saving hell, and leading men from heaven. And they went away with this determination, "We must gag Henry Ward Beecher." And then every devil set to work to destroy that man. And it seemed to all his friends, except those who had faith in God, that he would be destroyed. How we trembled, and how we wept, and how we prayed, for that man in whom we believed; against whom it seemed all the devils in hell and on earth were combined! By and by the courts pronounced him not guilty. The best men had always believed in him, and finally he was fully re-established in the minds of all honest-thinking people. Soon after these dark days, the Sunday-school children in Brooklyn congregated in Mr. Beecher's country home. It was a day that those who were present will never forget. The children called upon Mr. Beecher, whom they loved as pure-hearted children can love. Nothing touches a great and good man's heart, or a great and good woman's heart, deeper than to feel the confidence of children. Oh, how thrilling is that touch of a little hand taking your hand in confidence and belief! Great men are great lovers of humanity, and manifest it especially in their love for children. So Mr. Beecher had to go forth and speak to the children. He began in this wise: "The most dreadful things have been said against me that could be

said. Why, children, am I exonerated? Because my habit from a little child has been to tell the truth. Has all this attack upon me hindered my work? No." Now listen to the secret of that man's power,—the secret of every great man's power in oratory. He continued, "No man, no number of men, no power on earth, can hinder me, or stop my preaching, so long as there is a tear-wet cheek to wipe. While there is a man or a woman who needs comforting, while there is a person feeling his way back to the home of his heart, so long there is a demand for me; because I have consecrated my life, long years since, to bind up the broken-hearted, to help the needy, to speak for those for whom nobody else would speak, to work for those for whom nobody else would work. So long as there is a child crying for bread, so long there is a demand for me, for I have ever been the friend of the poor and the hungry." Ah, that demand called him forth, and therefore, year after year, he thundered the truth, flashed out in the light of the spirit, until by and by he had fulfilled his mission. More than three-score years and ten had sweetened his mortal life when one night he suddenly closed his eyes in the sweetest sleep, from which he woke only for a moment to bid his family good-bye, and thus left them, with a sweet smile upon his face.

Ah, yes, so long as there is a child crying for bread, so long as humanity is in need, there is an active, vital demand for the orator. So we see at once what the immortal soul of oratory is, why it was demanded in the first place, and why, for lo, these many hundreds of years, the orator has been in demand. The demand is growing, as the higher needs of humanity are constantly growing. Not only are the needs growing, but still more emphatically, the consciousness of these needs is growing.

Then, what must we do, first of all, in the study of oratory? Seek to obey the soul of it. What is the soul of oratory? Oh, that I had the brush of an artist! I would dip it in the sunlight, and would write a word,—we have used it many times before, we must many times again,—*helpfulness*. This we must seek at once. Begin now. Your teacher is to be helped. Your fellow students are to be helped. At home, father and mother are to be helped. And here in this College this is the first thing that is presented to you,—that you are to speak to your fellows for the purpose of helping them. Let this be the dominant spirit,—do whatsoever you do for the sake of helping others. The spirit of helpfulness is the inspiration to the highest and divinest service.

Perhaps you are selfishly ambitious, and you want to cure it. Don't go to work and fight it, and pray over it, and say, "Stop my being so selfish; take this spirit away from me." God answers in the still, small voice, and says, "I will show thee a way, and if thou obeyest what I require that selfishness will fade away." You do not need to fight with it. Think nothing about it. Whatsoever you do, do for the sake of helping others. Whatsoever you do, do it with an eye single to the benefit of those with whom you associate.

Or, perhaps you are faint-hearted, timid; you say, "I tremble every time I think of appearing before my class. How am I going to get over it?" As soon as you have acquired the habit of acting and speaking with an eye single to the benefit of those with whom you are associated, all your fear is gone. You may be the most bashful person in the world; but just as soon as you are enlisted in the battle for humanity you are courage personified. There is no fear, no trembling, no embarrassment. When you think about yourself and say, "I wonder

how I look up there before the audience; I wonder how my voice sounds to the audience; I wonder how my gestures look to the audience; are they graceful, or are they—as I feel—exceedingly awkward?”—so long as you put yourself before your imagination in that way, so long you will tremble at the thought of anybody’s seeing you, or hearing you speak.

“Is, then, the reason I am embarrassed because I think so much about myself?” I do not like to put it in that light. Some of the greatest souls in the world have known fear habitually. The great Cicero suffered acutely at the thought of going before an audience. But he says substantially, “When I put my mind on it I ever am filled with fear and trembling at the thought that I am going to speak to an audience; but if I have a client whose case is desperate, and I am called upon to save him, the moment I enter the lists to fight for him no Alexander ever felt more courage than I feel. I feel as if courage itself were speaking through me.”

That is the secret of courage,—championship. The patriots of different countries have been known for their courage. Why, patriotism and courage are almost synonymous in popular parlance, because every great patriot has been known by his courage, and every man of great courage, under all circumstances, has been known by his patriotism. He may not have been patriotic in the sense that you, or somebody else, would approve; but the element was there in overflowing measure. And the patriot, while his patriotism is active, knows no fear. The two things never act together. They will not mix, any more than oil and water. Fear is driven out by patriotism. What is patriotism? Love for the people of one’s country. And the perfect patriot is one who loves the people of his country with a perfect love. “Perfect love cast-

eth out fear.” Do I love my class; do I love those who are in the room with me and hear me read? Do I love them with such perfect love that I want them to give their attention to this valuable piece of literature? Then fear disappears.

Your success in your chosen profession depends upon your consecration—to art? No! Consecration to art! Art is an instrument. No great soul was ever consecrated, in the strictest sense of the term, to art. It is often said, “He is consecrated to his art.” Well, if he is great he is not. To what is he consecrated? To what is every great soul consecrated? To the welfare of his fellow beings. The art is only an incident, a means which he uses. What would you say of one who is running to save somebody from a fire? You would say that he is consecrated to the welfare of those persons in that fire. You would not say, “Look; see how he runs,—he is consecrated to his feet!” He is consecrated to the saving of those for whom he is running.

Twenty years have rolled away since the opening of this school. My friends generally advised me not to leave my profession to enter what was termed the teaching of elocution. They pointed out to me the large number of persons advertising themselves as teachers of elocution. In spite of all this, I told a few of my friends that on a certain day in October I would start a school in Pemberton Square. On the opening day I was there, but not many besides me. One of my friends was present, and said to me, “I think your school will prove a success; but as far as numbers are concerned, it is not very promising. Only ten were here this morning.” “Well,” I said, “I did not suppose ten persons knew it.” What the success has been others can tell better than I can. This school that I started is not my school. It is the Lord’s school. If I have made

no mistake in my belief that it is the Lord's school he will take care of it. He will prosper it. I have been asked again and again to tell the secret of the success of the school. A teacher of no small note said to me once, "Now, will you confidentially tell me the secret of the growth and success of your college? Ever since I have known of it it has been growing, growing. I have been studying your catalogue, to see what it was there. I have compared it with mine, and I do not see anything about your circular that is not substantially in mine and in others." I explained to him the best I could; but it did not satisfy him.

Can you tell me the secret of the power of truth? That is what I aimed for from the beginning; and there are some here to-day who remember that beginning—one or two, I think. From the beginning I have declared for the spirit of helpfulness; help people to be well; help people to be strong; help people to be true; help people to love truth; help people to speak truth; seek for the truth in your oratory; be of service to mankind.

For the first two or three years prospective pupils would ask me this question: "What inducements can you offer? Will there be any demand for me to teach after I get through? Is there any money in it?" I had to confess to them every time, "I do not know. That we have the truth, and are going to teach the truth, I am certain. My very existence is in it. But whether it is going to pay people financially, I do not yet know." We should say now, with absolute certainty, that, financially considered, it is among

the most profitable pursuits. There is a demand everywhere for our graduates.

Then they used to ask this question, after a few years: "Why, has not the demand been satisfied? Here are graduates going out year after year." No. Every graduating class goes out, to be sure, to do the best they can toward supplying that demand. While they are supplying they are creating. Every class creates a demand for ten more classes; for they show people what there is in it,—something for your bodies, something for your souls, something for your characters, something for the sum total of your manhood, your womanhood, something to give weight to your character, so that the very weight of your character breaks through all barriers.

To-day we rejoice with great joy, "with joy unspeakable," I might almost say, "and full of glory," that so many are out creating this demand, by helping the world. There is so-and-so will tell you they are so much better physically than they were before. Another will say, "My son (or daughter, or friend) has a great deal sweeter disposition than before." Another will say, "Well, it is a delight to converse with them; they have something to talk about."

What does all this mean? It means building men and women up in real life, in intellect, in heart, in character. That is the secret of it. "What has been the secret of the success of your graduates?" This one inspiring thought has led them on,— "I will help the people with whom I associate to be better, to be wiser, and to be healthier."

Training tends toward efficiency; education, toward sufficiency. Training gives skill; education, power. Training is for the artisan; education, for the artist.

A speaker never succeeds by unfairness. He undermines his own powers by resorting to trickery, and, moreover, destroys the confidence of people. The universe is governed by truth.

Patrick Henry.

SUMMARY OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PROF. HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
TO THE STUDENTS OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

ON Saturday, December the first, the students and friends of Emerson College assembled in Odd Fellows' Hall for the noon-day lecture were entertained by Professor Southwick in a brilliant address on "Patrick Henry." As this lecture has already appeared in print, in pamphlet form, and is in the hands of many former students, we present here only a summary of the main points covered.

Mr. Southwick spoke for an hour upon the life-story of Patrick Henry, who, he said, was not an ideally round man, but was a great man, a star of unusual magnitude in a brilliant constellation, a man baptized with a mighty and unselfish purpose, an orator eloquent as few men in the history of the world. "Mr. Henry's thought," said he, "startling, treasonable, intoxicating in its daring originality then, is now the common possession of every American school-boy. The influence of his life has been felt where his very name is unknown, even as the sun warms the air in caverns which his direct beams never penetrate."

Mr. Henry's parentage and early life were dwelt upon, as were also his neglected educational opportunities, his absurdly ill-timed marriage, his serio-comic struggles with shop-keeping and farming, his desperate turning to the law when all else failed, and, finally, that single, meteoric flash, when, by a wonderful forensic effort, the obscure youth became the first orator of America.

Mr. Southwick then passed on to describe Patrick Henry's famous resolutions upon the Stamp Act, and the circumstances relating to them, traced their significance and effect, described his

great "Liberty Speech" of 1775, his services in the Continental Congresses, and as war governor of Virginia, and his relations with Washington and other Revolutionary leaders. He then gave an account of Henry's opposition to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the dramatic features of the great debate at Richmond, and an analysis of the famous Virginian's position concerning "State Rights."

The latter part of the lecture described Mr. Henry's wonderful success as a lawyer, his influence over people, analyzed his oratory and the means by which he arrived at his results, and concluded with an account of his personal characteristics, tastes, habits, opinions, and appearance.

In speaking of the beautiful close of the great Virginian's career, Mr. Southwick said:—

"The sunset days at Red Hill are pleasant to dwell upon. The great orator is at rest. From the verandas of his mansion the eye looked over the broad acres of his estate, down the valleys, abundant and reposeful, along the receding windings of the river, until it rested upon those fair Virginia hills he loved so well. Here he would sit and play the violin, receive with southern warmth the strangers who came to pay him homage, and talk of everything save his own achievements. He loved to sit beneath his trees, like a patriarch of old, with children, grandchildren, and guests gathered affectionately about him. The little ones would climb over his knee and cling about his neck or run to fetch him water from the spring that bubbled up cool and clear. And so, loving and be-

loved, amid his groves, with the singing of the birds and the laughter of children, in the communion with friends, and in the resources of his own mind, he waited the end. The principle for which he lived had triumphed. The activities of a great republic he had done much to call to life were about him. The sentiment of the nation was the spirit that in him was acting upon the souls of other men and warming them into its likeness. His work was finished. The day was drawing to a close; the gold of evening was fading to the dusk of night. One June day in 1799 he was very ill, and his physician gave him a dose of liquid mercury, — a desperate remedy for a desperate crisis. The immortal orator took up the vial. 'I suppose, doctor, this is your last resort?' 'Yes; it will give immediate relief or —' and the doctor stopped, overcome with emotion. Patrick Henry looked at him and understood. 'Excuse me, doctor, for a few minutes,' he said and he drew his silken cap over his eyes

and prayed a simple, childlike prayer. Calmly he swallowed the medicine. The doctor went out, threw himself on the ground, and wept bitterly. The old man still sat in his chair. He was calmly watching the blood as it congealed under his finger-nails, and he knew that the end was come. He spoke again, and the words were of love and comfort to those who were weeping around him, and he spoke of that higher peace, the peace which passeth all understanding — then he breathed softly and slept. And the spirit returned to Him who gave it.

"Thus lived and thus died Patrick Henry, a splendid rebel, an emancipator, an immortal orator, a man who wrought a perilous and redemptive work — and not alone for his generation, but for ages to come; who has left us the legacy of his influence, the priceless possession of his character; and through the open windows of his great soul we see the highest, truest conception of political manhood, heroic in America's heroic age."

The Cold Moon's Service.

HARRY W. BUGBEE, '03.

SILENT and cold it floats in the blue upper sea,
A grand, yet awful witness to the power of death.

Sailors have feared, and some yet fear, whom phantasy

Sends oft times cowering through the dark with bated breath,

Lest at an inauspicious time they should behold —
Dread spectacle! — a phantom ship steer past on high,

Which, manned by corpses, sails the air from time of old.

Yet these from infancy have viewed the moon-lit sky

Nor shuddered ever at the sight of that dead sphere

Which, with no living freightage, sails the air above,

Itself devoid alike of warmth and atmosphere,
Unblest by any light of life and dead to love.

And yet, perchance, when those soft, silvery beams descend

With beauty o'er the earth to speed the lovers' hour,

There may to that cold world where love has had an end

Some joy return, that still it has the subtle power

To seize that sunlight which it may no longer use
To warm its own cold heart, and send it swiftly down

That gladness into earth's young hearts it may infuse,

Thus striving, though long dead, to live in love's renown.

Spiritual Value of the Study of the Hebrew Scriptures.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY FREDERICK TOWERS, A.M. (HARV.), TO THE STUDENTS
OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

WE are all more or less familiar with that ancient collection of literature called the Old Testament, as it occupies the most prominent part of our Bible. The Bible is a book which we have had with us from our childhood. We were early impressed with the idea that it is pre-eminently different from all other books. We were taught that its contents were peculiarly sacred, and that it was to be regarded with feelings of reverence. It is called "the Holy Bible," a title which is never given to any other book with which we are familiar.

What especial relation, therefore, has this collection, or body of literature, to our life to-day? What interest is there in it for us? What especial message do we get from it? What essential contribution does it make to the thought and life of our time? We find it cast in an outward historical setting which is unfamiliar to us. It is the product of ages which are long since past and gone. It is the literary expression of the life of a people whose religious customs and outward mode of life the world has for centuries outgrown. Many of the ideas and practices embodied in it are morally repugnant to us, expressing as they do the life of a comparatively primitive and semi-civilized age. What element, therefore, is there in this literature which we may find of permanent value? Is there in it a message which appeals ever to the inmost, deepest life of men in every age? If we disregard the outward, historic form in which this literature is cast, may we find in it a more profound, universal element to which the inner desires and spiritual needs of our souls are ever responsive?

Now it is evident that our estimate of the value of a thing is always in accordance with the point of view from which we regard it. We may from the influence of mere custom or traditional prejudice regard the Bible from an outward, objective point of view, and value it as a kind of fetic. This is a kind of value which is often unconsciously attached to the Bible. And it arises from a mistaken conception of what the Bible really is, and of the way in which it was written. Exaggerated or distorted ideas as to the real meaning of inspiration, and the nature of the Bible as a special divine revelation, have helped largely to attach this undue value to the mere outward form of the book itself. On this account it came to be looked upon as being in a certain way outwardly holy or sacred. It is the same kind of holiness which the primitive savage attributes to his fetic. In blind devotion such sacred significance is attached to everything which is contained in the Bible that all sense of discrimination is lost. The theory has prevailed that the mere verbal forms in which the ideas of the Bible are expressed are in themselves holy or sacred, and that by simply possessing a copy of the Bible, and reading certain portions of it at stated times in a mere mechanical sort of way, a benefit was derived from it.

This kind of regard for the Bible has, however, no value whatever. A certain amount of reverence for the outward form of the Bible will of course do no harm, but experience has shown that the very highest reverence may be paid to the Bible as a mere outward revelation without any practical effect being made

upon the moral or the spiritual life. The mere outward form of any literature is a dead thing, and dead things, no matter how sacred we may regard them, can exert no influence over us. Mere forms of themselves avail nothing; it is the inner spirit of a literature only which avails. It is the inner truth which it contains which is really alive and life-giving, and which will impart its life to the seeker for truth. It is the letter which killeth; the spirit only giveth life. As students of the art of expression, it is superfluous for me to remind you of this.

In the newer point of view which has come to us from the scientific, historical study of the Bible we are, however, happily fast outgrowing this slavery to the mere letter of Holy Scripture. We are becoming more and more imbued with the idea that the outward form is valuable only as an instrument through which to gain access to the living spirit which it contains. The Bible is a means to an end, not an end in itself. What Christ said in regard to the Sabbath is equally true concerning the Bible. The Bible was made for man, and not man for the Bible. The Bible was written in order to serve life, to free life, not to enslave it or to repress it. The whole end and aim of the Bible is to further the interests of life, to put human life upon a higher plane of character and of living. And the Bible in these respects is just like any other great literature. It is a form of human expression. It is a product of human development. It is not something which was arbitrarily imposed upon life from some foreign sphere. It is the work of the human spirit. The books of the Bible are the literary forms through which the inner spirit of man has expressed some of its highest ideals, its loftiest aspirations, its deepest longings. It is one of the modes through which the religious spirit of man has

progressively revealed itself. It is thus a record of human experiences, and in order for us to get at its inner meaning and imbibe its true spirit we must regard it from the human standpoint. It must appeal to us as a literature intensely human in all its aspects. To be of real living value to us, the truths of the Bible must not be regarded as though they were something lying outside of our own life, or out of relation to what is expressly human. No truth has any meaning for us unless it is in full relation to life. A truth to be permanently of value must have a deep human interest. It must be in touch with life in its deepest, most fundamental aspects. It must answer to some demand in the life itself. This is the great principle which lies at the basis of all our modern thinking. A doctrine, or a belief, to have any actual reality or practical value, must be that which at every point is in some way in vital correspondence with life. The doctrine must be a fact of experience. It must have expressed itself somewhere in human life. It must find its counterpart in some way in human nature. It must be one of the ways in and through which human life expresses itself. It must be a product of the life itself, as the blossom and fruit are products of the life of the plant. Truth and life must thus ever be in harmony with each other. The doctrine, in order to have any basis in reality, cannot be a contradiction or a distortion of the facts of the life. Agreement with, and service to life are thus the criterions by which we may estimate the value of any doctrine. This is always the supreme test which we may apply in judging of the worth of a doctrine: Is it of service to life? Does it advance the interests of life and make life worthier, stronger, and healthier? If it does not it is of no practical value, and fit only to be laid aside in some intellectual lumber-room.

Now the revelation of truth which we find in the Bible must be judged strictly in accordance with this criterion. In order for it to have a really human interest to us it must be a record of actual living experiences along the line of the historic religious or spiritual development of human life. It must speak to us out of the universal heart of humanity. It cannot be a record of anything superhuman; that is, something above and beyond what ordinary human beings have felt and conceived and realized. The Bible can be of value to us only as we find in it that which is in relation to our own life, or that which is responsive to our human needs. To be a living, speaking revelation to us, it must, in all its parts, throb and pulsate with the feelings common to humanity. It must speak to us as man speaks to man, as feeling responds to feeling, as love responds to love, out of the warm, felt, living realities of striving, suffering, sorrowing human life. We must hear in it the heart-beat of universal humanity. This, it seems to me at the outset, is the point of view from which we must regard the Bible. We must study it from the broadest humanitarian standpoint as a literature surcharged with human feeling in which is dramatically pictured the moral and spiritual development of a remarkable people, struggling through material failure and political disaster to rise from what is low in life to what is high, and to bring to realization the loftiest spiritual and moral ideals which it is possible for the human mind to conceive.

But perhaps it occurs to you that the Bible is a *divine* revelation, and therefore you imagine it must be different from, and treated differently from, the expressions of truth which we find in other literatures. This objection, it seems to me, arises from a mistaken idea of what a divine revelation really is. Because we are accustomed to referring to the Bible

as a divine revelation it does not follow that it is necessarily a revelation of truth which is not in relation to our life. There is no kind of truth which lies outside of human life. There may be degrees of truth which are beyond our present powers of comprehension, but yet it is not truth which is different in kind from the truths which we are capable of comprehending. The difference is in degree, but not in kind. The conception and comprehension of truth are matters of intellectual capacity, some minds being able to conceive more truth than others; and so it ranges in degree from the lowest types of mind up to the highest. But the truth conceived by the lowest type of mind is not different in kind from that which is conceived by the highest. And this is the nature of the truth revealed in the Bible. It is not different in kind from any other truth. If it were it would be impossible for the human mind to comprehend it at all. It would be entirely out of relation to what is human. Revelation is not the mechanical impartation of truths which cannot be conceived in the human intellect. All revelation of every sort must originate within the mind itself. The inspiration, the power of insight, may be gifts from God, but yet the revelation must always come from within the human consciousness itself, not from outside of it. The only ultimate source of truth, the only means we have of conceiving and knowing truth, is through the human intellect. This holds good of all departments of truth, religious or scientific. As Emerson says, "Our religion is the love and cherishing of human patrons. The gods of fable are the shining moments of great men. We run all our vessels into one mould. Our colossal theologies of Judaism, Christism, Buddhism, Mahometism, are the necessary and structural action of the human mind. Man can paint, or make, or think, nothing but man. He believes that the great

material elements had their origin from his thought." All revelation must be first a matter of human experience, and must come, like any other truth, through the human consciousness. It must be the real expression of the inner life of the man; for even supposing a superhuman intervention for the communication of truth, it must, in order to be intelligible to men, conform to the psychological conditions of human experience and have a real genesis in the mind of man. And because it must be revealed in this way it of course follows that it must also be that which is in harmony with and in relation to human life.

That which we regard as divine is not necessarily beyond what is human. Divineness is not altogether a superhuman quality. Divineness is a human attribute. Man is himself divine as to his higher nature. Shakespeare, the man of all men who has expressed the many-sidedness of man's nature, rises to the highest point of his art in setting forth the fact of man's divinity — man, the "paragon" of created beings, who is "in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god." There is a divine element in every human being. The divine nature of God is not different in kind from our human nature. The nature of God is truly superhuman, but yet we must believe that there is a large human element in the nature of God. Many of the attributes which we ascribe to God are human attributes. The very highest and most comprehensive definition we have of the nature of God is this: "God is love." This definition sums up the highest perfection of the divine nature. And yet that love which originates and pours forth from the great heart of God is not different from human love, from that which has its source in our hearts. Love is a human quality also. It expresses what is highest and best in our nature. If God's love were not the same kind of

love as our human love, it would be entirely beyond our powers of apprehension and therefore of no value to us whatsoever. The fact is, God is a social being. He is in close relation with what is human. He is part of our inmost life. The qualities which express what is highest in God's nature express also what is highest in man. The likeness in the one corresponds in degree to the likeness in the other. And as God is in every human life, so every human life is included in the life of God. The great all-pervading life of God includes within it, surrounds, encompasses, every finite life. "In Him we live and move and have our being."

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet.

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

When we thus understand more fully the true relation that exists between what is divine and what is human we will arrive at a more reasonable comprehension of the nature of revelation. We will see that the Bible is not made up of a set of truths formally delivered, nor is it a system of dogmas to be blindly accepted and believed without any regard to their relation to the conditions and requirements of our human life. In our attempts at studying the Bible we should endeavor to free ourselves entirely from all such dogmatic, mechanical notions about it. Putting aside all preconceived ideas regarding it, we should approach it in the same spirit of free enquiry as we would the study of any other literature. We should study it in the same spirit as we would the great tragedies of Shakespeare. We must not be afraid of accepting the fact that the revelation of truth in the Bible is a thoroughly human, psychological process. In the growth and formation of the literature of the Bible the ordinary psychological laws which operate in the human intellect

were in no way transcended, but the authors of the different parts of it wrote as men, out of the fulness of their experience, and in accordance with their depth of spiritual insight into the underlying moral forces and laws which control the life of the world and shape the destinies of men. The writers of Scripture were not formal theologians enunciating truth in abstract form. They expressed truth in its living, concrete reality as it appears in the life of the world and of men. The moral and spiritual laws which come from God and which govern the order of human action are seen and expressed, not in their abstract character, but in their concrete operation in actual life. In this respect the literature of the Bible is similar to that produced by the great dramatic poets. All really great literature is dramatic in its nature. It expresses elements that are fundamental and permanent in human life. It reveals human life as it is, on its living, active side, in its relation to the unseen spiritual forces which control life. This is pre-eminently true of the writers of the Hebrew Scriptures. They were in the highest sense poets or prophets. They were men endowed in the highest degree with the gift of spiritual vision. It is incorrect to regard the prophets as men who merely foretell future events. It is true the Hebrew prophets—like all the great world poets—concerned themselves about the future; but their main interest was in the living world of the present. The original meaning of the Hebrew word *Nābî*, in our English version rendered *prophet*, shows that the prophet in Israel was a proclaimer of truth, a forth-speaker, or truth-teller, rather than a foreteller. The prophet was the man who spoke forth from the depths of his inner consciousness and uttered what he believed to be absolutely true. The Hebrew prophets were great national

preachers and moral reformers. They were the public orators, the truth-speakers of their day. They were men who stood firmly for truth and righteousness. They uttered truth, not as mere subjective opinion, not truth which was in any way personal to themselves, but truth as objectively conceived; that is, something which was universally true—true for the whole world, true for all men, true for all time. So firmly were they convinced that they were giving voice to truths which were universal and eternal in their nature and significance that their own subjective personalities were eliminated, and they spoke only in the name of the truth which they uttered. They felt and believed that the truth they proclaimed was a message direct from the Eternal. They spoke as the especial agents of the Divine Spirit of God. They felt that they were inspired or moved to speak, not of themselves—but by the spirit of truth within them. The truth was to them a burden or message which they were constrained to deliver. As the poet claims to speak only what the Muse inspires in him, so the Hebrew prophets uttered only that which they believed was prompted by the Divine Spirit.

Now this is the characteristic feeling which has possessed all the world's great truth-tellers. Any truth which represents a permanent, universal law or fact in human life is freed in its expression from all subjective, individual elements. The individual mind which first conceives it, or discovers it, claims it not as its own. It is a truth for all men and for all time. It at once takes on an objective character. It stands out apart from the man who utters it as a voice from the great unseen realm of truth. There is always something mysterious and wonderful about the revelation as coming into clear consciousness of a great new idea. It comes in over the threshold of conscious-

ness we know not precisely how, impersonally, divinely, from out of the unseen realm of spirit. It comes as a sort of inspiration or inbreathing from the mind of the universal, eternal Thinker, and receives articulate expression through the instrumentality of a human mind, and that is nearly all that we can say about it. And the man who utters it feels within himself that he is speaking what is absolutely true, real, and permanent in life. Though the whole world should refuse to listen to him or to believe his message he asserts its truth—not on his own authority, but as being the very word of the Eternal. He exclaims, "with his voice like a thunder, 'This is soul, this is life, this word is being said in heaven.'" When the Eternal commands, the prophet must speak, no matter who the one is who would seal his lips. "The Lord Jehovah revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets. The lion hath roared, who will not tremble? Jehovah hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" The "speakers of essential truth," the men who stand for truth, for reality in life, have no hesitation in saying, "This is the very law of God."

It is just here that we find the reason for the permanent worth, the essential value to the world for all time, of the message contained in the Hebrew Scriptures. The Hebrew prophets were poets, truth-tellers of the highest order. Their message of truth was of a nature so essential to the higher spiritual advancement of humanity that it has ever possessed an undying interest. We may believe that the world will ever pay them the reverence which is due to those who first uttered great moral and religious truths with the power and force which belongs to God-possessed men. Their real value to us, and to man for all time, lies in the fact that they were the discoverers of the morally ideal or the spiritual in life. They discovered the relation of

religion and morality. They were the first to pierce through the veil of the material and to show the true relations of man's life to the higher world of spirit.

Now thus to transcend what is outward and material and truly to reveal the reality of the inward and spiritual in life requires "the faculty divine" as the poetic gift of spiritual vision. Wordsworth tells us that the genius of the poet consists in the possession of the power of spiritual insight. The poet is the one who has the gift "of aspect more sublime;" who,

"With an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
... sees into the life of things."

The poet looks through the mere outward sense facts of his life, and with the inner eye of the imagination or of faith interprets the hidden meaning beyond; bursts through the mere physical barriers and sounds life in its deepest aspects. We see into the real life of things only with the inner eye of the imagination. It is through the imagination that we realize the ideal or the spiritual in life. The imagination is that operation of the intellect which embodies an idea in a particular form or image. In the highest form of its action the imagination becomes truly creative, and acts as an organ of penetration into the hidden meanings of things, meanings which are not open to ordinary perception. The imagination idealizes these meanings or embodies them in some concrete manifestation. By the power of the imagination, we thus, as it were, look through the outward, the material, forms of the world and realize the inner ideal world of which they are the symbols. We see reality outwardly only in symbols. Material forms are the outward and visible signs only of what is inward and spiritual. The whole visible world is symbolic or sacramental in its nature. It is the outward and visible sign of an inward

and spiritual reality; or, as Goethe taught, the outer world is but "the living visible garment of God." By the means of the creative imagination, however, we see through the outward form to the actual reality which it symbolizes. Now this is the region of poetry. Poetry, as Aristotle tells us, reveals to us the permanent meaning which underlies the passions, aspirations, and actions of men, and idealizes this meaning; that is, forms it into an ideal world of moral order. Poetry finds the true meaning of life only in the higher world of spiritual reality. This is also the field of religion. Faith is the poetic imagination on its religious side laying hold upon the unseen. Religious faith is the transformation of the actual into the ideal. So poetry and religious faith are closely related to each other. As has been well said, "Religion is poetry believed in."

It is just in this connection where the Hebrew Scriptures find their large place as a permanent influence in the life of humanity. The authors of this literature possessed in the highest degree this idealizing faculty on its religious and ethical side. Through the power of their creative imaginations they transformed or idealized the religious and ethical conceptions of their day in such a way as to reveal to the world a religious-ethical ideal of so perfect and lofty a character that it will serve to inspire and elevate humanity for all time. Our highest and best ideals for conduct, for character, for man's relations to God and his fellow men, we get from the great poets of the Hebrew Scriptures. Our great words, *righteousness, justice, equity, truth, love, mercy, forgiveness*, and what they mean for human living and human well-being are direct contributions to our thought from the lips of these God-inspired men. The real value, therefore, of the study of the Hebrew Scriptures, which renders their study more important

than that of any other literature, lies in the fact that they are our most powerful inspirers of higher ideals — of the ideals which inspire us to live higher, nobler, better lives, or to strive to realize in our characters the highest ideals of righteousness, of love, of truth, of justice, of mercy, and sympathy. This it is which renders the thoughts of the Hebrew poets of such undying value to us. They were the first among all the master minds of the world to discover the importance of conduct in human life. They saw and saw clearly the value of an act of will,— that it is productive of results. These results, as expressed by Matthew Arnold, are that "nations and men, whoever is shipwrecked is shipwrecked on conduct." Conduct for a human being is always an all-important thing. The proper regulation and direction of our conduct is the highest need of our lives. Conduct, whether we will or no, has always about it a moral significance. It possesses certain qualities which we call moral. It expresses character. What a man does, that he is. The quality of his moral nature goes out in his act. An act of will has a moral meaning. It acts as a cause in the moral world. A man as distinguished from a mere animal is thus always a moral person. He may sink even lower in the scale of being than the brute; but his acts will, nevertheless, still have a moral significance, while those of the brute will not. The Hebrew poets not only discovered this as a fundamental law or condition in human life, but connected with it and closely related to it, they revealed another truth equally important; viz., that man must have an ideal for conduct. The conduct must have an ideal to regulate it, to guide it in the right direction. A sublime and overmastering moral ideal is a fundamental necessity for man's advancement from a lower to a higher plane of being. No life is ever elevated without an ideal.

As the prophet says, "Where there is no vision the people perish." Where there is no higher view of life than that which is material or physical people become debased and degraded. The moral ideal is a concrete embodiment of the ideas of righteousness, of goodness. It is an ideal righteous person, or better self, which is pictured before the mind, to be attained in the character through conduct or acts of will. The moral ideal holds up the glass before us and reveals to us our life as it ought to be — the higher, nobler, better self which it is an imperative duty to strive by continuous acts of will to bring to realization in our lives.

Now human life in the historic progress and advancement of all the great races has been characterized by the revelation or coming to consciousness in the minds of men of great uplifting moral ideals. Man's upward progress has corresponded with the grandeur and purity and spirituality of his ethical ideals. Human advancement is the result of moral force, of moral strenuousness. The endeavor to attain to some lofty ethical goal is the great uplifting element in life. All other conceptions, religious or intellectual, have moved forward correspondingly with the development of the moral life. Even the religious life would not have advanced beyond the stage of primitive superstition without the aid of the spiritualizing force of the ethical life. Religion without morality is mere superstition. Religion and morality start from two different centres in human life, but as spiritual development proceeds they gradually become fused and the moral life tends to enrich and ennoble and elevate the religious life. In this way, through the advance of moral ideals, we find the religious conceptions continually being filled with a higher and more spiritual content. The conception of God, for instance, has advanced correspondingly with the growth and elevation

of moral ideals. Through the advance of the moral point of view, the conception of the Divine Being has been spiritualized and filled with the highest conceivable ethical content. The moral life has been characterized at different stages of its development by great spiritual insights, or great forward-looking reaches of moral vision, by which the conception of God has become filled with a higher and worthier, more humane and loving, moral content. From being conceived as a tyrant who had need to be appeased by the blood of victims, God has come to be regarded as a being whose very nature is love; a tender and loving Father, who regards all his human children with the most compassionate feelings of divine pity and sympathy.

And one of the earliest of these great moral insights or revelations to men of loftier ethical ideals, through which a higher standard of conduct was reached and a more worthy conception of God given to the world, we have presented to us in the writings of the Hebrew prophets. If we wish for a specimen of moral idealism which among moral ideals must forever rank with the highest ever revealed to the world, we have only to open our Bibles and read the burning words of the books of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, or Jeremiah, which after the lapse of twenty-seven centuries still speak to us with living, spiritual power. The great period of poetic genius and poetic expression in Israel was during the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. Then it was when this marvellous moral insight was attained. When properly understood in relation to the history of their own time, the Hebrew prophets become a group of the most wonderful figures in the moral and religious advancement of the world. They stand forth pre-eminently among the world's great religious and moral creators and reformers. The whole Old Testament

must be read in the light of their teaching. It is only in this way that we get the real historical perspective for the understanding of the Bible. These men, brooding upon the moral and religious needs of their time, had revealed to them the deeper meanings of human life. Human action was more than mere selfish behaviour. It had a moral meaning. Religion was more than mere outward rites or the offering of sacrificial victims. Religion must have a spiritual object. It is the moral relation of man to God. The ideal for human conduct is found in God. The prophetic ideal of righteousness, not realized among men, is realized in Jehovah, the God of Israel. God is a God of justice and righteousness. The moral ideal for human conduct finds its realization and its sanction in God. The relation of God to men is a real moral relation. The real ground of union between God and man is spiritual and moral. God is a righteous being. He is the embodiment of righteousness, and as such he demands righteousness in the conduct of his people. It is not empty outward worship which God demands. It is right conduct. It is upright living. It is the practice of humanity. It is regard for others, which will be acceptable to God.

In these great fundamental religious and moral ideas we see the real grandeur and the permanent worth of the writings of the Hebrew prophets. They were the first to reflect seriously upon the fundamental problems and meanings of life. In them the ethical man was born. The soul of man was seen in its true light. The true meaning and value of human relationship was felt. The worth of an act of will came to be seen. And in answer to this demand came the revelation of the ethical nature of God. Righteousness was not any mere abstract principle; it was an active force embodied in the living God. Amid all that is transient and temporary in the Hebrew Scriptures, two great principles will thus ever remain as being permanent contributions to the higher spiritual thought and life of the world. First, human life has an ethical meaning and value; conduct is all-important, and human living, to be successful and attain the true end of its being, must be rooted in righteousness; and secondly, the ethical goal of man's life has a religious basis: the fundamental ground of human action is spiritual, as man's life is ideally realized and completed only in union with the life of a personal, living Eternal Being.

We have little to do with the ancient idea of justice, which was little above the spirit of revenge. We are justified in making, not personal accusation, but the accusation of *universal right*. There is little weight in personal opinions. An orator must speak for mankind, and stand on universal truth.

As long as the fact remains that every person is endowed with the wonderful power of the imagination no one may despair of accomplishing something in literature or in oratory. You may not be the greatest, but that is not the noblest ambition; you may be strong and successful.

A Trip Through Scandinavia.

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER.

II.

LEAVING Helsingör with feelings of much regret, we took steamer for Helsingborg, in Sweden. As the steamer left the shore the imposing Castle of Elsinore presented its most attractive aspect, leaving on the memory a lasting and most pleasing impression.

Helsingborg is a thriving seaport town of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants. A very attractive picture was presented as the steamer came to the landing. Before us was the large market square, bordered with large and attractive buildings, among them the new and imposing Gothic Radhus. High on the hill above the town rose the conspicuous tower of Kärnan, the relic of an ancient castle, which has received frequent mention in connection with the wars of Hansa with the Danes and Swedes. The ascent of this tower well repays the traveller. From its lofty top we view the busy sound from the eastern side, having Helsingör and Kronborg Castle for objective points opposite, the island of Hven to the south, and to the north the promontory of Kullen. On the land side rises the large new brick schoolhouse, and beyond, the fields of the farmers. Anxious to come in touch with the life and character of the Swedish people, we strolled far into the country, stopping to observe them at their work or by their homes, and to see the children at their play. From the first, our impression of the kindliness of the Swedish character was a very favorable one. During the trip along the western coast, as well as on subsequent occasions, when we returned to the country for a more protracted visit, we had many opportunities to observe and many occasions to be thankful for the great kind-

ness and courtesy of the people to strangers. Having travelled in many lands where the language was unfamiliar, we had learned an important lesson. If you can but put words enough together to frame a simple question, although you may receive a long verbal reply of which you cannot understand a single word, you will still receive the desired answer through that more universal language, gesture. We expected to use the same method here with the same result, but the Swede does more for you. In Stockholm, for example, that charming city of the Baltic Archipelago, divided by busy water-ways, which make it strongly suggestive of the far-famed capital of the Sultan,—a close rival, indeed, to that Oriental city for beauty of situation,—it is no unusual experience to find, after having followed the indicated direction for five or ten minutes, that your informant, although he was walking in the opposite direction when you spoke to him, has quietly followed, at a little distance, to see that you did not miss your way; or, perchance, to receive in reply to your half-framed question a reply in German or in English, and a cordial offer to accompany you to the desired place. We had received such offers from southern Europeans and Orientals, whom we knew were doing it for the fee which they might receive; but here the gentleman's dress, bearing, and manner would preclude such an idea. The central European looks upon your visit to his country as a matter of course, because so many visit it; the Oriental looks upon your visit as an opportunity of obtaining fees; the Swede seems to look upon your visit as a compliment to his country, and he

wishes you to carry away the most favorable impression possible. In no country have we been so favorably impressed with the honesty and inborn courtesy of the people as in Sweden.

While wandering so far from our progressive line of travel, we would like to tarry a little longer and speak still further of the beautiful city of Stockholm. It is built on islands, on rocky hills, and on a plain formed by a point of the main land, just by the place where the large Lake Mälaren pours its waters into an arm of the Baltic. Being almost entirely surrounded by water, and possessing so much of variety within its own borders, it presents a most beautiful and picturesque appearance. It has been compared with Constantinople, with Geneva, with Marseilles; it has been called the "Venice of the North"; but no such comparison is entirely satisfactory, as it has a character quite its own. We can well imagine that to some of the early inhabitants the place seemed to offer but little attraction for the founding of a city. The islands are often rocky and precipitous, and to this day, many which are unoccupied, but within sight of the city, present a picture of barren rock and primeval forest that bears hardly a trace of cultivation. But the situation was accessible from land and sea, and could be protected from foreign invasion, and so the city has grown, until now there are nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The ancient city was principally built upon the island of Staden, at the mouth of Lake Mälaren. On this island stands the imposing Royal Castle, while hardly more than a stone's throw away are some of the oldest and poorest quarters of the city. But Stockholm is a city of contrasts and surprises. From the hills of Södermalm, Kungsholm, and Skeppsholm, three portions of the city lying to the south, west, and east of Staden, the bare granite rock is often seen protrud-

ing in the midst of the houses, while the heaviest of the shipping is done from the quay, a few steps from the palace. It seems strange to the American to see the large steamers so near the abode of royalty, but in this city, not only the palace, but the best hotel, many of the finest public buildings, and the noblest private residences are situated on the quays.

To the west of the palace stands the Radhus, and a number of attractive public buildings. Not far away is the island of Riddarholm, with the famous Riddarholms-Kyrka, a church formerly belonging to the Franciscans, with its conspicuous spire of perforated iron rising to a height of two hundred and ninety feet. Since the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, who died in 1632, the church has been the burial-place of the Swedish kings and heroes. The walls are blazoned with armorial bearings, and monuments and sarcophagi adorn the chapels and high altar.

From the Norrbro, a handsome bridge that spans the short river, which is the chief discharge of Lake Mälaren, and crosses the small island, Helgeandsholm, and connects Staden with the main land, the best view of the busy water traffic and of the singularly picturesque situation of the city is to be obtained. At one end of the bridge is the Royal Palace; at the other stands the equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, in bronze; to the left rises the Palace of Princes Carl and Eugène; to the right is the Royal Opera House, a noble structure built after the designs of Axel Anderberg; beyond, to the east, are the pleasure-grounds of Karl den Tolfte Torg, in which rises Molin's statue of Charles XII.; adjacent, to the north, is the King's Garden, embellished by a fountain, also by Molin, a statue of Charles XIII., designed by E. G. Göthe, and by trees and flower-beds, making it one of Stockholm's favorite promenades; to the east, on the quay, is

the palatial Grand Hotel, and still farther around the semicircle, the National Museum.

"Tower, heroes' statues, palace, muses' fane,
Stand nobly mirrored in the stream below,
While bathed in evening-red glows Ridderholm,
Where, beneath marble, Sweden's glory sleeps."

Of the many museums of Stockholm, the National, with its most valuable collection of Swedish antiquities, rivaling in its prehistoric section the great collection of the National Museum in Copenhagen, its large collection of sculptures, vases, wood-carvings, and, best of all, its great art gallery, easily takes first rank.

Just at the end of the National Museum stands one of the most famous statues of Scandinavia, the masterpiece of the Swedish sculptor, J. P. Molin, known as the *Bältespännare* (Belt-duellists). The work represents one of those old Scandinavian duels in which the combatants are securely bound together with their belts, and with their knives fought out their deadly battle. The figures are so suggestive of life and action that as you look you fear the fatal blow will fall, and you instinctively start to part them. Four reliefs on the pedestal tell, with their Runic inscriptions from the Edda, the cause and result of the combat. The first represents a drinking-scene in which two men and a woman figure, and bears the inscription which, translated, reads: "Not so good as good they say it is, is ale for the sons of men; for the man knows in his mind always less, the more he drinks." The second scene represents jealousy, and bears the inscription: "Mighty love makes fools of wise sons of men." The third is the beginning of the combat: "They drew the knife out of the sheath, the edge of the sword, to the satisfaction of the evil spirit." The fourth pictures the widow's lament: "Solitary am I become, like the aspen in the grove; poor in relations, as the fir in branches."

Of the other museums of the city we will mention but one, the Open-Air Museum of Skansen. This is a large garden or park of seven thousand acres containing a most unique ethnological collection. The enclosure, with its cultivated fields and pastures, its woods, its lakes, and rocky hills, presents an admirable reproduction of the natural features of Sweden. The fauna and flora of the country are very comprehensively represented, while the human habitations of the various districts, from the land of the Laps in the north to the picturesquely attired peasants of the south, have been taken up bodily, and with an attendant in the costume of the locality have been deposited here to present the different phases of Swedish life and costume. Here we saw the style of dress we had viewed with so much pleasure and interest at Rättvik the Sunday before. The men in this district wear yellow leather trousers, long black coats buttoned at the throat, but dividing to show the waistcoat, that refuses to meet and mingle with the trousers, and leaves an expanse of from four to six inches of white shirt-front visible. The maidens bind their hair into rolls with mathematical precision, with white ribbons about an eighth of an inch wide and about an equal distance apart, so as to show two rolls each side of a conical black cap which is perched jauntily on the back of the head. With their varicolored aprons, they present a unique but very attractive appearance.

We were particularly fortunate in our visit to Skansen in having the company of a Swede of much culture, who knew the country and the manners and customs of the various localities and so made many things plain that otherwise would have passed without being understood.

Stockholm is so situated that there is an almost endless number of most charming excursions possible. Steamers ply

to various points of interest on Lake Mälaren and on the Baltic Archipelago. Among the most interesting may be mentioned the excursion to the ancient Castle of Gripsholm at Mariefred; to the Royal Palace of Drottningholm, the summer residence of the King; to the royal chateau of Haga, with its once charming but now somewhat neglected park; to the colony of villas known as Djursholm, with the old chateau; and the charming sea-bathing resort of Saltsjöbaden.

One Swedish organization deserves much more than the passing mention which we must give, and that is the Swedish Tourists' Union. The society has done much to bring the beauties of the country to the attention of its members and the public, and at its office in Stockholm the traveller is sure to receive the latest information, gratis, and to meet with that personification of kindness and courtesy of which we have spoken. Personally we acknowledge great indebtedness to this organization and its most courteous attendants for the most charming time we spent in this city of the north. All told, we never before visited a city where there was so little of anything of an unpleasant nature and so much of pleasure as here. The only unpleasant incident was when the day arrived on which we were booked to sail for St. Petersburg, and we were obliged to leave this charming place for other scenes.

But we must return to our journey up the western coast.

After the long stroll into the country from Helsingborg we returned tired and thirsty. Some oranges in a small store window looked particularly attractive. As this was our first day in Sweden, we were entirely at a loss to know how we were to ask the desired questions in order to transfer proprietorship of a certain amount of that fruit. However, only two

miles and a half across the Sound, in Denmark, every educated person is supposed to speak German, and many of the tradespeople do likewise; so, framing the neatest little sentence we could command, we boldly entered. But our linguistic effort seemed to produce no other effect than that of bewilderment. For certain reasons we did not like to admit that he thought we were not speaking distinctly enough; but being desirous of gaining our point, we repeated more slowly and distinctly than before, when to our utter amazement the proprietor said, without a shadow of foreign accent:

"Do you speak English, sir?"

Completely dumbfounded at hearing pure American-spoken English in that small, one-room, Swedish variety-store, we half stammered our assent and the desired business was transacted. Before leaving we could not refrain from asking:

"How is it that you speak English so perfectly?"

"Oh, I lived for about twelve years in Providence, R. I.; but my wife being unable to stand the climate, we returned to Sweden."

Leaving Helsingborg by the train for the north we next stopped at the busy commercial rival of Stockholm, Göteborg or Gotenburg. It was here that the Gotenburg Licensing System was introduced, a system which was introduced in Stockholm in 1877 and which, although giving rise to much controversy, is said to have reduced the amount of drunkenness very materially. The main features of the system are that a company is empowered to buy up all licenses and existing rights, and to open a limited number of places for the sale of as pure spirits as can be obtained. The salaried managers of the company have no interest whatever in the sale of the spirits, and the company itself, which is under the supervision of the municipality, retain but a five per cent interest on the

capital invested and turn the balance of the profits over to the civic authorities.

Much of the country along the line of this western road is, as far as can be seen from the car windows, uninteresting, and, were it not for the pleasant opportunities of breaking the journey at Gotenburg, Trollhättan, Fredrikshald, and Sarpsborg, would become tiresome. Trollhättan is a small manufacturing town famous for its falls. An immense volume of water, developing, it is estimated, 220,000 horse-power, is poured over that series of falls and rapids for a distance of 1,600 yards, breaking on the islands in the river, dashing over the rugged stones, seething and writhing in the wildest confusion. At Fredrikshald, which is just over the border in Norway, stands the once important fortress of Fredrikssten, behind which Charles XII. lost his life in 1718, while besieging the place. The town is charmingly situated on both banks of the Tistedals-Elv, near the point where it enters the Ide Fjord. The fortress stands on a rocky eminence behind the town, a grim but picturesque reminder of the fierce contentions which have taken place between the Swedes and Norwegians. The attraction at Sarpsborg is the beautiful Sarpsfos, a huge waterfall one hundred and sixteen feet wide, plunging seventy-four feet over jagged rocks, tossing its spray and foam in all directions.

Norway's beautiful capital, Christiania, is situated at the foot of pine-clad hills, at the northern end of Christiania Fjord. Although differing entirely in its general appearance from Stockholm, it holds very high rank among the Scandinavian cities for beauty of situation, many claiming for it a rival position with the Swedish capital, while some accord it first rank. Its University, and the close association of Ibsen and Björnson, give to the city a decidedly literary atmosphere. The

many beautiful places on the Fjord and on the wooded hills afford excellent opportunities for short excursions, while from Christiania one can start to best advantage on many of the famous inland excursions.

Christiania is the residence of the King during a portion of each year. The palace, which is conspicuously situated in Slotspark on the heights at the west of the town, is more substantial in its appearance than it is elegant. The city possesses a goodly number of museums and an art gallery, none of which holds a conspicuous position when compared with the world's array. One virtue, however, in Christiania, is of paramount importance, and that is the old Viking ship unearthed at Gogstad, near the town of Sandefjord, in 1880.

Anything that will throw light upon the life and habits of those bold rovers of the North we naturally welcome with much interest. A ship-tomb, for such they were, was discovered in the parish of Tune in 1867, and created considerable sensation. The keel was forty feet long, but the upper portion had entirely disappeared. The find of Mr. Nicolaysen in 1880 is of far greater importance, as the blue clay in which it was embedded had preserved it from decay. The keel of this vessel is sixty-six feet long, while the vessel's entire length is over a hundred feet. Owing to the perishable material of which those old crafts were constructed, most of those which were buried have almost entirely decayed.

The vessel found at Gokstad is entirely of oak. The boards are connected with iron nails, and the seams caulked with oakum. The connection of the plank with the frame is effected by the following means. In the top sides, nails of wood and of iron have been used; elsewhere they have been bound together with tough roots of trees, which are passed through holes in the under side

of the frame and through corresponding holes in cleats which are made one with the planking. Such mode of fastening was possibly adopted to counteract the injurious effect of expansion and contraction in the wood when alternately wet and dry.

The ship has one mast for sail, and is also provided with oars. The oars, sixteen on each side, were plied through holes cut in the third plank from the top. The oars are about eighteen or twenty feet long, varying slightly, according as they had to serve at the ends of the vessel or amidships. There seems to be no trace of seats for the rowers, and no adequate accommodations for the crew while on long voyages. It was customary in the ships of the period to arrange for stretching a tent-cloth over some part of the deck to protect from rainy weather. On this ship the four supports for such a covering were found, together with fragments of the cloth and cords. Under the loose boards which were placed for decking there was a section amidships for stowing away the various articles belonging to the vessel or the crew.

The rudder is hung by a rope on the right-hand side of the ship a little forward of the stern post, as was the custom of the time and for several centuries later; hence the term "starboard," or steering-board.

In the centre of the ship is a large grave-chamber. The sides are of round logs formed like a gable roof. The ends are of planks. In this chamber the remains of the dead chief were deposited upon a bed. Unfortunately, the tomb had been visited by grave-robbers long before its discovery in 1880, and articles of especial value, and the implements of war, removed. The fragments of the three smaller boats, however, which were found, together with the portion of an anchor, of a landing-stage, of four sleeping-berths, of a finely carved wooden chair, and the variety of kitchen utensils give an excellent idea of the fittings of those old crafts. The bones of at least twelve horses and six dogs were found in various parts of the mound, showing the custom of animal sacrifice on such burial occasions.

Although this method of disposing of the dead is more helpful to modern students, another method seems grander and more suggestive of the life and faith of those bold rovers.

Sometimes the Viking follower of Odin directed that his dead, or dying, body should be placed upon his largest ship, and, with full sail set, that the fatal fire should be lighted which would burn the vessel to the water's edge as the chief sailed his beloved ocean for the last time — alone.

College News.

A Tribute of Love.

The first Saturday in the new year was a red-letter day in the history of the College. It witnessed the culmination of a plan which for several weeks has united all the students, old and new, in a common purpose,—to celebrate the twentieth birthday of Emerson College

by a personal testimonial to its founder and head.

This plan, originated by the students, and carried into effect by the personal efforts of a large committee from the present student body, was at once welcomed by the alumni and the Faculty as an unwonted opportunity.



ELEANOR GORDON BARRETT.

There was some question as to what would be the most fitting way of honoring our president. It was desired that the testimonial should be at once appropriate and really representative of the entire student body. It was known that twenty years ago Dr. Emerson had crossed the ocean with a view to traveling in the Old World, and that he was recalled from England before visiting the continent. Soon after, he founded Emerson College, and since then has given himself unreservedly to the welfare of the students,—his time, his strength, and his highest thought. During all these years he has not really known a vacation. His summers have been devoted to the summer school, to the formulation of his principles in text-books for our use, and to plans of work for each succeeding year. It was also known that Greek art has been studied in Dr. Emerson's home this season, and that Dr. Emerson has expressed a desire to visit the Old World and stand on classic ground. So, in view of these facts, and of the fact that President Emerson is now free from the cares of the business management of the College, it was decided that nothing more fitting could be offered him than a summer in Europe.

The only difficulty has been that of preventing any rumor of the enterprise from reaching Dr. Emerson's ears. The zeal of the students in promoting the plan has been equalled only by their discretion and self-restraint in keeping the secret.

Finally the day came, and with it came many old students and friends of the College. Dr. Emerson, in his noon-day lecture, spoke with all his usual force and earnestness. His theme was, "Teachers and Teaching in Oratory." After a discussion of the essential elements in the teaching of oratory, he dwelt especially upon the power of harmony; and, as a promise for the new

century, he asked first Faculty and then students to rise and pledge themselves anew to harmony. His remarks for the new year made a happy setting for the surprise which was to follow. Dr. Emerson found his audience even more responsive than usual. It was becoming doubtful whether they could keep within bounds a minute longer, when, Dr. Emerson having ended his discourse, Miss Hunter, of the class of 1902, came forward and addressed him as follows:—

Dr. Emerson:—

I have a message for you. Twenty years of your life have you labored among us, and taught us—not in *word* alone, but in *deed*—to love one another. Year after year have you gently led us from narrowness of desire and purpose; day by day opened to us a larger horizon, a nobler view of life.

Patiently have you waited for us to grow to a comprehension of the wisdom of your plans, and the depth of your understanding of our needs. Slowly have *we* learned that the *best* of Emerson College is not in the curriculum, invaluable as are the offerings made. It has remained for you to teach us that we shall not seek a graceful carriage, a sweetly modulated voice, a smooth delivery, as ends in themselves, but rather as the expression of the soul's highest sentiments, its loftiest purposes. You have taught us this not by precept only—your daily life has been our highest incentive, a living example of all that can be attained by patient striving after noble ends.

We have known that our every struggle was appreciated by you, that every victory met your instant recognition; and with the beacon of your smile of commendation leading us on, the hard work has counted as nothing.

You have asked for nothing but our steady growth in good works. Would it were ten times greater, if "only to stand high in *your* account"—you, the great light that our little lights so dimly reflect; you, the great love that our little loves so feebly requite.

During this score of years you have persistently turned away from any testimonial of gratitude for your untiring labor of love; you have repeatedly requested your students to give—give—but not to you. It is possible that the seed of obedience has not yielded so fruitful a harvest in your present

family as in the preceding ones; it is possible that we are the wilful children; but, we have learned in some place, at some time, that it is the erring ones who come a little nearer to the parent's heart, and who may be absolutely sure of forgiveness. In view of this, we, whose great privilege it is to be guided by you this year—we have dared to disregard your wishes, and offer you a tribute of love.

We have remembered your injunctions to be unselfish in our joy, and so have shared it with all Emersonians. Gratitude for the opportunity of sharing this happiness has been acknowledged in letters which I am sure it will be your delight to read.

I cannot refrain from quoting from one letter what seems to be especially appropriate at this moment. It is this: "We (of the nineteenth century) can see the presentation only in the mind's eye, but we *shall* see it there, and we shall feel the vibratory waves of Emersonianism as they are set in motion on that Saturday. I think the loving heart-throbs of all the scattered alumni will set in flow one great current of love, which will arrive at Odd Fellows' Hall at the proper time and blend with and augment the current of present happiness."

Knowing that the coming summer will be the first to find you free from college responsibilities, we hope that you may be able to spend the time abroad. To that end, I tender you, in the names of all who have loved you, one thousand dollars, as a New Year's gift. The autograph of each donor accompanies it. We wish you to feel that our plan for you is not in the least obligatory. *Our* greatest pleasure is to serve yours; and any disposition you make of the purse will be entirely satisfactory to us all.

Take it, Doctor, and with it our loving wishes for a Happy New Year.

Miss Hunter presented the gift in a handsome silver box, which contained also the cards bearing the autographs of the donors. As Dr. Emerson received it, the students rose in a body and wished him "a happy New Year!"

The surprise could not have been more complete. Dr. Emerson was deeply moved. As soon as he could speak, he responded:—

I am not used to this sort of thing. While I feel so much at home in your hearts, yet I

feel a little strange under the circumstances. What can I say? I am glad you do not need to hear me talk. What I would say your hearts are already saying.

This is the greatest surprise of my life. How you all did this thing without my knowing of it I can't quite understand. I think you must have learned the lesson that we used to be taught when I was a child,—not to tell tales out of school; more than that, you have learned not to tell tales in school. [Mrs. Emerson here interposed a comment.] Mrs. Emerson says, "Women *can* keep a secret!" The old saying is that you should never trust a married woman, because she can't keep a secret from her husband. I don't know whether Mrs. Emerson knew anything about this thing or not; but if she did, I can testify that she knows how to keep a secret.

My dear friends, I wish I could say fitting words,—words which I would like to think of afterwards as expressive of my feeling to you on this occasion, but I cannot. I would like to address you all in addressing the one who was your mouthpiece and your hand on this occasion. But I have no words that will satisfy me when I shall recall them afterwards. While this occasion will come back to me as a pleasure, as a deep, sweet joy, I shall always feel a little shadow on it,—that I could not tell you how grateful I am. Grateful for the money? Yes. But, oh, incomparably more grateful for what the money expresses,—your heart's love and confidence. And in it I feel a pledge for the future.

I do not know that I could have chosen a better subject, if I had known what you were going to do. I do not know that we teachers could have given a pledge that meant more if we had all pledged ourselves anew in view of this development that has here presented itself.

I never feel like taking even a cheer from you, a clap of the hand, without hoping that every teacher here knows that that cheer is for him. So, the spirit that you manifest to me I shall construe (and I trust they all will) as a manifestation of your love and good-will to them. For we are one little band, and we are working together as best we can for the good of mankind.

If so be that I find that I can follow out this sweet suggestion that you have made while presenting this testimonial of your love and confidence,—if I do go out upon the deep, the ocean will sing to me as it never sung before. It will sing of love—yes, it has

sung that to me before; for it has ever seemed the mighty organ of God, sounding the deep, diapason notes that suggest Infinity. But now there will be a voice rising above all this thunder and roar of the elements, the voice of the one who voiced your thoughts, I am sure, while presenting this to me. And the ocean will chant what has come from your hearts, the glory of the power of love, which will go with me; and in those notes I shall read the prophecy of the future of this College.

To me this College has been more than mortal life. I have loved it more dearly than I have loved anything else that might be said to be of earth; and I have ever been looking forward, as well as at the present. I wanted here to plant the tree so deep that nothing should ever root it up, the tree that blossoms forth into this system of oratory, which begins in the worship of God and the love of mankind. Many things have prophesied it, but it seems to me that the sweetest of all the notes that I have heard of this prophecy have come from your voice this morning, as it has sounded from the lips of the one who made the presentation; in those notes I heard an echo as deep as the fountain of love, resounding in the heart of every student present; and not only in those present, but in those who know of your meeting to-day; and not only in those who know of it, but in the others who do not consciously participate in the joys of giving. To them I wish to express my thanks and gratitude.

It is a day ever to be remembered, not merely for this gift,—for which you would not have me remember it,—but forever to be remembered as the day in which I felt the right to stand before an audience—the occasion makes it proper to do so—and acknowledge your love and your kindness in words.

I thank you, and I thank those for whom you speak, whose hearts are beating with you.

This College is not, in its great growth and magnitude to-day, the result of any cunning, or of any special device. It is the result of love—loving good, and loving truth, and loving one another, and loving the students that we are called upon to teach.

Dr. Emerson, in closing, pronounced the benediction, which seemed the natural closing of the period of reciprocal assurances of confidence and love.

Our New Dean.

We are authorized to publish the following correspondence:—

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY,
Boston, Dec. 17, 1900.

PROFESSOR H. L. SOUTHWICK:

My Dear Sir,—By the authority vested in me as president of the Emerson College of Oratory, I hereby appoint you Dean of the Emerson College of Oratory.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

1412 PINE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Dec. 20, 1900.

DR. C. W. EMERSON,

President Emerson College of Oratory:

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of December 20, appointing me Dean of the Emerson College of Oratory. With the understanding that I may be relieved from such care as would conflict with the discharge of my present duties at Philadelphia, it is with great pleasure that I accept at your hands this office of honor and of trust.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

Report of the Library Committee.

In answer to the many inquiries as to the financial outcome of the Steinert Hall course of Shakespearian Recitals presented under the direction of Prof. Henry L. Southwick for the benefit of the college library, the Library Committee takes pleasure in announcing that the handsome sum of \$350 has been netted for the cause. In consideration of the fact that the expenses of such a course were necessarily large, all who are interested in the success of the enterprise are gratified by the result.

The library owes its existence to a series of entertainments, all of which were organized and directed by Professor Southwick, whose personal efforts have thus contributed over \$1,500 to the library, including the proceeds of the recent Steinert Hall course. With the added sum from this course the effectiveness of the library will be greatly in-

creased. It is hoped that as soon as the College is transferred to its new home in the Chickering Building, where ample accommodation has been provided for the books, a substantial addition may be made to the number of volumes now on the shelves.

Although the size of the library is comparatively small, the choice of books can scarcely be excelled, and every volume has been selected with the greatest care to supply the needs of an institution like the Emerson College of Oratory.

There have been donations of books by individuals from time to time. To the donors the committee desire to express their thanks, with the sincere wish that the example of those who have already contributed in this manner will be emulated by others who have the good of the cause at heart. The gifts, however, have not been numerous, the bulk of the library having been furnished in the manner explained.

The interest in the library is increasing, with a corresponding use of the books, and there is a growing demand for more books. It is to be hoped that whatever may be attempted in the future towards the enlargement of the present collection will receive the hearty support of every friend of the College.

WALTER B. TRIPP,
Chairman Library Committee.

The Faculty Recital.

A large audience assembled in Odd Fellows' Hall on the afternoon of January 2, the opening day of the term. The occasion was a Faculty Recital, the proceeds of which, as the bills announced, were to be devoted to a "student enterprise." It was understood among the students that this enterprise was the secret project of the New Year's tribute to Dr. Emerson, a fact which could not be made public until later.

The recital, originated and planned by Mrs. Southwick, was presented by the Faculty as their portion in the general testimonial to President Emerson. After a word of greeting from Dr. Emerson, the following program was presented:—

(a) "My Springs,"	<i>Lanier</i>
(b) "The Song of the Chattahoochee,"	
Miss Tobey	
Scenes from "The Rivals,"	<i>Sheridan</i>
Mr. Southwick and Mr. Tripp	
"The Lost Word,"	<i>Van Dyke</i>
Miss Lamprell	
"The Spanish Duel,"	<i>Waller</i>
Mr. Alden	
"Grandfather's Reverie,"	<i>Parker</i>
Mrs. Emerson	
Closet Scene from "Hamlet,"	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Mr. Kidder and Miss Smith	
Songs—(a) "Sir Marmaduke,"	<i>Sargent</i>
(b) "Gipsy Song No. 4,"	<i>Dvorak</i>
(c) "Song of Faith,"	<i>Chaminade</i>
Mr. Kenney	
"An Angel's Wickedness,"	<i>Corelli</i>
Miss Noyes	
"Just Like Other Folks,"	<i>Haight</i>
Miss King	
"Plantation Melodies,"	<i>Selected</i>
Miss Blalock	
"The Swiss Good-Night,"	<i>Griffith</i>
Mrs. Southwick	

Miss Gatchell's name was also on the program, but she was unable to appear on account of illness.

Any comment on the inspiration of the afternoon would be superfluous. The opportunity of hearing so many members of the Faculty on one occasion was an exceptional one, and was hailed with delight by the students and friends of the College.

The Southwick Literary Society.

A Students' Recital was given under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society in Berkeley Hall, Wednesday, December 12, at 2.30 P.M. Each class

was represented, and a most pleasing and varied program was the result. It was expected that Miss Gracia Bacon, '00, of the graduate class, would give the closing number, but illness prevented her appearance.

The program presented was as follows:—

Piano Solo, *Impromptu*
Viola Vivian, '02.

"Love's Sacrifice" (specially arranged),
De La Rame
Gertrude Kellog, '03

"Virginia of Virginia," *Rives*
Ethel Clariet Brownell, '02

"An Object of Love," *Wilkins*
Bertha E. Pettengill, '01

Vocal Solo, "The Snowflake,"
Florence Butler, New England Conservatory

"Helene Thamre," *Phelps*
Grace E. Melcher, special student

"Jin'in' Farms," *Field*
Bert Foland, '01

Vocal Solo,
Miss Butler

"For Dear Old Yale," *Langston*
Miss Edith Herrick, '00

Our Visitors.

Recent lecturers at the College were Mr. Edwards, founder and principal of the Colored Industrial College, at Snow Hill, Ala., and Dr. Koehner, a prominent lecturer on ethical, philosophical, and sociological themes.

The former spoke eloquently of his work in the Black Belt of the South. He is a graduate of Tuskegee Institute, and is employing its methods in bettering the condition of the people of Snow Hill and the surrounding territory. The students claimed the privilege of making a Christmas offering to this great cause.

We shall not dwell upon the brilliant address of Dr. Koehner, as we hope to be able to present an outline of it later. The theme was, "The New Aristocracy, or the Aristocracy of the People." The

address was remarkable, in conception, in scope, and in treatment of the theme.

Our New Home.

A recent number of the *Music Trade Review* contains the following notice of our new college home: "As stated briefly in last week's *Review*, the principal part of the new Chickering Hall Building, Boston, is to be occupied by the Emerson College of Oratory, the largest institution of the kind in America. This school, which is at present located at the Odd Fellows' Building, has had an exceptional growth since it was founded, twenty years ago, by Charles Wesley Emerson, who is still its president. Henry Lawrence Southwick, as dean, takes direction of the management at the present time. Emerson College is a school of expression in all its phases,—dramatic, oratoric, and literary. Pedagogy, literature, psychology, and various other branches are included in the liberal culture for which the school stands.

"A new and better fitted college home has long been desired, and it is felt that the admirable equipment of Chickering Hall Building will furnish every facility required. The outlook of the school is very promising. Mr. and Mrs. Southwick and W. H. Kenney, in assuming the business management, will co-operate with President Emerson in strengthening and broadening all departments of study."

The Philosophy of Gesture.

We take the liberty to present one of the letters daily received in the Publishing Department, speaking of the need met by Dr. Emerson's latest publication:—

Dear Dr. Emerson,—Several days ago I ordered your new book on gesture, and I feel that I must write to you what I would say if I were still one of your pupils. I cannot put into words the inspiration which the book has given to me. It is almost like sitting on the front row to hear one of your Saturday

lectures. I know that I shall teach the Emerson philosophy this year more truly and earnestly for having "The Philosophy of Gesture." For that and for everything else which I have received from you, I thank you with my whole heart.

Faithfully yours,

MADELIA HART TUTTLE, '97.

Hornellsville, N. Y.

In Memoriam.

Dr. Sarah E. Sherman passed from this life Dec. 6, '00, after an illness of one year.

A year ago Dr. Sherman was obliged to leave the professional duties which had for years commanded so much of her time and strength. She would take no vacation until necessity enforced rest. For several months she travelled in the South and West, but as her health gradually declined she returned East and spent the summer months in Dr. Emerson's country home in Vermont.

The last weeks, which were marked by intense suffering, were spent in Dr. Sherman's beautiful home in Salem. With her were the nearest friends: Mrs. Sanborn, the sister, Mr. E. E. Sherman, the brother, and, during the last days, Dr. and Mrs. Emerson.

The friendship between Dr. Emerson and Dr. Sherman was a rare one. For more than thirty years they had been closely associated in interests and aspirations. So our hearts followed Dr. Emerson with prayer and sympathy when he went from us to be with our friend to the last.

Dr. Sherman was strong and self-reliant and serene throughout her long illness. Although attended by several medical advisers, she diagnosed her own case and gave specific directions to her attendants as to change of treatment upon the appearance of symptoms likely to be presented.

The beautiful funeral service was held in the First Unitarian Church in Salem,

December 8, and was attended by a great throng of fellow townsmen, a large representation from the Faculty and student body of Emerson College, and many others to whom she had endeared herself by her life service.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Beane, for many years Dr. Sherman's pastor in Salem, but now located in Newburyport. Dr. Beane spoke for us all in his tribute to our friend:—

My place is surely among the mourners to-day; but I would not, for that reason, forego the opportunity to say something of that which is enshrined in my memory and heart. For nearly twenty-five years, from her early womanhood, and her first going forth to her vocation in life, I have known the woman whom we have met to honor. It was my privilege to be among the first to welcome her to Salem, and to introduce her to this community. She brought letters of introduction and commendation; but their use was only momentary. She brought, and carried with her wherever she went, ample and unfailing testimonials—in her own personality. Very soon she became our living epistle written in our hearts. From the first she made her own way, and did not need that it should be prepared for her. Her bright intellectual talents, her ever womanly character, her faithful and tireless activity in her profession, her grateful presence with the invalid, her earnest and musical voice pleading in private and public for good causes, her judgment in council, and her human and humane sympathies, without pretence, and without exclusion to any human being, made her life here a success from the beginning; and its influence grew with the years, till outside her profession it pervaded the entire community, and her name became one of the few which the people were most fond of pronouncing.

Like nearly all persons who attain to great strength and influence, she, under divine Providence, shaped her own career, chose and qualified herself for her own life-work, fixed and followed her own ideals—without those external aids which are coveted by nearly all, but which so often weaken the power of personal resolution, and leave the life dependent and effeminate. Of good parentage, of that beautiful and strong-souled

mother whose last bright days were spent in Salem; born among the hills and an enthusiastic lover of nature from her first awaking to thoughtful life; with wholesome nurture of body, mind, and heart; happily spared the luxuries and distractions which are too apt to weaken and dissipate the growing powers; earning, with active energy, every attainment and promotion of her life;— what wonder is it that her young womanhood was characterized by such naturalness, sincerity, love of work, and almost greed of usefulness as made her coming here, into a broader field of action, a positive and welcome contribution to the city's best life?

I just now alluded to our friend's sincerity; it was perhaps her supreme quality. She was what she seemed; she spoke only what she knew or believed, doing it with all deference and charity, but without sly or timorous reserve; no guesswork or half-knowledge satisfied her; because she saw so clearly the things of which she spoke, and had nothing to conceal or disguise, therefore her language had the combined virtues of mature insight and childlike simplicity. How undisguised, how unmistakable, was she, in our home parlors, in her office, and at her patients' bedside, in her judgment and advice, in her religious and social convictions! Wherever we found her, it was firm earth, and clear air, and blue sky.

It was this transparency of mind and speech, this union of wisdom with clear simplicity, that gave her power to interest and draw around her all kinds and conditions of people. If she lectured upon a medical or a social subject, the intelligent and the ignorant were alike attracted into listening.

Consequently, by the same magnetic and unifying power she contributed—no one, perhaps, has done it so largely—to draw the people of this city socially together, to introduce people of different classes to each other, she being the happy centre; to bring valuable persons, who by family traditions or by some other accident had lived apart as strangers, into cordial acquaintance and appreciation of one another; and so to combine, and reinforce, and multiply the best powers of the community. From sumptuous mansions and from poor homes with bare walls,—from both alike, and with equal stress, I have heard the fond words: "My friend, Dr. Sherman."

I have often dwelt upon the results of this noble woman's life—accomplished, mostly

unknown to herself, by the force and charm of her example—upon her own sex, and especially the generation just looking forward to real life. The ever womanly and ever graceful manner in which she fulfilled her own calling put it into many a young maiden's heart to covet some life-business, to be of use in some definite and studious way; not to live in mental indifference or dissipation; to earn her own existence and subsistence in the world; to do some one kind of the world's great work fruitfully, and with the utmost possible beauty of performance. For many such young people of her sex she unconsciously prepared the way and set the standard. By word, and by fair and winsome illustrations in her own career, she appealed to her younger sisters to turn their minds and hands to real and earnest labor. By ennobling one profession, and by herself shrinking from no needed toil, however humble in itself, she did much to fix the certainty that all useful industry and enterprise are honorable—that whatever of good a woman's hands can do can be done in a womanly spirit, and in a queenly fashion.

The women of a much wider field than Salem have had in our friend a sagacious and dignified counsellor, an encouraging and inspiring sister at their side, and a magnetic and almost venerated leader at the front.

Of her career as a physician no words are needed now. Ever on the alert for the latest knowledge pertaining to her profession; carrying calm, and gentleness, and good cheer, and boundless sympathy, and a brave and contagious courage, into every anxious home; honored with high offices in the medical fraternity, and often consulted by her fellow physicians when some human life trembled in the balance;—we all know what appreciation and gratitude her unremitting and unsleeping devotion to her divine calling has quickened and left burning in hundreds of hearts.

In the School Board, as lecturer in an institution of liberal learning, as trustee of a university,—no dull, blind service, nothing short of the best she had, or could be, was ever rendered by her in such offices.

Our friend seemed always strong. In her poorest health previous to the final prostration she gave us the impression of being well, and with power and courage to spare.

It seems almost strange—almost impossible—that she could die. It was so out of her custom to care for herself, till all others

had been cared for! She was the one that was never weary in the presence of those who needed her. She saved others, but alas, as was said in a little different sense of the dear One of old, she did not save herself. As truly and nobly as any person who has ever lived, she gave her life away, away to others, till the fountain grew low, and the life-forces—all but those of heart and soul—ran out at last.

Friends, I have no analysis to make of her whose going from us has called us together so sacredly here to-day. Let her stand to us, now and always, in her real and living personality—life of our lives, joy of our rejoicing. Our lives are better, I am sure, because this person's life has been lived with us, and for us. Many of us are braver, I know, because this endeared friend faced the realities of time and eternity, and had no fear or trembling. The world has a degree more of brightness to us because to this rare soul there was no despair, no misanthropy, no blinding cloud of doubt. We must needs be a little broader-minded because all humanity were of her recognized and welcome kindred. A little more religious let us, her intimate associates, be, because she never doubted the love of God, and because she went the way of self-sacrifice and human helpfulness that Jesus went; because for her every day it was good to live, and delightful to work and serve, and to her this was surely the Heavenly Father's world, with a heaven, and a heaven of heavens beyond.

Sleep, beloved one, sleep!

Thy dear sweet memory in our hearts abides;
More dear and sweet as time more swiftly glides,
Most dear, most sweet, for that to which it guides.
Sleep, beloved one, sleep!

Wake, deathless one, wake!

The life thou lovedst loves thee still for aye;
It had no kinship with thy perishing clay,
But crowns thy forehead with Eternal Day!
Thou waitest for thine own—lighting the way.
Wake, deathless one, wake!

Dr. Beane was followed by the Rev. Mr. Farnham of the First Baptist Church in Salem. Mr. Farnham spoke as follows:—

When the request came to my home that I should be present here this afternoon and pay a brief tribute to the memory of our departed friend, the youngest member of our household—a little girl of seven years—looked up sympathetically into my face and

said, "Papa, I don't see how you can do it."

A few days before the same little heart protested against being told that her dear Dr. Sherman was very ill: "Please don't tell me, it makes me feel so sad." You will pardon, if need be, these testimonies from the home-life; but somehow to my mind they utter deep and tender truths. I suspect that this little child has as good a right to have her loving tribute spoken here to-day as has any one, and if the silent heart could speak, I think it would demand simplicity and childlike sincerity in all this service. If I mistake not, it is a tribute that might be brought from many a home in this community.

After all has been said that shall seem wise and fitting to be spoken here, how much will be left unsaid! Is any one prepared to tell to-day what a hold this quiet, queenly woman had upon the hearts of a multitude of people? How noiselessly she moved about, and yet with what dignity and true womanly grace and strength! I shall not attempt characterization of her further than this: she impressed us alike, I think, as a true woman,—gentle, refined, sincere, self-effacing, ever ready to serve the lowliest, so that

"Deeds of weekday holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor did she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless;"

courageous, strong in her convictions, yet marvellously self-controlled, intelligent in a very high degree, calmly persistent, enduring, kind.

Sarah E. Sherman was cast in a generous mould. There must have been contributions from many sources to make such a character. I am sure she must have had a noble ancestry. Doubtless her native Green Mountains did much for her. Sometime, somewhere, she had noble teachers. Her high ideals were her perpetual instructors. They girded her soul and led her on to worthy achievement. Her swift passage from us adds another mystery to the many we cannot solve. Earth is poorer for her going. But it would be wholly untrue to her example, it would be unworthy her memory, to linger long or hopelessly at her bier. She could speak freely to her dear ones of her departure, and she would not have them mourn as those without hope.

I have somewhere read of a tomb in a foreign city which had been built for a man

of marked influence and power. Upon the tomb was carved, as emblematic, the semblance of a door nearly closed, through which the man himself had withdrawn from sight, yet so that his hand remained visible, holding up a lighted torch. The man had gone, but his light shone still. Is not this true of the one to whom we have been compelled to say good-bye? She has disappeared from our sight, but the steady, pure light of her useful life illumines still the hard paths we have yet to tread. The world is brighter, toil is easier, self-mastery is a more real thing, suffering can be better endured, because she has wrought among us her life's ministry.

Such a woman I believe was Sarah E. Sherman:—

"One who never turned her back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph;
Held we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better; sleep
to wake."

Personals.

Mr. E. E. Sherman, formerly corresponding secretary of the College, was greeting his friends at Emerson not long ago. The hearts of the students are with him in his recent bereavement.

Miss Mary Bass Merritt, Assistant Principal of the Laurel Institute, of Cleveland, visited with Dr. and Mrs. Emerson during the holidays. Miss Merritt was present at the first Saturday lecture, on which occasion she was warmly welcomed by the students.

To C. W. E. — A New Century's Greeting.

EMILY LOUISE MCINTOSH, '97.

O MASTER, teacher, more than friend,
Great soul from Heaven to bless this earth,
We welcome thee, and bid God-speed;
May blessings know no dearth.

We love thee for the golden words
That oft have showered our hearts with good.
We bless thee for the quickening touch
That wakens souls to brotherhood.

We reverence thee for those vast halls
Unlocked for us, where Truth doth dwell.
Our guide, our leader, here we bow;
The whole, words cannot tell.

Explorer of the soul's vast realm,
Interpreter of God's great laws,
May He grant years to hold the helm
Of this, thy mighty cause.

We need the accent of thy voice,
Proclaiming philosophic truth;
We need the searchlight of thy mind
To pierce the mists of youth.

We need thy tender, yearning love,
That speaks us comfort where 't is dark,
And, like a shore-light, harbor finds
For us from sorrow's bark.

The length and breadth of our great land,
And far across the widest seas,

We hear love's grateful tribute rise
For blessings such as these.

We stand and face the years that lie
Outspread, a harvest-field,
And wish, great reaper for the Truth,
That each its wealth may yield.

Look back and see rich gardens fair,
The lives of those you 've blessed
By harmonizing thought and act
When they in anguish pressed

Forward, eager for the way
To make their living true —
And lo! the good God faced them right;
Christlight was brought by you.

And where life jangled, all unstrung,
Love played upon the keys,
And lo! here, master, thy reward,
In living, such as these

Pour out a joyous offering
On hearts that know not light,
And say in leal and faithful souls:
"Thou *Christianized* my sight!

"I come to rightly understand,
By teaching such as thine,
What *service* means,—to truly serve
Approaches the divine!"

Alumni Notes.

Mr. Paul, '97, is doing special work in the College this winter.

Miss Louise Downer, '98, has been a welcome visitor during the past few days.

Mr. Joseph Crosby, '98, spent several hours with his friends at the College early this term.

Miss Daisy Earle, '96, and Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder, '98, have entered for graduate work.

Miss May N. Rankin, '00, is occupying the Chair of Oratory in Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis.

Miss Romaine Billingsley, '98, of Beaver College, Penn., spent her recent vacation in Boston, engaging in special work in the College.

Miss Emily Louise McIntosh, '97, is the head of the Emerson Department of Physical Culture and Expression at the Detroit Institute of Music.

Miss Ellen Dole, '97, has been called to take charge of the Department of Oratory and Physical Culture in the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y.

Word has been received of the recent death of a member of the class of '93, George Edmund Hasie. Mr. Hasie was a successful barrister in Centerville, R. I.

Mrs. Della Mayhew Smith, '91, is conducting large classes in Brockton, Stoughton, and Campello. At her seventh annual recital the little drama, "A Fighting Chance," was successfully produced. Mrs. Smith aims at a thorough groundwork in the principles of the College, dwelling on the evolution of expression during three years. At intervals she introduces various members of the Emerson College Faculty before her classes, to lecture on the various phases of the College work.

Miss Alice Gore, '99, who has private classes at her home in Dorchester, was a recent visitor at the College.

Miss Lillian Mae Cairns, '97, having resigned her recent position in West La Fayette College, has been called to succeed Miss Ruff, '99, in the Edinboro State Normal School, Edinboro, Penn.

Miss Margaret Golden Cox, '99, is teacher of reading in the schools of Dunmore, Penn. She devotes one half-hour each week to each of the forty-eight schools of the borough, and two hours to the High School. Miss Cox is meeting with marked success.

Miss Mae Elizabeth Stevens, '95, is doing what may be termed pioneer work in Seattle, Wash. Since she opened her studio in 36 Holyoke Building a year ago she has had large classes, and much success. She is the first in that field, which is not an easy one. Miss Stevens, however, is one who does not fail in commanding appreciation wherever she presents the Emerson principles. She has also won distinction as a reader throughout Puget Sound.

Among those who were with us on the first Saturday of the New Year were Mrs. Blanche Martin, '93, Miss Ethelwyn Drew, '99, Mr. Frederick Hall, '98, Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93, Miss Louise Downer, '98, Mrs. Edna Little Houck, '91, Mrs. Lillian A. Clark, '93, Miss Susie B. Marshall, '95, Miss Emma Frances Patch, '97, Miss May Edwards, '99, Miss Anna Whitehead, '94, Miss Ellen Andrews, '96, Miss Mabel Henderson, '97, Miss Ella Ball, '97, Mrs. Etta Collins-Beaman, '98, Miss Alice Hutchinson, '96, Dr. L. Alonzo Butterfield, '86, Chas. W. Paul, '97, Mrs. Priscilla Puffer, '98, Mrs. Anetta Robinson Moody, '00, Miss Fannie C. Luscomb, '96.



HON. JOHN W. DICKINSON.

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Contents.

Editorials	103
President Emerson's Lecture, "Teachers and the Teaching of Oratory"	107
The Philosopher and the Vision. <i>Frances Tobey.</i>	110
To Our Silent Children (Poem). <i>Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor.</i>	112
A Trip Through Scandinavia. <i>Charles Winslow Kidder.</i>	112
College News: Dr. Dickinson, Students' Recital, The Emerson Debating Society, Senior Class Organization, The Students' Aid Association, Emerson Alumni Association, Our New Home, The Passion Play, Mr. White and the Exposition, Mr. Grilley and Mr. Rogers, Personals	122
Sailing and Drifting (Poem). <i>Rachel L. Dithridge.</i>	127
Alumni Notes	127

Summons.*

They are blind and they are dead;
We will wake them as we go;
There are words have not been said;
There are sounds they do not know.
We will pipe and we will sing;
With the music and the spring,
Set their hearts a-wondering.

They are tired of what is old;
We will give it voices new—
For the half hath not been told
Of the Beautiful and True.
Drowsy eyelids shut and sleeping—
Heavy eyes oppressed with weeping!
Flashes through the lashes leaping!

Ye that have a pleasant voice,
Hither come without delay;
Ye will never have a choice
Like to that ye have to-day:
Round the wide world we will go,
Singing through the frost and snow
Till the daisies are in blow.

Ye that cannot pipe or sing,
Ye must also come with speed;
Ye must come and with you bring
Weighty words and weightier deed.

Helping hands and loving eyes,
These will make them truly wise—
Then will be our Paradise.
—George Macdonald.



The Artist the Man of Intellect.

PROFESSOR ROYCE, of Harvard, in a recent class-room lecture on Socrates, drew a distinction between the three types of partisans of the intellect. The classification is particularly interesting when considered in connection with President Emerson's address presented in this issue.

Professor Royce puts in the first class the type of the traditional sophist,—the man of negative ideas, to whom the intellectual process means a process of disillusionment. He is the keen critic; he discovers defects everywhere. When found in a deliberative body, he opposes objections to each plan proposed, but has himself no plan to offer. Professor Royce cites Hamlet as an example of this type, with what degree of fairness we shall not discuss here. However, it is very evident that Socrates does not belong to this class. Socrates is perfectly sure that the wise man will always know how to act. Right thinking always leads to right action.

The second type is that represented by the pedant, the man of abstractions which he borrows from the lore of the time. He has his little hoard of maxims which he can always apply. He learns a list of ideas and tries to think that list adequate to all occasions. Socrates is plainly not of this class. Every new situation meant to Socrates a new problem.

The third type of the partisan of the intellect is characterized by a union of freedom, thoroughness of inquiry, fresh

* Printed with his collected poems, but possibly written by a near friend.

intellectual life, and faith in his final opinion. The intellectual life is always new. Such natures will always depend upon the possession of many other characteristics besides intellect. The man of the third type combines with his interest in ideas an intuitive nature. He is a man of intuitions, of strong voluntary tendencies. He is guided by something deeper than his consciousness,—by a wholeness of character. He has strong sentiments, a decided will, an incorruptible naiveté. He is a man of feeling, but does not analyze his feelings; is sensitive, but no sentimentalist; is rational, because intuitive; is liberal, tolerant, clear-headed. Newton, Agassiz, and Goethe are examples of this type, and here we may classify Socrates.

Men of this type have listened to the "divine voice" which guided Socrates.

Socrates, a man of the intellect, held that "nobody is willingly base. The only vice is ignorance."

The sophists had shown people no positive ideals. Socrates sought for something to serve. He sought for the right, for truth. He was a free thinker, but no scoffer. He saw that all the wrong in the world springs from ignorance. People must be led to inquire for truth. We must find out what we mean by our fundamental conceptions, as justice, love, the state. The proper study of man is mankind. Human nature is essentially wise.

Socrates stands for definite thinking. Locke said that a man should have clear ideas. Socrates taught the same thing; and as a means to that end he conceived the idea of a definition. Earlier thinkers had framed no definitions. Socrates's logic demanded that man be able to define his conceptions and to illustrate them. The beginning of scientific logic we owe to Socrates.

This ideal of definite thinking is a basic principle in the Emerson philosophy of expression, as it must be in

any true system of education. Vocal expression is taught not by asking the pupil to assume and manifest a particular emotion. It is taught rather by presenting to his mind objects of thought which will induce the feeling, and leading him to respond in expression. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." The province of education in oratory is the promise of all education,—the culture and direction of the intellectual powers. This involves the culture of the sensibilities and the will.

The artist, whatever the form of his art, is the man of intellect. His art is not an abnormal ebullition of emotion; it is a definite and intelligible expression of a truth which his intellect has recognized—has recognized, moreover, as being truth for all men. It is true that his heart has responded to what his head has seen; it is true that the art product is warm from the glow of the soul; it is equally true that if another man could see the same truth another soul would be suffused in the same divine light. "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Dr. Emerson has recognized that if we would make men orators, actors, readers, we must lead them to think discriminatingly. Sensationalism and noise may have attracted the crowd yesterday—it will not long hold an audience to-day. The actors who have a hold on the hearts of English-speaking people to-day are the actors whose work is intellectual, clean-cut, scholarly—far removed from rant and melodrama. The orator who would exert any lasting influence upon the lives of men must do it through directing their thinking; he cannot hope to do it by startling them with sensationalism, by charming them with mellow tones and graceful gestures, or by hypnotizing them into acquiescence with his will.

When we shall have come into a perfect knowledge of relationships, when we

shall have learned the truth, which shall make us free, then we shall all be artists; then, indeed,

"Each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star

Shall paint the Thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are."



The Faculty of 1901-2.

We are authorized by Dean Southwick to announce in these columns that the entire Faculty of Emerson College has been re-engaged, and will unite with the students in making the year 1900-1901 a year of earnest, untiring effort, and, it is hoped, of signal attainment. The students will be glad to be assured that no one contemplates leaving the staff of teachers during the coming year.

Other interesting announcements may be looked for with the appearance of the Catalogue, which will be issued the first of April.



The Elective College Course.

The elective-course system has won another victory in the college world. Yale, one of the most conservative of the older and larger universities, has decreed that hereafter prescribed studies shall be limited to the Freshman year, and that the undergraduate shall be left free to choose his studies in the other three years. While Yale has made concessions to the changes in college courses of study, it has clung tenaciously to the old method of the prescribed course of study.

Partial elective courses have been in force in Harvard University for thirty years, and since 1884 even the Freshman courses have been elective. President Eliot, in his latest annual report, speaks as follows of the statistics based upon a careful study of the prevailing system: —

They confirm the results of previous inquiries in several important respects; thus

they prove that under a wide elective system there will be no extreme specialization and there will be a fair amount of judicious choice of correlated subjects. The general conclusion is that the boy of eighteen who has had a good training up to that age will ordinarily use the elective system wisely, and that the boy who has had an imperfect or poor training up to eighteen years is more likely to accomplish something worth while under an elective system than any other. The group system is the right one for professional schools in which the future career of every student is assumed to be determined. A student in arts and sciences, if he knows what his future profession is to be, may wisely choose his studies with reference to that profession; but to that end free election is what he needs, and not inflexible groups. The prudent student in arts and sciences who does not know what his profession is to be will choose his studies from among those which give him pleasure, and in which he has capacity to excel, because it should be somewhere in these fields that he should find his future calling.

We gladly welcome any manifestation of the growing tendency to respect the individuality of the student, and to permit him to develop along the line of the least resistance. The educational field at large must pay tribute to our great universities, with their opportunities for advanced specialization such as the smaller colleges could not, in the nature of things, offer. Yet often the strongest students in the graduate and professional courses in the university have come from the smaller college, with its general personal culture. And so we find men like Bishop Lawrence, Pres. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, and Prof. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, at the recent annual banquet of Williams College Alumni, in Boston, urging that Williams hold fast to the old academic ideals.



The Homes of Emerson College.

Friends of the College who remember its earlier days will welcome the little views of its birthplace. The building on Pemberton Square, where President Em-

erson founded the College in the fall of 1880, in two small rooms, was long ago torn down, and the Court House now occupies the site.

In the spring of 1886 the school was moved into Wesleyan Building, on Bromfield Street, where it occupied a number of comfortable rooms. In 1891 it became necessary to secure more commodious quarters, and Odd Fellows' Building became the home of the College. We present a group of kodak views, showing corners familiar to hundreds of students. The "snap-shot" in the centre shows President Emerson at Robinwood on Reception Day, in the act of extending a hand of greeting to Dr. Dickinson.

Before our next number is issued we shall be located in our spacious and elegant new home on Huntington Avenue. Views of the building will be presented later. The building is now completed, and the students are looking forward to the change with keen pleasure.



The Sarah E. Sherman Free Ward.

The following announcement, which has come to our notice, will interest all who have known Dr. Sherman in the class-room:—

The friends and patients of the late Dr. Sarah E. Sherman, being anxious to express their loving remembrance of her in some lasting and fitting memorial, are desirous of endowing a Free Ward in the Homeopathic Hospital about to be established in Salem.

It is thought that all who knew her, children as well as adults, will be eager to contribute, according to their means, to the endowment fund, thus making it a true memorial of her life and work.

While a list of contributors will be preserved, the amount contributed will not be recorded.

For a perpetual endowment, \$5,000 must be raised, and it is hoped this may be easily done.

All offerings will be received by Miss Annie A. Agge, 10 Linden Street, Salem, Mass.

No more fitting memorial could be established in the name of one who gave her life to alleviate suffering. Dr. Sherman's Emerson friends will be glad of this opportunity to unite with her fellow townsmen in an expression of gratitude for all that her life meant to them.



A New Loss.

This eventful year in Emerson College is marked by a new event which we are sad to record. In the midst of our rejoicing in the promise of a new home and in the outlook for a fruitful term, comes again the inevitable summons. Again one is called; and again we pause in the routine of class work for a glimpse of the larger realities, and to pay homage before the perfected life-work of a great man.

Dr. Dickinson was the senior member of the Faculty. His entire life had been given to the cause of education. He was with his classes until one week before his death. His last thought was for his pupils.

We need not speak here of the wide influence that Dr. Dickinson exerted upon the progress of education. He was recognized as one of the great educators of his day. His name is identified with logical methods, clearness of presentation, and thoroughness of discipline.

Those who knew him in close personal relations—and who in his classes did not?—mourn the loss of the friend even before that of the educator. The sweet simplicity of the man was a daily benediction. The beauty of his life was one of our highest incentives to ceaseless, aspiring effort.

Teachers and the Teaching of Oratory.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Ethel Karnan. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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IN these days, much is said about learning and teaching specialties. No specialty is worthy of the name of teaching unless it is educational. Persons have been known to teach fads; but these are short-lived. Whatever is truly educational is not short-lived, it is immortal; for whatever is educational develops the real man, unfolding the powers of his being.

The teaching of oratory, if rightly understood, means presenting principles and methods which unfold the powers of being. This is, of course, more or less true of everything that may be called teaching. Although you may teach oratory as a specialty, you must teach it so as to unfold the powers that are common to all men.

If I were asked to-day to define the teaching of oratory I should say, "It is teaching that which, if practised, unfolds the powers of being, and directs them toward influencing others by speech, by action, and, most of all, by presence."

Oratory, when properly understood, is to my mind the grandest subject that can be taught, because it has so directly to do with the whole man. It is not only teaching the man to unfold his powers, but teaching him so to apply the sum of his powers as to influence others toward truth, toward right, and toward beneficence.

The teaching of oratory involves the cultivation of the conscience. There is something in man that naturally loves truth. This is an activity which is native to man. He possesses it because he is an individual.

The God who made man sent him into this world with this potential love of truth. He does not come into the world with a knowledge of it, nor with a full development of it; but influences, by the providence of the Most High, are brought round him which develop his powers in this direction.

Man is born with an innate tendency to love *right*. He is not born with a knowledge of what right is. That is the study of a lifetime,— I believe it is one of the studies of eternity,— to know what right is in the concrete. What it is in the abstract it is easy to learn. What it is in the concrete we learn through experience.

This is not all that makes up the innate tendencies of being — and tendencies certainly are innate. Nobody has disagreed with Locke on this point. There is yet another tendency — one which perhaps will be harder to accept upon first presentation than the other two. Man is born with an innate tendency to love the welfare of all conscious beings. I started to say man is born with an innate tendency to love the human race; but he has a tendency in him toward something greater, more comprehensive, than this. He is born with a tendency to love *all* men; his friends as well as his enemies.

In some persons it requires a long time for the tendency to unfold; but it is there.

When we say man is born with an innate tendency to love God, this comprehends all. Who can love God, whom he has not seen, if he does not love his

brother, whom he hath seen? If this tendency is not in you, then you are not a human being, and God did not make you. If God made you, he made you with this tendency. If you fail in love, you fail to fulfil the potentialities of your being that much. And that much is very much. It is that which makes us mighty; it is that which reveals us to ourselves, and to each other as the children of the Most High. Under the old Mosaic law, it was taught that a man should love his friends and hate his enemies. But the old dispensation has passed away. The precept and example of Him who spake as never man spake has given us a new law, "This new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Love your enemies, pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you. Did Christ fulfil his own commandments? Let us see. In the midst of his agony on the cross, when the cruel Romans were inflicting upon him the most exquisite torture, he does not curse those who injure him; no, out of that agony, as if the agony itself gave it expression, he cries, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

That is love! That is love that includes all conscious beings; that is love that is infinite; that is love that cannot be measured; that is love which is a fulfilment—of what? Of a tendency that is in every person that was ever born. Alas, how few have realized it! And yet the tendency of the Christ spirit is in you. Who are you? What is your name? Where did you come from? I cannot tell you that. You have not told me. But I can tell you that you are the son of God, and that it doth not yet appear what you shall be. To unfold the divine tendencies in your nature Christ came into the world and lived among men. "Be ye perfect," said He, "even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Why do I say all this? Simply to direct your thoughts, first of all, to your undeveloped powers,—powers of being. What should education do? Education should assist by furnishing occasions for the awakening and unfolding of these tendencies, so that they may become realities. Education should introduce man to his own highest powers, and thereby make those powers available. When an individual is called to the contemplation of those things which make for the unfolding of conscience, conscience awakens. Whenever the attention of an individual's mind is called to these things which make for righteousness, there is something in the heart that springs up in response. It is not enough that you should say to your student, "Be good; have a live conscience." You must put objects of thought before his mind which will awaken his conscience. Furnish the occasion and his conscience, his benevolence, his reverence, his love of the beautiful, of the true, and of the good, will be roused into activity.

The emotions wait upon the intellect; it is therefore impossible to overestimate the value of intellectual education. The intellect—the man thinking—furnishes an occasion for conscience to awaken; it furnishes the occasion for that which perfects man, which awakens and leads him. To invite the intellect to consider those things that make for truth is what all true teachers are trying to do. This is what education and culture mean. The development of the intellectual faculty in certain directions does not always result in culture; for when a man can think only of technicalities, of rules, his intellect is narrowed. Do not flatter such a person by telling him he is intellectual; in reality he lacks intellect. His intellect is bounded by a very small horizon. It is a misnomer to say that a certain man has a great intellect

but no conscience. If a man has not conscience he has a small intellect. If he has not benevolence it is because his intellect has not been actively engaged upon those objects which would awaken him to the needs of others. When he does concentrate his mind upon the needs of others he begins to yearn for their welfare. He cannot help it. All human growth depends upon the proper contemplation of the right objects of thought. It is the office of the intellect to choose those objects which, if thought continually upon, will make for the development of character.

The man who is not interested in the welfare of others, who is not governed by a sense of right in his dealing with others, who does not care whether the children of the poor are shivering and crying in the cold, or whether they are sitting down by a warm fire and eating their dinner as only warm and healthy children can, lacks intellect. The man who can see only gratification for himself, who has only the love of possessions,—of such possessions as the banks recognize and appreciate,—he may potentially have an intellect like a Socrates; but actually, so far as its activity is concerned, it is small.

The end of all education should be to develop intellect, develop it to be full-orbed; for every man who possesses a full-orbed intellect will be interested—in his own welfare? Yes. How? Through seeking the welfare of others. A man educated in this spirit believes that the person who does not look out for the welfare of others does not, in the truest sense of the word, look out for his own.

The teacher of oratory must be an earnest seeker after truth; this practice must become an integral part of his life and character. Every person who has given any thought to the subject of oratory knows that the orator is the man who speaks from the heights

of his being; that he is the man who seeks to elevate humanity. The orator instructs his audience by relating facts and by announcing principles; but as he drops the seed into their minds he generates about this seed an atmosphere which warms it into life.

While the orator is announcing a principle, he brings an atmosphere about that principle that makes those who listen to him say not only, "This looks rational and true," but, "Somehow I feel like living the truth which the orator presents."

The final test of all oratory is its influence upon the lives of those who hear it.

If you are to teach oratory, you are not called upon simply to announce facts, or even principles; you are called upon to create an atmosphere about these facts and principles which shall be favorable to their unfoldment.

You must enable your students to feel these things and live them, by presenting to them right objects of thought in connection with them. What I mean by education in oratory is the education of the potential man upward and outward. Then it becomes, as I said in the beginning, a means of the highest form of education.

If you desire to cultivate your pupil's voice it is not enough to simply show him the right method to this end. He must be able to think the thoughts of the great authors he would interpret, while he is speaking to the audience. He will never read the lines correctly until his love of the sentiment he is presenting colors his voice.

Some of you are studying law. Others are studying for the ministry, and you, assisted by the grace of God, hope to preach His Word. Some, and that no small proportion, are looking forward to the time when you shall teach this subject which you are now studying, and it

is to you especially that I speak to-day; for what applies to the teacher will apply to the lawyer and clergyman as well.

The teacher of oratory is called upon to live the noblest life. The teacher

can only call his pupils up the mountain as far as he himself has gone; therefore teachers of oratory should be known for their love of truth, for their honesty, for their love of mankind.

The Philosopher and the Vision.

FRANCES TOBEY.

THERE was once a Philosopher. . . . and he went through the world seeking Truth. And he kept his face towards the East, watching for the Vision—the Vision of Truth; for he had caught the Gleam, and he knew that the Vision was near.

And he said, "I must show others the Gleam—they too are looking for the Vision." And in a certain busy city he rented a little room and founded a School.

And on the day that the Philosopher opened his School Ten Children presented themselves in the little room. And the Philosopher wondered. He had not thought that ten knew of his School.

And the Ten said, "We want to learn to Do Things." And the Philosopher smiled. He knew that they too wanted to see the Vision, although they knew it not.

The Ten stayed. . . . and Did Things. And others came. And at the end of the first year, Forty, instead of Ten, were Doing Things in the eighteen-by-eighteen room. And they did not know that the walls were narrow, for the Philosopher led them now into green fields where flowers bloomed and brooks rippled and birds sang all day long, now through stately marble halls adorned with wonderful Pictures, and again into crowded thoroughfares of busy Men and Women. For the Philosopher was a Magician as well as a Philosopher, and

could transform bare walls at will and create sunshine out of shadows.

And still the Forty Did Things. But they sometimes forgot that they were Doing Things, so intent were they on showing one another the Sunshine, which was more golden than any they had seen before, the Pictures in the marble halls, which were more marvellous than any pictures of their dreams, and the endless variety of Men and Women, who were more real than the men and women they had known.

And still the Philosopher sought for Truth.

And so the years went by, and others came to the Philosopher to learn to Do Things—and stayed to enjoy the wonderful Sunshine and the Pictures and the companionship of the Men and Women. And from time to time they went back to the World and carried some of the Sunshine. And each year the Philosopher-Magician was obliged to rent more rooms to hold the Children who came.

And all the time the Philosopher was meditating in his heart, and watching for the Vision. . . . And the Vision came. . . . And the Vision was Love. . . . And in its light all things were made plain. . . . And the Philosopher said, "Truth and Love are one, and they are made manifest through service." . . .

And the Philosopher saw that the

Children who were best able to carry the Sunshine to the World were the Children who soonest forgot that they were learning to Do Things, and who were most earnest in showing to their Fellow Students the Beautiful Things with which the Philosopher-Magician had surrounded them. And the Philosopher said, "There shall be a New Education. . . . And its means and its end shall be Truth and Love manifest through Service."

And the School had outgrown its limits, until not even the power of the Magician could so extend its boundaries as to make room for all who had come. And the Philosopher went with his School to another Home in the same city. . . . And, although the old rooms were dear to the Philosopher and his Children, yet they went joyfully to the new Home because there they found the Sunshine and the marvellous Pictures and the Men and Women. And they had learned that Home is in the Heart.

And the Philosopher proclaimed a New Philosophy of Education. And he said to his Children, "You shall no longer Do Things. . . . Henceforth you shall live to Help Others to Do Things." . . .

And Some of the Children could not forget that they were learning to Do Things. . . . And they sought to be approved of Men. . . . And these went out into the World and were not heard of again. . . . But Many caught a Gleam from the Vision, reflected from the Philosopher's face; and these found joy in bearing Good News to their Fellow Students. And when they went out into the World they carried rest and healing to tired, aching hearts. And the World was better for their message. . . . And a Few saw the Vision. . . . And the Few knew that there was nothing Worth While except Service. And they too went out

into the World and gave their lives in leading Others to where they might see the Vision.

And the Philosopher saw that the Children who thought not of Doing Things, but only of helping one another, were the Children who Did Things best, after all. . . . And the Philosopher was glad.

And the years went on. . . . and many came. . . . and again the time came when the old halls would no longer hold all the Children. And the Children were not sad to leave old scenes. . . . for the presence of the Philosopher and the Vision made the Home. . . . And Home is in the Heart.

And so the Philosopher-Magician lives with his Children to-day, in the noisy, busy heart of a city. But the Noise and the Hurry do not enter to them, for Discord does not carry in the presence of the Philosopher. . . . And the Sunshine is as bright, and the Pictures are as wonderful, and the companionship of the Men and Women as varied and engrossing, as ever. And the Children still find their life by losing it for others. Only sometimes One misses the Gleam. . . . And for such a one there is little hope; for who is so blind as he that will not see? —And the Gleam is always on the Philosopher's face. And Those Who See It still go out into the World and send back others To See It. . . . And now and then One Sees the Vision.

And again the Philosopher must make a new Home for his many Children. And again they go joyfully. . . . for Home is in the Heart. And still Children come to learn to Do Things. . . . and stay to watch the Gleam reflected from the Philosopher's face. For the World is always ready to Follow the Gleam when it Sees It. . . .

But to the Few is it given to See the Vision. . . .

To Our Silent Children.

MRS. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

IN silence and sadness, a soul waits alone
 Beside an impassable gate.
 The music of life and the song of the bird
 Are unknown to that watcher, for nothing is
 heard
 In the chamber close guarded by Fate.

But windows are open, and light shines through;
 That eager young soul claims its own;
 For spirit can listen, and spirit can hear,
 Though melody never has entered the ear
 Claimed by Silence,—her absolute throne.

The small inky feet of the type of the press
 Bring music and rhythm anear;
 They carry them in to the watcher forlorn,
 The music is caught, and the thought is born,
 For the soul *sees* the sound that we hear.

Yet the lullaby low he missed when a babe,
 The note of the brooklet, the robin's clear
 trill,
 The song of the wind in the pines on the hill,
 Shall awaken that soul with a heavenly thrill
 In the home where bliss is eternal.

A Trip Through Scandinavia.

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER.

III.

THERE are a number of very interesting routes from which to choose as one starts from Christiania on his way to the north, and we naturally regretted our inability to take them all. Being, however, particularly anxious to see the marvellous Norwegian coast formation, we chose the sea route.

Leaving Christiania by what seemed to be early evening light, although it was then 11 P.M., we steamed down the beautiful fjord, which looked at first like a great bay enclosed by wooded hills and rocky heights, dotted with many islands and enlivened by numerous villages. Christiania Fjord, which is about forty-five miles long and varies in width from a comparatively narrow channel to twelve miles, presents a picture of the less rugged fjord scenery. Nowhere are the largest mountains to be seen, nowhere are the grandest cliffs visible, but everywhere the scene is restful and charming.

The fjords of the extreme southern portion of Norway, if seen after viewing the grander scenery north of Stavanger,

would seem small, flat, rocky, barren, and, we fear, somewhat uninteresting. Viewing them at the beginning of our tour around the coast, we found much that attracted attention. The steamer threads its way among the islands, which are so characteristic of the Norwegian coast, and stops at many of the cities and towns along the way. These islands, we later found, are but the beginning of a long series that extends from the mouth of Christiania Fjord to the North Cape, thus forming an almost unbroken line of breakwater, which receives the lashing of the mad, wind-tossed sea while the coasting-steamers pass in sheltered waters.

The pauses at these southern towns were sometimes sufficient to allow the passengers to go on shore. In a few instances fishing hamlets seemed perched on barren rocks where not a sign of verdure could be seen. Looking at these, we wondered what could have induced the people to build there. It is to be hoped that there is a little patch of green



my camping

Harvey

somewhere beyond the rocky hill, and that the sea here yields enough to make life endurable.

A Norwegian writer, in speaking of the contentions in the submarine world, says: "I came to the conclusion, after close and persevering observation, that it takes a vast amount of pluck, vigilance, and energy to make a bare living down there." So we thought of the dwellers on this southern coast.

Arriving at the ancient town of Stavanger, which dates from the eighth or ninth century, we spent a quiet night at the Grand Hotel, and started early the next morning, by the Stavanger Fjord steamer, for Sand. Unfortunately the fog, which had delayed our steamer the day before, still rested low and interfered with our view of the beauties of the surrounding country; but before the arrival at Sand the skies had cleared, and, refreshed by dinner, we mounted a stolkjærre for our first ride over a Norwegian inland route.

A word should be said, in passing, of the two most characteristic vehicles of the country, the carriole and the stolkjærre. The stolkjærre is a two-wheeled vehicle having a seat in front, wide enough for two, and a spring seat or box at the rear for the driver; the carriole is built on somewhat the same plan, except that the horse seems farther removed and the semicircular seat, in which you are strapped, under an ancient leather apron, is only large enough for one, while in lieu of the seat or box for the driver, your bag is strapped on the projecting board at the rear and he takes his position upon that. His weight and the condition of the road determine the condition of your personal property at the end of the journey.

The horses, or ponies, of this country are strong, active, swift, and sure of foot, good natured, and ready, but seem to have a decided idea of their own as to

the manner in which they desire to cover the allotted course.

Along the route from Sand to Odda the traveller observes some of the famous inland scenes. At first the road leads up the steep valley of the Logen, whose waters form many picturesque falls and rapids. Then by various windings we reach the end of the Suldalsvand. Here a steamer is found to take us to Naes, or Naesflaten.

The Suldalsvand is a lake about seventeen miles long, often but little wider than a river, flanked by rugged hills. As the steamer moves along, the opening between the distant walls seems barely wide enough to allow free passage. The shadows cast their blackening line across the eastern hills, while the sun-touched snow upon the distant mountains lends a majestic background.

At Naes we spent the night. In the morning we began the ascent of the beautiful valley of the Bratlandsdal. At first the road passes through a grand gorge with overhanging rocks. On our right the river dashed and foamed, lashing itself to milky whiteness on the obstructing rocks and boulders.

Twelve hundred feet and more above the sea lies the peaceful Röldalsvand, the source of the Bratlands-Elv. At the extreme northern end of the lake is situated Röldal; on the heights at the left, before reaching the town, stands Breifont Hotel, commanding a charming view of lake, mountains, and valley.

From Breifont's the roadway leads by long horseshoe curves up the steep side of the mountain. Let the traveller take the shorter footway and fifteen minutes will suffice to put him a good half-hour ahead of his horse. Here we passed over snow-fields until reaching the top of the hill, where the roadway was cut through banks of snow eight feet deep. It is here that rivers are formed. For a time the road continues nearly level, then

the descent of the Gorssvingane is commenced. The view is magnificent. Far below lies the narrow valley, with its sombre lake. Near at hand another mountain stream writhes and struggles over its rocky course. As we proceed, the wide valley of Odda breaks upon the view, with the great snow-fields of the Folgefond for a background at the left. At the lower end of the Gorsvand, the sombre lake of which we spoke, there is a waterfall, and by it a kind of rocky gateway, where the view becomes even more unimpeded. The roadway makes numerous zigzag wanderings to reach the green plateau, about eight hundred feet below, on which is situated the post-ing-station of Seljestad.

The scenery of the valley is marvelously rich and varied. Before reaching our destination the great veil-like Espelandsfos, on the left, and the double Lotefos and Sharsfos, on the right, break upon the view, making one of the most beautiful scenes of its kind in Norway. As we proceed, the spray of these great falls dashes across our path like a passing storm.

Odda, or Odde, is situated at the extreme southern point of Sör Fjord, a branch of the far-famed Hardanger Fjord. On all sides rise the towering mountains. At one point we see a mountain stream make a wild leap of five hundred feet, and then dash upon the rocky, precipitous side of the mountain and follow its winding, seething course for two thousand feet more to meet the waters of the fjord.

At Odda we took the excursion-steamer that was to bear us to Trondhjem; and it was on the Hardanger Fjord, the former haunt and home of the Vikings, that we felt for the first time that we had really received an introduction to that marvel of the Northland, a Norwegian fjord.

And what is a fjord? It is a long,

narrow, crooked, irregular arm of the sea, which, with its various ramifications, runs inland, in several cases more than a hundred miles, past giant mountain peaks and ranges; sometimes past towering walls of rock which present perpendicular surfaces from one to three thousand feet in height; past narrow gorges, deep ravines, and quiet valleys; past occasional sloping fields and humble peasant cottages; past innumerable waterfalls and rapids, white as the snow-fields from which they come. It appears as if nature had here started to form a second Switzerland; but, forming it at a lower altitude, the sea has swept in and filled the valleys, sometimes to a depth of more than four thousand feet, leaving the mountain ranges directly at the water's edge and the foot-hills, with only their peaks above the tossing waves, to serve as breakwaters.

Learning that there would be comparatively little grand scenery between Bergen and Gudvangen except what we could see on the return trip, we left the steamer at Bergen and took one of the few railway journeys which the country offers. In looking at the map of Norway, one is at first inclined to think that the people lack progress because there are so few railways. After the ride from Bergen to Vossevangen we quite forgave them. In those sixty-seven miles there are fifty-two tunnels, varying in length from a few yards to fourteen hundred feet, most of them cut through the solid rock of the mountain. The scenery is some of the grandest ever threaded by a railway.

From Voss we started on a two days' tramp across country, wishing to have leisure to observe the people at their work and to drink in the beauty of the scenes. It was a memorable walk. A description of the beautiful scenery along the way would be a repetition of that already given of lakes, rivers, moun-

tains, valleys, wild, leaping falls, and raging torrents.

The famous hotel of the route having recently been burned, we spent the night at Framnæ's Hotel. The next day we paused long near the ashes of Stalheim's to view one of the most magnificent scenes of Norway. To the south stretched the valley through which we had passed. Around us rose the noble mountains. Before us was the deep valley, with its foaming river, along whose side our course was soon to lead. Not far away a *felaspar* mountain rose like a huge sugar-loaf to lend variety to the scene. Near at hand two huge waterfalls played one of nature's great symphonies.

Gudvangen is a little group of gaards, or farms, at the head of the Naerö Fjord, an arm of Sogne Fjord. The mountains so hem the little hamlet in that during the long winter not a ray of sunlight strikes directly upon it. The waters of the fjord are so deep, and the bank so steep, that the large steamer comes almost to the very shore. As we steamed out into the broader channel the mate said to us:—

"Do you see those mountains there? They are twenty-five hundred feet high. The water under the keel of our vessel is deep enough to stand them on end in it."

The famous Hardanger Fjord presents softer scenery and boasts of more splendid waterfalls, but the Songe Fjord is far superior in its rugged grandeur.

Gladly would we have tarried among these scenes, but our steamer declined to wait for us. Entering Nord Fjord, our almost bewildered eyes rested upon other scenes equally picturesque, and even more majestic. At the far end of the fjord, which is about fifty miles long, we left the steamer to take a short excursion to that marvellous sheet of water known as Loenvand. Loenvand is a mountain lake. Soon after we start on the trip

across its waters the whole lake breaks upon our view. Around it are towering mountains probably never trodden by the foot of man. To the left the Sandenib rises for 5,425 feet above our heads. To the right the Auflemsfjeld and the Melheimsnib tower to an equal height. On the left we saw a few farms along the base of the mountains, and many waterfalls. From nearly all the mountains on the right huge glaciers descend, which terminate, however, high above the lake. From the huge Hellesæterbræ ("bræ" meaning "glacier"), terminating at a height of 3,900 feet, numerous streams issue and, in summer, avalanches of ice fall with a deafening roar. Soon the lake contracts to a mere strait. In front of us towered the Nonsnib, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of over six thousand feet. To the right other mountains and other glaciers appeared, and not far away a waterfall two thousand feet high. On passing the bend in the lake we entered the Basin of Næsdal. Around us were the Nonsnib, the Bødalsfjeld, the Kronebræ, the Kjendalskrona, and the majestic Ravnefjeld, which lifts its head 6,575 feet in air.

From the end of the lake a walk of an hour or more brought us to the lower edge of the Kjendalsbræ, whose magnificent shades of blue were viewed from vault and crevice.

Returning the way we came, we proceeded up the coast and entered the Jörund Fjord to reach Oie. From here we took carriages through the famous Norangdal, one of the grandest and wildest valleys in Norway. Passing over the watershed between the Sunelvs Fjord and the Jörund Fjord, we went down the valley of the raging, roaring, Sundals-Elv to rejoin the steamer at Hellesylt. Then followed what to us was one of the finest pieces of fjord scenery that we had found. Soon after leaving Hellesylt we entered the Geiranger Fjord. The mountains on

either side rose with almost perpendicular walls. As we proceeded, numerous waterfalls came in sight, among them "Seven Sisters,"—seven falls that leap over a perpendicular cliff 1,500 feet high. High on the mountain to the right curious profiles appeared, and above them the "Pulpit." As we passed along we saw, here and there, in seemingly inaccessible places, small gaards, or farms. At one place a little patch of green was seen on a plateau above a perpendicular wall of rock, a thousand feet or more in height, and on its edge a windlass. On inquiry we found that a sturdy farmer had cut steps in the rock, and, gaining the height, had built his house. Then he drew his flocks and his herds up by the windlass; and, tethering his cows, his sheep, and his children, to prevent them from falling over the cliff, he is said to be doing well.

It seems strange, at first, to think that a place like that should be utilized; but, when we consider that Norway has but about 1,070 English square miles of cultivated land, we realize that there must be a demand for every available farm. Often in travelling through the inland districts you see wires stretched from points high on the steep sides of the mountains. Down these the sturdy mountaineers send the hay or wood they have risked their lives and limbs to procure.

Going on to Marok, at the head of the Geiranger Fjord, we found a zigzag road that made its way up an even steeper mountain than any of the others over which we had passed. In places the mountain was so near a perpendicular wall that the road, although it gained much in height by its curved winding, gained only its own width in its onward course, and once it made a complete circle and bridged its own path. On the way numerous waterfalls appeared, many of which were extremely picturesque;

while at every higher turn of the road the view of the magnificent fjord and its mountain setting becomes more extensive and beautiful. A little beyond Hotel Udsigten, from which point the finest view of the Geiranger valley and fjord was obtained, a finger-post indicated the way to a shelving ledge of rock. Here, guarded by an iron rail, we leaned over the precipice to see the green valley almost a thousand feet directly beneath the rock on which we stood. From here the road leads along the side of the mountain, seeming at times but a slight jog in its perpendicular side. The fjord was lost to view, but in the valley far below we saw the green fields and tiny cottages, and by them the men, who seemed like mere pygmies.

Other beautiful fjords and scenes followed in quick succession, and soon we found ourselves in another stolkjærre bound up the Romsdal, or valley of the Rauma. At first the road led through a fertile valley, past many a cozy residence. At the end of the valley rose the majestic form of the Romsdalshorn, rocky and rugged, and seeming to dominate the scene. Although but a little over five thousand feet high, this mountain has been considered, until comparatively recently, dangerous and difficult to ascend, owing to the crumbling nature of the rocks and to its perpendicular sides. A number of years ago an English tourist, learning from the inhabitants of the valley that no tradition existed among them that the ascent had ever been accomplished, made attempt after attempt to reach the summit. At last, exultant, he succeeded; but on the heights he found a heap of stones, the sure sign of the mountaineer's visit, telling him that in some forgotten day another had been there before him. This might lead us to moralize, if we were so inclined, but we will let that pass.

Skirting the base of the mountain we

entered a narrow gorge. On either hand the sheer cliffs rose two or three thousand feet high, leaving, apparently, but little more than room enough for the roadway and the raging torrent which rushed madly toward the fjord. Opposite the Romsdalsfjorden rose those strange, fantastic forms which to the Norwegian peasant seem, in the evening light, like demons dancing, and have been called "The Witches' Pinnacles."

Our next call was at the charming little town of Molde, on the northern shore of the Molde Fjord. Protected from the cold storms of the north by sloping hills, the vegetation is here very luxuriant. Although Molde is nearly three degrees of latitude north of St. Petersburg, roses abound and honey-suckles cover some of the houses. This place has been compared with Interlaken, but here there is no single mountain like the Jungfrau before which we bow in reverence. The view from the heights above the town has been compared with that from the Rigi; but here we have not the height nor the view of the complete circle of the horizon. The situation is, however, among the most beautiful to be found. Across the calm waters of the fjord forty miles of mountains, many of them capped with snow, are to be seen.

There was a midnight call at Christiansund, where the activity on the pier and the general appearance of life about the town and in the harbor gave no suggestion of the lateness of the hour, and then we steamed on to Trondhjem.

Trondhjem, which occupies a commanding situation on a peninsula formed by the River Nid and the Trondhjem Fjord, is famous as having been for centuries the home of the Norwegian kings. It was here that they were elected; it was here that the coronation took place. The town is said to have been founded by "Saint Olaf" in 1016, although Olaf Trygvason founded a palace and a

church here as early as 996. It is the most northerly among the larger European towns. Its latitude is the same as that of the southern coast of Iceland; its population is about 34,000. Despite its situation, the winters are hardly any more severe than those of Dresden, while the summers are like those of southern England.

The most famous building of Trondhjem is its cathedral. This early Gothic edifice occupied a proud position more than three hundred years before Columbus landed at San Salvador. Founded in the early days of the city, it has received additions from various monarchs since, and at one time it received the offerings of gold and jewels from the pilgrims who come from all over northern Europe to worship at its shrines. At the time of the Reformation iconoclasts sacked the cathedral, threw down its statues, defaced its carvings, and carried away its treasures. At present a careful system of restoration is going on, the government contributing annually for the purpose; and numerous private individuals, moved by patriotism or by pure love of art, are assisting materially in the work. On entering the ancient edifice one is charmed by the delicate stone tracing, and by the soft blending of the colors of the white marble columns and the delicate bluish slate with which the walls are finished.

A trip through Norway naturally divides itself into two parts. The first part includes an exploration of the grand fjords of the southern part of the country and numerous inland excursions; the second part is the excursion from Trondhjem to the extreme northern limit of the continent, with comparatively few calls on the way.

Not long after our arrival at the ancient capital we found ourselves on another steamer bound for the north. The journey up and back requires about seven

days, or a little longer than the usual trip across the Atlantic. Unlike the trip across the Atlantic, however, we were always in sight of the main land, and we were usually protected by the friendly island breakwater.

Leaving Trondhjem at nine o'clock in the evening, we endeavored to prepare, by a good night's rest, for the days without nights which were to come. The next day the steamer circled to the west of that curious mountain, Torghatten, to let us view the blue sky through its natural tunnel, four hundred feet below the mountain's peak. On the return trip we landed at the other side of this island-mountain, and climbing its rugged side, we found a natural tunnel five hundred and thirty-five feet long and from sixty-five to two hundred and forty-six feet high. The side walls are nearly perpendicular, leaving an opening from thirty-six to fifty-six feet wide, and appear almost as if they had been artificially chiselled. This curious freak of nature, scientists say, was caused by the action of the waters when the mountain was submerged. The view of the islands and the sea which one obtains through this huge telescope is both novel and beautiful.

At ten minutes before five on the afternoon of our first day out from Trondhjem, amidst the booming of the ship's cannon, we crossed the Arctic Circle. To our right, beyond the foot-hills, was the great Svartisen Glacier, thirty-four miles long, and resting at a height of about four thousand feet above the sea; to the left rose numerous islands of this archipelago. Soon Hestmandö, an island-mountain resembling a huge horseman with a long cloak falling over his steed, appeared in sight.

As the midnight hour drew near the steamer paused at a convenient opening between the islands, that we might have an unimpeded view of that strange phe-

nomenon of nature, the *Midnight Sun*. Not a cloud was to be seen in all the heavens. That majestic orb, which had seemed to be moving in a graceful curve toward the horizon, shone with a dazzling brilliancy. Over the rugged sides of the rocky islands and over the precipitous snow-capped mountains there crept a soft purple tint. As the cannon bade farewell to departing day and heralded another dawn, we were reminded of the opening lines of "Thelma:"—

"Midnight—without darkness, without stars! Midnight—and the unwearied sun stood, yet visible in the heavens, like a victorious king throned on a dais of royal purple bordered with gold. The sky above him—his canopy—gleamed with a cold yet lustrous blue. A broad stream of light, falling, as it were, from the centre of that magnificent orb, shot lengthwise across the fjord, turning its waters to a mass of quivering and shifting colors that alternated from bronze to copper, from copper to silver and azure. The surrounding hills glowed with a warm, deep violet tint, flecked here and there with touches of bright red, as though fairies were lighting tiny bonfires on their summits."

In that vigil, as we watched the sun while it seemed to pause for a time well above the horizon, and then slowly and gracefully move on its upward curve, without for a moment hiding its face, there was something strange, even weird. It was as if nature had forgotten something.

We were then well within the Arctic Circle and in the land of continuous day; in that land where for two months and a little more in summer the sun never sets; in that land where for an equal length of time in winter there is no day.

The coast along this portion of Norway is less rugged and picturesque than along the more southern portion of the country. The mountains do not seem so

high, and the vegetation, especially at that early time of the year, is far from luxuriant. The scenery is said to resemble very closely that which one sees along the coast of Alaska.

The finest scenery in the northern part of the country is that among the Lofoten Islands. This group of islands is about one hundred and thirty miles long. The steamer on the outward or the return trip winds its way through the liquid labyrinths separating them, passing into what seems to be a small bay, with no egress save by the opening through which we came. On it goes, apparently to dash its bow upon the rocks; but soon an opening is visible, and into it the steamer slowly makes its way. The channel is so narrow that it would seem that with an ordinary fishing-pole one might touch either shore.

On the banks of the Lofoten Islands the cod from the depths of the Atlantic come to spawn, and here from January to the middle of April the greatest activity prevails among the fishermen. It is the season of perpetual night, but the Aurora Borealis and the stars furnish light sufficient. About eight thousand boats and twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand fishermen come here annually from all parts of Western Norway. The annual catch is usually about twenty to twenty-five millions, but in 1886 it reached the enormous figure of thirty-seven millions.

Tromsø is called the city of the Laps, although they do not by any means constitute the entire population. The town has about 6,300 inhabitants, and is an active trading-place. It exports large quantities of dried and smoked herrings and other fish, fur, and train-oil. The town trades largely with Russia, and fits up many vessels for the capture of seals and walruses, while in front of many of the stores of the place the huge pelts of the polar bears are exhibited.

The Laps are very much shorter of stature than the average American and are far from cleanly in appearance. They have high cheek-bones, flat noses, and wizened faces. Their complexion gives the impression that, being inveterate smokers and having their huts very poorly ventilated, they had become smoke-dried from within and from without. The costumes of both the men and the women are usually made of reindeer skin, and bear evidences of great age.

Leaving Tromsø late in the afternoon, — as the watch informed us, — we went on to Fuglō Sund to spend the midnight hour and view for the second time the "lord of day" as he disdainfully refused to sink below the horizon. This time we had the benefit of a marvellously beautiful cloud effect, and one added phenomenon. As the sun started on his upward course in the north, away to the east arose the moon, giving us sunrise and moonrise at precisely the same moment.

Not far from here, on the island of Skaarö, is a whaling-station and a train-oil factory of the Anglo-Norwegian Fishing Company, whose headquarters are at Tromsø. Toward this we steamed. Arriving near the shore, the small boats were lowered and the more courageous, although they had received unmistakable warning to keep their distance, entered to pay a visit to the place. The nearer we approached the more we wished we were not there. A forty-ton specimen, recently brought to land, which they told us would force their small whaling-steamers through the water at the rate of twenty knots an hour, even against the exertions of the reversed engines, reposed in full view. But there were other specimens near whose age commanded attention if not respect. We trust that our olfactory nerves will never again receive so severe a shock.

Leaving Skaarö without regret, we went on to Hammerfest, the most north-

erly town in the world. It was a surprise to us to find a town of that kind seven hundred and fifty miles farther to the north than the southern point of Greenland — or at about that degree of latitude at which, on our side of the Atlantic, some of the gallant explorers have lost their lives in the ice.

Hammerfest is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, having its schools, churches, hotels, and comfortable looking dwellings, its telegraph office, and its system of electric lighting. Nor is vegetation entirely at a standstill. The long day of summer serves the place well in this regard. Vegetables planted six weeks later than in Christiania are ready for the table at the same time.

Christiania Fjord, nearly a thousand miles to the south, is frozen over for three months out of the year; the Bay of Hammerfest is never closed on account of ice. The steamers make regular trips to Hammerfest, and to Vadsø on the Arctic, all winter. Fearful storms are sometimes encountered in those cold, endless nights, but no icebergs. The reason for this seemingly strange condition is to be found in the fact that the Gulf Stream passes up along this coast and pours its waters into the Arctic above the North Cape, thus making a land inhabitable which otherwise would be but barren fields of ice.

About seventy miles to the northeast of Hammerfest lies the goal of the traveller in Arctic Norway,—the North Cape.

Shortly before arriving at that bold headland we paused at the Stappene, or Bird Islands, as they are sometimes called. These islands have many nooks, crevices, and jutting points, and seem

particularly well adapted to the needs of the feathered fishers of the North; and on them countless thousands of seabirds congregate. When a cannon shot from the ship affrighted them, or a rocket was landed in their midst, the air became fairly black from the great numbers which rose and circled about the crest, while many, enfeebled by age or accustomed to such salutes, still thickly dotted the islands' rugged sides.

The North Cape is, as our imagination had pictured it, a commanding headland rising precipitously out of the Arctic — grand, majestic, solemn. Circling the point, we reached the bay beyond and landed. Climbing the steep valley and making our way over the precipitous banks of snow,—for the path had not been prepared for the summer's travel,—we reached the plateau a thousand feet above. From here a walk of ten or fifteen minutes brought us to the highest point of the cape, which is marked by a column commemorating the visit of King Oscar II. in 1873, and by a small building where in stormy weather one can await the midnight hour.

There are no trees on the mountain, and the flora commends itself so modestly to attention that at a little distance it seemed as if there was nothing but barren rocks and earth. The place appeared what it really is,—the rugged terminus of a continent; a lofty promontory from which one can look far out over the cold waters of the Arctic toward the vast unknown and unexplored. Here we seemed to realize anew man's limitations. Here we seemed near the threshold of a room whose secrets are known to the Infinite alone.

There are unlimited possibilities in human powers if one will but *let* them work, rather than *whip* them to work.

We must become like little children in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven — in oratory as elsewhere.

Concentric Education.

EVA OLNEY FARNSWORTH, '00.

NATURE works only through centres. That this is true of the material, social, moral, and religious worlds has been satisfactorily demonstrated by that clear-visioned philosopher, Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson.

Since true education is a preparation for life, its methods should be founded on those principles which observation teaches us have a universal application, and are in harmony with natural law.

Concentric education has of late years excited a deep and growing interest. It selects a vital theme which appeals to the imagination of the pupil and then seeks to direct all school exercises in their relation to this central topic. I hope to show that the Emerson system of education is in accord with the principle thus involved. The dominant centre of the Emerson system is the development of the powers of the individual through the expression of truth, goodness, and beauty. Around this point let us draw the circles of studies, and discover, if possible, the relation which each bears to this governing centre.

Psychology, furnishing the basis of all education, reveals to us the laws governing the kingdom we would control; physical culture frees the body for our service in that kingdom; and anatomy, following close upon these two, enables the student to perceive the relations which the senses, as physical organs, hold to the ruler of that kingdom. Literature furnishes us with the best expressions of the highest thoughts to lean upon, until our own imprisoned thoughts are quickened and in a measure freed from the limitations of the body. Rhetoric, disclosing the art of written expression, and visible speech, that of molding and polishing words, enable us so to frame our thoughts that

they are made tangible to others. Voice culture sets free the voice that it may convey the great communications of the soul — communications often revealed by the most subtle and delicate shading of tone, yet with such arrow-like swiftness that they penetrate the darkest ignorance.

Each circle of art through which we are led is organized into a developing unity by recurrence to the preceding steps through which we have passed, and from which such circle has been evolved. Thus, beginning with the Colossal Period, we are led into the Attractive Period, which includes the Colossal; from the Attractive into the Useful, which includes the Colossal and the Attractive; from the Useful into the Suggestive, which includes all that precedes.

This method is beautifully symbolized by the inverted cone. The point upon which the whole revolves is the awakening into activity of the potential Good, Truth, and Beauty in each individual. From this point, imperceptibly small, there rush outward and upward ever newer and larger circles. These, widening and ascending, represent the proportionate unfolding of our growing ideals in relation to life and mankind. Such a plan of education is, therefore, not only concentric, but spiral; and not only spiral, but vortical, or whirling.

The effect of this concentric arrangement of work at Emerson College is to secure an all-round development, — a responsive body, a quickened intellect, and a sympathetic heart; "so that human beings who with their feet stand rooted in nature (God's earth), with their heads reaching even unto heaven to behold the truth, unite in their hearts both earth and heaven."

College News.**Dr. Dickinson.**

As we go to press a great sorrow falls upon Emerson College. From the Boston *Herald* of February 17 we copy the following record:—

"The Hon. John Woodbridge Dickinson, one of the best-known educators in the State, and instructor in the Emerson College of Oratory, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 372 Cabot Street, Newtonville. Death was due to pneumonia. He had been ill only a few days.

"Mr. Dickinson was born at Chester Oct. 12, 1825, and reared as a farmer's boy among the Berkshire hills, his early years being passed in the hamlet of South Williamstown. A few weeks of attendance at school in the winter laid the foundation for the liberal education which he gained by perseverance and self-denial. His preparatory course for college was at the Greylock Institute, South Williamstown, and Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and he graduated at Williams Collège in the class of 1852 with classical honors. The same year he was appointed assistant teacher in the State Normal School at Westfield, and four years later was made its principal—a position which he filled for twenty-one years with great ability and success, gaining for the school a national reputation.

"In 1877 Mr. Dickinson was chosen to the responsible position of secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, for which his successful experience as a teacher had well fitted him. He held the position for seventeen years, and his annual reports took high rank on account of their pedagogical value.

"Mr. Dickinson was a favorite pupil of Mark Hopkins. His skill and ability as a logician were exceptional, and he was a diligent student of pedagogical

science. He was one of the first to introduce reform in methods of teaching,—especially the analytic objective method,—and the cause of popular education in this commonwealth is greatly indebted to his devoted and inspiring service. His views were not vague and visionary, but positive and clearly defined.

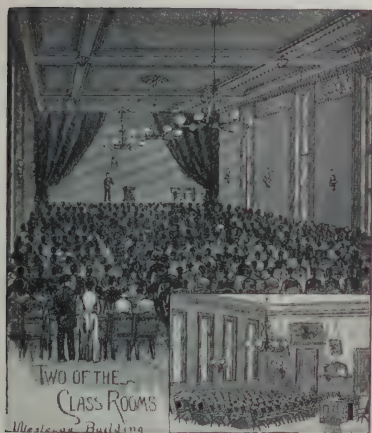
"The logical presentation and persistent iteration of these views were the means by which he accomplished the ends which resulted in improved methods of teaching, strengthened the normal schools, and laid the foundation for skilled supervision of the common schools of the State. His public addresses, printed reports, and other writings have exerted a wide influence upon teachers, and have been recognized as valuable additions to the pedagogical literature of the country. He was one of the great teachers, and his name and achievements stand high upon a rapidly vanishing list of the men who contributed to the educational development which marked the close of the century.

"The plan of his work was always clearly conceived and extended with definite precision. His methods of instruction were always anchored to a logical principle, which was ineffaceably impressed upon the pupil's mind.

"From his early service upon a hillside farm and his ancestral New England heritage, he gained that physical, mental, and moral virility which he retained through a long, active, and useful life.

"Personally he was a dignified, quiet, unassuming, scholarly gentleman; tall and graceful in figure, refined and gentle in manner; a friend unswerving, faithful, true as steel.

"In 1856 Mr. Dickinson married Alex-



ina G. Parsons, of North Weymouth, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter. Only the latter, Miss Susie Allen Dickinson, is living. His wife died in 1892.

"In 1891 Mr. Dickinson, in response to an invitation from the Governor of Jamaica, went to that island, where he conducted a teachers' institute for nine hundred teachers for several months. He came to Newtonville from Westfield in 1877, and was well known in educational circles in Newton.

"Beginning with 1888, he served several terms in the Newton School Board. He was an attendant at the Central Congregational Church, Newtonville, and always took an active part in its affairs. He was also a member of the Schoolmasters' Club of Boston.

"The funeral will be held to-morrow afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, at his late home on Cabot Street."

Students' Recital.

On the afternoon of January 16, Division C of the Class of 1904 gave a Shakespearian recital in Berkeley Hall. The following program was presented:—

1. HAMLET — Act I., Scene II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King	Eleanor I. Swain
Queen	Elizabeth C. Pollister
Hamlet	Alexander Ohan Light
Polonius	Bertha E. Pettingill
Laertes	Ellen M. Price
Horatio	Annie L. Newton
Cornelius	Agnes B. Lindsay
Voltimand	Fannie G. Nash
Marcellus	Minnie F. Rogers
Bernardo	Martha M. Pizor

2. VOCAL SOLO — "A May Morning," *Denza*

Mrs. Charles Kilduff

3. MACBETH — Act I., Scene V.

Macbeth	Alexander Ohan Light
Lady Macbeth	Mabel E. Parsons
Messenger	Pearl B. Morlock

4. MACBETH — Act I., Scene VII.

Macbeth	Alexander Ohan Light
Lady Macbeth	Jessie McClymonds

5. MACBETH — Act II., Dagger Scene.

Macbeth	Alexander Ohan Light
Lady Macbeth	Martha D. Mason
Messenger	Pearl B. Morlock

6. VOCAL SOLOS, —

(a) "Dear Little Baretoes," *Scott*

(b) "The Nightingale and the Rose,"

Edna R. Park

Mrs. Charles Kilduff

7. "God," *G. R. Derzhavin*

Alexander Ohan Light

The program showed good, conscientious work on the part of the class. It was presented as a benefit to Mr. Alexander Ohan Light, a member of the class, late a sufferer from Turkish persecution in Cilicia, or the latest Armenia.

Mr. Light's name in his native tongue is Alexander Ohan Gaidzakian, "Gaidzak" meaning "lightning," and "ian" meaning "the son." Mr. Light has been in this country six years, and is now a citizen of the United States. He was at one time incarcerated in the prison of Angora, in Asia Minor, for several months, and only through many difficulties and persecution made his way to the United States in 1894.

In Her Majesty's correspondence relating to the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, in the Third Volume, 1896, p. 250, the following communication from Sir Clare Ford, British Ambassador, to the Earl of Rosebery, Prime Minister, may be found:—

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 26, 1893.

My Lord,—I have the honor to report that in my conversation to-day with the Grand Vizier, I informed His Highness that in accordance with his own request, I wished to draw his attention to the following case of apparent hardship and injustice to the Armenian subject of the Sultan which had been brought under my notice.

This case is of Alexander Ohan Gaidzakian . . . I pointed out to the Grand Vizier that this case appeared to me to be pre-eminently one in which the Sultan might properly exercise his prerogative, pardon; His Highness asked me to give him all the details in writing. This I have now caused to be done, and I have His Highness' assur-

ance that this case shall receive the most careful consideration.

(Signed) FRANCIS CLARE FORD.

Mr. Light is an earnest, diligent student, and has commanded the admiration of his fellow students for his perseverance in overcoming the difficulties of a strange language. His work in the recital showed undoubted dramatic ability.

The Emerson Debating Society.

Numbered among the many advantages of Emerson College is the Emerson Debating Society, which holds its weekly meeting in the college office. At the regular election for the present term the following officers were elected: president, Mr. L. B. Hammond; vice-president, Miss Richardson; secretary, Miss Eugenia Mills; treasurer, Miss Collins; editor, Mr. N. B. Hammond; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Root. M.

Senior Class Organization.

The class of 1901 held its first business meeting of the year in December and elected its officers. Miss Wilda Wilson was chosen president; Mr. Foland, vice-president, and Miss Agnes Baker, secretary and treasurer.

At a recent meeting, the class chose its class-day representatives. This meeting, like all previous meetings of the year, was pleasant and harmonious. Miss Fannie Nash was appointed class orator; Miss Harriett Collins, class poet; Miss Thomas, class historian; Mr. Foland and Miss Agnes Baker, readers; Miss Pollister and Mrs. Garrett, musicians.

The class felt great satisfaction that this important occasion of their Senior year should be marked by positive good feeling and unanimity of opinion.

B.

The Students' Aid Association.

The musical and literary entertainment given for the benefit of the Students' Aid Association, in Berkeley Hall, on the afternoon of January 31, was a great success, both artistically and financially. The program was as follows:—

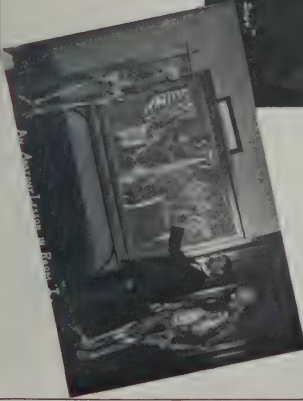
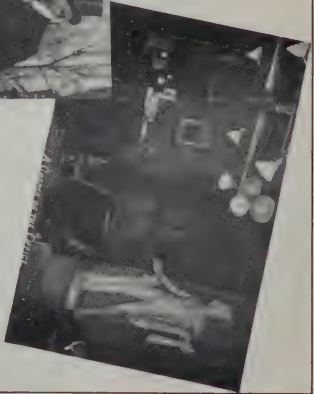
Piano Solo, "Grande Valse,"	<i>Chopin</i>
Maude Paradis	
Tenor Solo, (a) "Flower Song,"	<i>Osgood</i>
(b) "Queen Song,"	<i>Pinsuti</i>
Webb B. Neill	
Violin Solo, "Hungarian Rhapsodie,"	<i>Hawser</i>
Lillian Chandler	
A Comedietta (in one scene),	
"The Nettle,"	<i>Ernest Warren</i>
"Dulcie Meredith,"	Adelaide Barrett Jump
"Guy Charlton,"	Bert Foland
Piano Solo, "Pasquinade,"	<i>Gottschalk</i>
(Transcription by Joseph)	
Maude Paradis	
Dancing, "The Flower Girl,"	<i>Narcissus</i>
Petite Lillian Day	
Violin Solo (with piano accompaniment),	
(a) "Berceuse Slav "	<i>Nerada</i>
(b) "Mazurka,"	<i>Mlynaeski</i>
Misses Chandler and Paradis	

Miss Paradis proved herself master of the piano, and delighted all who heard her. She graciously responded to numerous cores. We are seldom privileged to hear an artist of Miss Paradis's power and charm.

Mr. Neill completely won the audience with his songs. His tenor voice has a quality of unusual beauty. Miss Chandler's numbers were enthusiastically received. Her keen musical instincts are reinforced by careful technique.

Little Lillian Day exhibited the height of spontaneous grace. She is a winsome little lassie of five or six years, who easily danced into our hearts.

The success of the entertainment is, in a large measure, due to the zeal and efforts of Mrs. King, who is president of the association, and who has pre-



sented its claims eloquently before the students.

The other officers of the Students' Aid Association are Miss Julia Hunter, '02, vice-president; Miss Agnes Baker, '01, secretary; and the Rev. E. O. Jameson, treasurer. Miss Edith Herrick, '00, Miss Winona Jewell, '01, Miss Esther English, '02, and Mrs. Louise Junkins, '03, constitute the Board of Directors. A report of the work of the association during the year will be given later.

Emerson Alumni Association.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Emerson Alumni Association, it was proposed, and afterwards heartily seconded by the management of the College, to have an Alumni Day every month, as nearly as can be arranged. The members of the Association are invited to join in the exercises, and either observe or take part in any of the classes in the school. A special class will be provided on that day if a sufficient number desire it. In the afternoon there will be a meeting of the Association, at which time subjects of common interest will be discussed.

The first Alumni Day will be February 19. At 2.30 P.M. the following topic will be discussed: "What can I do for my Alma Mater, and what can it do for me?" Each member, it is hoped, will have something to say.

The future dates and topics will depend upon the response to this first invitation.

JULIA T. KING,
Secretary.

Our New Home.

The recent opening of the new Chickering Hall Building has attracted much comment from the press and in musical circles. In the Boston *Transcript* of February 8 we find the following description of the hall:—

"The opening of the new Chickering Hall on Huntington Avenue, next to the corner of Massachusetts Avenue, will give Boston a handsome and in every way satisfactory addition to her accommodations for the musical events for which she has become famous. For the purposes of chamber concerts — for which it is particularly intended — it is well-nigh perfect.

"The exterior of the building, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, is inviting; and its two stories, shortening half-way back to one, with the glass dome over the auditorium, give promise of generous sunlight within, which is fully justified. An attractive corridor, wide and long, leads to the three entrance-doors of the hall proper.

"Every improvement which modern architecture could suggest has been introduced to make the auditorium pleasing to the eye and comfortable. The heating and ventilation are of the latest device; the seats, made accessible by plenty of aisles, are so arranged that each commands a free view of the stage; and the acoustics, perhaps the most important element of all, meet every test.

"The seating-room is rectangular, somewhat wider than long, with pure Grecian decorations. Long fluted columns and a general finish of white set off the pale-green paneling admirably; and the overhead lighting through the glass roof, supplemented by modest and tasteful electric chandeliers for the evening, adds a charm.

"Several exits give forth on Falmouth Street, besides those opening to the avenues. The balcony is at the back and centre of the hall, and projects over but one row of the seats below it, so that it is no obstacle to comfort. There are 797 seats in the auditorium.

"The whole of the second floor and part of the first have already been engaged as quarters for the Emerson

College of Oratory. Two large rooms at the front and some smaller studios in the single-story section complete the building, which is the fourth one in this city to be known by the name of Chickering Hall."

The Passion Play.

An event of the school year which is always anticipated with eager interest is the visit of the Rev. J. J. Lewis and the presentation of his famous lecture on the Passion Play. In his recent appearance Mr. Lewis more than satisfied the expectations of those who, knowing of his summer abroad, were waiting to hear of the "Christus" and the "Mary" of 1900.

Mr. Lewis presented the marvelous object-lesson with new eloquence and power. His summer in the Old World was a fruitful one, and he shared with us the inspiration gained.

Mr. White and the Exposition.

A pleasant event of the early days of the present term was Mr. Hinton White's visit to his Alma Mater. Mr. White came to us under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society, presenting his lecture on the Paris Exposition. The address was entertaining and instructive. It was very fully illustrated by beautiful stereopticon views.

Mr. Grilley and Mr. Rogers.

A recent Southwick Literary Afternoon was the occasion of the appearance of Mr. Grilley and Mr. Rogers in one of their delightful programs.

Mr. Grilley's reputation as humorist is established; and he more than sustained it in his character work. His humor is irresistible. His impersonation is subtle, suggestive, effective. The program was full of good things. Mr. Grilley gave

several selections of his own composition. Mr. Rogers and his beautiful instrument received their usual warm welcome and brought the usual inspiration. Mr. Rogers's music is of a high order, and the combination of the harp and the readings is a happy one.

Personals.

Mrs. Southwick will spend one week of the coming vacation in Philadelphia, with Dean Southwick.

The Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Providence, who recently visited the College, awakened much interest in careful study of the Bible by his thoughtful and earnest address.

Mr. and Mrs. Southwick will conduct their annual summer school in connection with the Virginia School of Methods, as has been their custom for some ten years past. The session, beginning June 24, will be for four weeks, at Staunton, in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Browning Society, at which "Browning's Women" was the theme of discussion, the following readings were presented: "Pompilia," Miss Maude Leighton Gatchell; "James Lee's Wife," Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick; "Balaustion's Adventure," Miss Mabel Henderson; "Count Gismond," Mrs. Mary Pamela Rice.

Miss Myrtle Moss Mericle has charge of the Department of Oratory in the Bloomington Conservatory of Music, Bloomington, Ill., and is soon to introduce Emerson principles into the Chicago Auditorium Conservatory of Music. Miss Mericle, under the management of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, has made extensive concert tours in the West and in Canada. Miss Mericle writes, "I feel that all that is best in

my life came from inspiration received in Emerson College."

Mrs. Southwick will represent the College in the South in May. She will make a tour of the Southern States, as far as Texas, appearing before various clubs and organizations in lectures and dramatic recitals. The immediate occasion of the tour is a request from Mrs. Blanche M. Fallon, '97, who is prominent in the State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. Fallon, who has been active in introducing Emerson principles in Texas, desires reinforcement from the Alma Mater.

The recent Steinert Hall course in Shakespearian comedy is being repeated at Wellesley College. Mrs. Southwick, Mr. Tripp, Miss Gatchell, Mr. Powers, and Mr. Riddle have already appeared in the course, and Dean Southwick will present "Twelfth Night" at an early

date. The course has been received with enthusiasm, and has given a new impulse to Shakespearian study in Wellesley. Several of the readers have been entertained by the Shakespeare Club, and all have found pleasant friends in the College.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor, known to the world as the widow of the brilliant man of letters who wrote "The River Time," is known in many social and educational circles for her own valuable contributions to the wealth of thought of such circles. Her classmates and friends of Emerson College will be interested in the little poem dedicated "To Our Silent Children," published through the kindness of Mrs. Emerson, to whom it was sent. Mrs. Taylor, who is a member of the School Board of Cleveland, O., has done a noble work in establishing a school for deaf children in that city.

Sailing and Drifting.

RACHEL L. DITHRIDGE, '99.

A SHIP sails out from the harbor, at the first faint flush of light.

With steadfast keel she journeys o'er many a league ere night.

She rides thro' the storm in triumph, she braves the ocean's might;

At eve she is calmly sailing with the longed-for port in sight!

O ship of mine upon Life's sea,
Sail onward, toward eternity!

I saw the driftwood floating on the surface near the shore.

With careless, helpless tossing, the waves their burden bore

Backward and forward all the day, till the golden hours were o'er.

Sad lack of all attainment, purposeless evermore!

O restless lives upon Time's sea,
Drifting, drifting aimlessly!

Alumni Notes.

Miss Jennie McDonald, '99, is studying in Pictou Academy, Canada.

Mrs. Eva O. Farnsworth, '00, is teaching at her home in Minneapolis, Minn. She expects to attend the summer school at Cottage City the coming season.

Mrs. Helen Sullivan-Chase, '97, died at her home in Somerville, Nov. 25, '00, after a long illness.

Miss Catherine Irons, '98, who was recently the guest of Mrs. Puffer, spent several days with her Alma Mater.

Miss Adelaide Jump, '99, is taking graduate courses in the College this term. Miss Jump has recently returned from a successful reading tour in Canada.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Prescott, '97, to Mr. Richard Alders Cody, January 15, '01, in Canterbury, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Cody are at home to their friends at 58 Royal St., Allston, Mass.

Mr. Walter Willis White, '99, has been very successful in lecture and class work in teachers' institutes in the West. His interpretative literary lectures have received commendation from many prominent educators. Mr. White is located in Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Daisy Rickenbrode, '00, having finished her work in Wood's College, Newark, N. J., has entered for graduate work. Miss Rickenbrode offered a course in oratory in Wood's College, with gratifying results, and had charge of the English Department.

Mrs. Augusta King, '00, besides taking graduate work in the College, has charge of over one hundred pupils, in private and class work. Mrs. King has two classes in Newton, and teaches in Dr. Sargent's Gymnasium, at Harvard, in the Ladies' Physiological Institute, which is the oldest woman's club in Boston, and in the Woman's Industrial Union. Mrs. King has also a number

of private pupils. She has been especially successful in voice culture. Much attention has been attracted to several cases in which she has restored the voice after it had entirely failed and had not been heard for years.

There was a pleasing and pleased audience in the Richmond Theatre last evening for the début of Miss Grace Delle Davis, of this city, as a professional reader. The floor of the theatre was filled with the friends of Miss Davis and of the Associated Charity organization, under whose auspices the affair was given. . . .

Chief interest centred in the work of Miss Davis, and her friends were very much pleased with the reception given her. She was greeted with a friendly audience, but it is safe to say that her work would have aroused the same enthusiasm had she been among strangers. She was versatile in her work, showing the same excellence in serious and in humorous selections, both of which were represented.

She shows natural ability of a high order and the most careful training. Her closing recitals, Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" and "The Recessional," were especially pleasing. She gave an illustration of the Emerson College physical training, with musical accompaniment by Mrs. Dowlin.—*North Adams Transcript*, Jan. 26, 1901.

In every line of study there are always more brook skippers than fish that swim in deep waters. Seek for the underlying principles and make them your own. There is always

"Deep underneath deep."

Never go away from home. Carry your home with you. The public speaker has no right to appear before an audience without his home spirit. His discourse must be the overflowing of the home spirit.



"HOPE."—(BODENHAUSEN.)

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FRANCES TOBEY, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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Contents.

Editorials	129
President Emerson's Lecture, "Physical Culture and Its Relation to the Spiritual Life" . .	133
Life Expressed Through Character. <i>Frances A. Ross</i>	138
Speech-Culture and Literature. <i>Bliss Carman.</i>	141
Remarks on Dramatic Study. <i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	145
"Read Creatively." <i>Charles Malloy.</i>	148
My Star (Poem). <i>Rachel L. Dithridge</i>	149
College News : A Last Word of Love, Dean Southwick's Lecture, John Anderson, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, The Postgraduates, "Moverin' Along," Personals.	150
Dominion (Poem). <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	152
Alumni Notes	153

. I see your games
To make men strong, your books to make them wise;
But there's other sight than that of eyes,
And other strength than that which strikes and maims.
What hast thou done to purge the passions pure;
To wake the myriad instincts that lie sleeping
As forests in a hazel-nut endure;
To fashion finelier our joy and weeping,
Inspire us intuitions swift and sure,
And give us soul as manifold as mind;
To make us scholars in the love of feeling,
And turn the world to beauty and revealing?

Oh, the mind and its kingdom are goodly and well for
the brain
That has craft to discover and cunning to bind to
its will
And wisdom to weigh at its worth all the wealth they
contain.
But the heart has its empire as well, and he shall
fare ill
Who has not learned the way to its meadows. His
knowledge shall be
A bitter taste in his heart; he shall spit at his skill;
And the days of his life shall be sterile and salt as the
sea.

Ay, save the man's love be made greater, even knowledge
shall wane,
And burn to the mere dry, shrivelled mummy of
thought,
As the sweet-grass withers and dies if it get not the
rain.
But we—oh, what have we done that the heart should
be taught?
We have given men brawn—without love 't is the
Brute come again;
We have given men brain—without love 't is the
Fiend. Is there aught
We have given to greatness the soul, we who dare to
shape men?

Oh, train we the body for beauty, and train we the
soul
Not only as mind, but as man; not to know, but
to be!
Give us masters to fashion our hearts! Let the fool be
a mole
And burrow his life out; the wise man shall be as a
tree
That sends down his roots to the mole-world, but
laughs in the air
With his flowers, and his branches shall stretch to
the sun to get free;
And the shepherds and husbandmen feed of the
fruit he shall bear.

—Richard Hovey.



Speech-Culture and Literature.

It is a pleasure to be able to point to a man of such wide range and high degree of excellence in literature as Mr. Bliss Carman, for one whose discernment has taken cognizance of the inevitable relation between vocal expression and literature. Professor Corson, of Cornell, has long since recognized this relation; other educators of to-day are coming to appreciate it. That the great world of education and of literature have been slow to acknowledge the vital educational importance of speech-culture is due to the shallowness and the absurdity of theories and performances which have been advanced in the name of speech-culture.

In the light of this truth, it is not surprising to find that a recent writer in one of Boston's daily papers, in en-

deavoring to account for the prevailing weakness in the English of our university men, adds to the two obvious causes—"too little Greek" and "too much German"—a third, "over-emphasis upon oratory." He says, "The stateliness of measure and fulness of elaboration characteristic of the anniversary celebration cultivate a method of expression which easily degenerates into pomposity and long-windedness when applied to writing instead of speech. There is no place in literary art for exordiums and perorations, still less for apostrophes." After quoting a sentence from a recent publication,—a period remarkable for lack of proportion and perspicuity,—he says, "Such lack of restraint in the use of words is clear evidence of the permanent effect of an undergraduate course in the school of oratory."

How far careful observation would confirm this inference it would be interesting to know. Is it the *mode* of expression which determines whether the production of the undergraduate shall be bombastic or vigorous, involved or simple, labored or direct? Is it not rather the quality of the thinking impelling the expression that determines the form of the expression? If the Sophomore's Pegasus is yet unbridled, will not his essay be as distinctly "Sophomoric" as would his oration?

If, however, the oratorical department in the college is proved to be in a measure responsible for this evident deterioration in the use of English, are we bound to admit that the habit of adequate address is a pernicious one in its effect upon the English of our students? Must an art whose educational value has stood the test of centuries suffer attack because, perchance, its exponents have not based their teaching upon scientific principles? The oratorical department has been as yet

merely an experiment in many of our schools. It is not surprising that those who have that line of work in charge have not yet in every case found the truest methods, especially since that is the one department in which it has not been thought necessary to employ specialists; "the teacher of English—of Greek—of mathematics—of Choctaw, combines our oratorical department with his regular department!" We do not say that the professor of mathematics may not be as efficient in directing the budding eloquence of the youthful mind as in introducing it to the mysteries of Euclid; but we fail to understand why we should take it for granted that such is the case, any more than that we should ask the same geometrical gentleman to take charge of the Greek classes, as a matter of convenience!

If oratorical training would be recognized as a real factor in the problem of education, it must not be held before the student as an end in itself; as a statuesque something quite apart from human life, marked by a "stateliness of measure and fulness of elaboration" of a nature calculated to provoke wonder and awe from an admiring audience. If the student is led to direct the thinking of other minds, as the one end of oratory, never fear that his oratorical habit will lead him far into a maze of verbosity. The truly oratorical in style is far from being involved or pompous. The best models of oratory given us approach more nearly the clearest, most direct utterances of the poet than does any other form of prose. Study Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, if you seek confirmation of this fact. Lead the student to make people think, to influence their action by presenting to them right objects of thought, and you will induce in him more vigorous and definite habits of thinking than he has known before. And this vigor and

discrimination of thought cannot fail to mould the expression into clearer and more definite and direct forms.

Indeed, we are inclined to hold that the tendency to a stilted and unnatural style in the average undergraduate results largely from an attitude of mind which divorces written efforts from direct speech. The youth must write a thesis. No matter how familiar his theme, no matter how clearly and intelligibly he may have discussed it with a classmate yesterday, that may not serve him to-day, for "Go to, I will write a thesis!" And he does not take into consideration that important dictum suggested by Professor Palmer, of Harvard: "Remember the other person." If he could be led to see Mr. Carman's truth—that literature is not a thing separate from speech, but "only a glorified form of speech"—he would hardly fail to "remember the other person," and directness and purity of style would eventually result. Much writing and little speaking may easily tend toward the habit of absorption in self. Oratory, the most essentially social and personal of all arts, must correct this tendency.

Professor Palmer has pointed out that the distinctive glory of early Greek literature is "that it contains no literary note; that it gives forth human feeling not in conventional arrangement, but with apparent spontaneity—in short, that it is speech literature, not book literature." If, then, we agree that neglect of the classics—which are our highest models of style because they are the highest representative of "speech literature"—is at the root of our failure to mould the style of our college men, is it consistent to class culture in effective speech as another cause of the same weakness?

It is the rarity of true speech-culture, true oratory, rather than its undue

prominence, which has reflected upon the English of our scholars until in the written works of our scientists expression is seldom found commensurate with the value of the thought-product.



Our New College Home.

Before the current number of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is issued we shall be in our new home, and both teachers and pupils will be hard at work in the new surroundings. Tuesday, March 12, is Opening Day, and the Monday preceding will have witnessed a pleasant interchange of greetings, for on that day the Alma Mater is for the first time at home to her friends in her new home. The special feature of Opening Day is a recital by Miss King, under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society, at 2.30.

We wish that it were possible for every son and daughter of Emerson to share personally in the rejoicing of the week. It is hoped that many will be with us; certain it is that the hearts of all will turn to the institution which, as it has always stood for progress, is once more advancing toward surroundings more in keeping with its long-cherished ideals of beauty.

A good general description of our new home has already occupied these columns in a previous issue.

It would be difficult, however, to imagine the bright and homelike aspect of the rooms from a bare description of them. The furnishings are simple but elegant. Rich Smyrna rugs are on the polished floors of the offices and library; heavy curtains of green silk velours drape the doors between the offices; an occasional good picture or bust gives relief to the cool freshness of the walls, which, in the offices, are a faint green in tint. The tone of the corridors is Venetian red, relieved by white. The walls of the

library are also of this warm hue, and the dark cases of volumes lining the walls are very effective against their soft background. New cases have been added, filled with the new volumes purchased with the proceeds of the recent Shakespearean Course.

On ascending the marble stairway, after a greeting from our old friend the Apollo Belvedere, one passes through airy corridors to a series of bright classrooms, two of them being small halls, with a platform at one end.

The beautiful hall where the general exercises will be held and President Emerson's classes will meet has already been described in detail. In a later issue we hope to present views of the interior.



The New Rhetoric.

A valuable addition to the body of literature devoted to the principles of English composition is a volume just issued by the Everett Press, "Rhetoric, and Principles of Written Composition," by the Hon. John W. Dickinson. This volume is eagerly welcomed by the hundreds of students who have received instruction in English from Dr. Dickinson.

The design of the book is to present in a concise way and by a natural method a knowledge of the right use of the English language. Dr. Dickinson, for many years a teacher in the Massachusetts State Normal, of which he was the head, recognized that a knowledge of the right use of language implies "a knowledge of language as a mental faculty and of language as a system of established signs of our mental states." This fact has not always been recognized in our methods of teaching the subject.

The topics are presented logically, in accordance with the analytic objective method. All rules and definitions are

derived from an analysis of illustrative examples.

Dr. Dickinson's long experience in teaching rhetoric and psychology, and his discriminating perception of the relation of one to the other, make his exposition of the principles of rhetoric most practical and valuable.



Errata.

In the report of the Students' Aid Association Benefit, in our last issue, the name of Mr. Webb B. Hill, whose rare tenor voice won praise from all who heard it, was, by some inadvertence, given as "Mr. Webb B. Neill." Through oversight, a report of the charming comedietta by Miss Adelaide Jump, '99, and Mr. Foland, '01, was omitted. Miss Jump and Mr. Foland, for simplicity, truthfulness, and directness of address, were admirably matched. Both have long been favorites in Emerson College for their true, artistic platform work.

Attention!

The college year is nearing its close, and there are still many unpaid subscriptions to the magazine. Bills have been sent out and, probably from neglect, the remittance has not in every case been made. If you have been one of the neglectful ones, will you not at once join the other forces and prove the fact by making immediate remittance? In remitting please do so by personal check unless you add ten cents for collection, which is the amount charged by the Boston banks. There is no collection charge on a bank draft, P. O., money, or express order.

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR E. CARPENTER,
Business Manager.

Physical Culture and Its Relation to the Spiritual Life.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

Stenographic Report by Ethel Karnan. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]

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ANY form of language means to its author what he means by it. It means to his readers what they understand by it. No forms of language can be absolute, although the things which they are used to represent may be absolute. The word "religion" does not mean the same to all persons. Terrible wars have grown out of the fact that people have meant different things by the same words. To one person physical culture may mean any kind of physical exercises, any form of action of the body. To another person a different idea may be suggested by the term.

Do I believe in physical culture? That depends upon what you mean by the term. I have a meaning for physical culture in which I believe.

The word "culture" is used in many senses; and yet I do not recall any use of the term that does not refer, however slightly, to some spontaneous activity of nature.

What does "agriculture" mean to the farmer? It means the culture of the earth. Yet the earth was all right to begin with. God made it, and no one can improve upon His handiwork. But the farmer can cultivate the soil in relation to the growth of something to eat or to wear — something to supply the material wants of mankind. The horticulturist seeks to cultivate it in relation to something that gratifies the æsthetic instincts of mankind.

Culture refers, then, to the direction of something in nature, something spontaneous. No man can make a flower. He can make an imitation; but he can-

not make it grow. He can furnish the conditions of growth; but there is something in the cause of the growth of a plant, the blossoming of a rose, which the greatest chemist in the world does not understand. There is something in the growth of a kernel of wheat that the most proficient agriculturist does not understand, however versed he may be in the science of botany or of chemistry. When the proper soil is selected, and its requirements are fulfilled by the agriculturist, wheat grows there, and that is all we know about it. It grows spontaneously.

Life in all its modes of expression takes hold of mystery. There is such a thing as spiritual culture — and yet, absolutely speaking, there is but one Spirit, and you cannot cultivate Him. He is perfect. He cannot be improved. But you can "make His paths straight." You can smooth the way. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight." That is the Jewish idea of culture. That is Christian culture.

There is a tendency towards development in the intellectual faculties. Unless that tendency exists the teacher can do nothing for the pupil. Presenting to him the profoundest, the most perfect, philosophy can do nothing for him, the most improved methods of pedagogy can do nothing for him, unless there is inherent in his nature that which tends toward wisdom. You cannot develop wisdom unless there is something present to be developed. And all that you can do is to prepare the way, that wisdom may flow unhindered from the depths of being.

So it is in physical culture. Can you do anything to life? Life, which is of God, is perfect. God alone is life, commands life. We can add nothing to life; we can take nothing from it; but we can prepare its way by physical culture. The Bible says, "He has poured out His spirit upon all flesh." If the flesh is made perfect His spirit is upon it.

When the great Healer, by a sign, caused leprosy to depart and leave the skin whole and pure, what was done? The God who made that flesh in the first place did not sow leprosy there. He gave life; and the healing was the manifestation of His power over the life. What did Christ do for the blind man? He put something on his eyes and immediately the sight was restored. Was it that which was applied to the eyes that made the man see? No. That which made him see was there before; had been there since his birth. The path was made clear for it to manifest itself. Right conditions are necessary to the manifestation of what is infinite and eternal.

There is no place where the Spirit does not dwell. "If I take the wings of the morning," the words of inspiration say, "and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy right hand lead me." There is no going from His presence. What then? Make His paths straight, the paths through which His presence is made manifest. Make the conditions right. Putting clay on the blind man's eyes did not make him see. Surrendering himself and his will to the Divine Presence made the conditions right. Then he saw.

You cannot add to love, because it is the attribute of the Infinite; but you can be a channel through which love manifests itself. And true physical culture is preparing the way, opening the channel, for the manifestation of that spirit which the Bible says God hath breathed upon all flesh.

Culture prepares the way. Culture

makes His paths smooth. You who are studying the highest forms of literature and art are seeking æsthetic culture. You desire to cultivate your sense of the beautiful. But if the tendency to love the beautiful is not innate, a potential activity, you cannot learn to love art. That tendency is inherent in your nature. No person can excuse himself for a lack of appreciation of beauty by saying, "It was never put into my composition." It is in every person, potentially. What God has planted Apollos may water, and there will be increase. What God has not planted some one else may attempt to plant, and some one else to water, but there will be no increase. The essential end of physical culture is to prepare the way for the tendencies that are in the person,—to prepare the way for the soul to express itself, to move out upon the world.

We read that God made man in His own image. Every man, in the ratio that his life manifests the spirit of love, reflects the image of God. Beyond that we can say only that he may have been created so potentially. Before he becomes actually the image of God his soul must be subject to a process, his life must be directed to work toward right ends; and yet all the time there is the germ of the divine life. All the time, against the door of the hardest heart, there is knocking the Spirit of Love, the Spirit of Benevolence; and each individual is called upon to prepare the way. "Open the door and I will come in to you and sup with you, and you with me."

This, then, is the province of physical culture,—to help the individual to open himself to what is best in himself, his own spiritual tendencies. One of man's spiritual tendencies is toward beauty. Although he may not suggest a high degree of beauty physically, his tendency is toward beauty. God made him upright; but "he has sought out many inventions." He invented all this mal-

formation. It did not come from his Creator. What should physical culture do for him? Open the door. If there is no tendency to uprightness in the spirit there is no use of trying to make the body straight. Take counsel of the inner nature. Do you not feel like *standing up* for truth? You say, "Do you mean by that, affirming the truth and defending it?" Yes. Observe a man when he rises before others to affirm a truth that is holy and high, and to advocate it. If his back is ever so stiff and bent you will find him straightening up in some measure. He will suggest that he is erect.

I once knew a man who had become so bowed with age and from bending over his work—he was near-sighted—that his spinal column had become fixed in that position. Yet I have seen that man inspired in proclaiming the truth of God until I felt not only as if he became straight, but that he towered up into the air and suggested great height. The expression of a noble purpose always suggests elevation.

I would not have you try to straighten up so that you will not have consumption. If you prefer to have consumption it is your privilege. I would not have you straighten up because some teacher tells you to or because some book tells you how to do it—though I may be the teacher and it may be a book that I have written. I would point upward for your thought. I would point upward for your aspirations. Then I would say, Let the aspiration take possession of you. And how far upward will that aspiration carry you—physically, I mean? Just as far up as God intended you to go. It will carry you to the throne of God spiritually, and physically to the limits of the relation of body to mind in its manifestation.

"Well," you say, "how about teaching a man just to straighten up, to lift up his

chest and the crown of his head, to rise to his normal height?" Ah, until the soul within him aspires to truth, beauty, good, all his efforts to secure good presence are useless. They will not make a man of him. They will not make him look any more like a man than an old wooden image looks like a man. He can make by that means a splendid dummy of himself! He can show an attempt at representing a man.

I say to you, "Stand up straight." Do not obey me, sir, until there is something in your soul that says, "Come up higher." Then what will you do? Just let go of your body and it will rise. Unless physical culture means simply opening the way, preparing the way, making straight the paths for what is highest and best within you to take possession of your person and give you outward form and manifestation, it is vain.

I knew a man, a watchmaker, who had bent over his watchmaking for so many years that the sternum pressed upon the vital organs and he had a serious form of heart-disease. The pressure had become so great that the man sometimes fell insensible. He was an old man at forty. Years after, I met him, and finding him still employed in his trade and apparently well, I asked him the secret of his renewed vigor. "Well," he said, "one Sunday evening I was sitting in my chair out in front of the house and I noticed for the first time the beauty of those hills at the northwest. Then I began to look around, and I said to myself, 'I have never seen my home before, and what is around it. Where have I been all these years that I have not seen these things? I have heard and read of sunsets, and have seen paintings that represented them, but I believe I have never seen one before. Where have I been? Oh, I have been bending over that machinery

in there. I have made a success of watchmaking, but is that all I came into the world for? I can make watches well enough; but is that being a man? It may be necessary for the man to get a living; but is that the man?' I got right up and I called my wife and said, 'You and I haven't called on Uncle Davy for months. Let's go down and see the old man.' And we started. The sun was sinking slowly, the sky was showing more and more beautiful colors every instant. All nature caught the glory of those colors. We went over and down the hill to the brook and crossed the stone bridge. And as we went over I looked down and saw pictures I had never seen before. I saw myself, too, reflected in the water, a little humpbacked old man. And I said, 'I believe there is my heart-trouble! I believe if I looked at the sky more I would get well.' From that day I have continued to look up. It has been more than twenty years since I have had any trouble with my heart."

Ah, there is truth and beauty in the heavens! Look up and see the stars! What shall straighten us? The spirit within. When a man feels as if he wanted to lift himself up among the sons of God, when he feels as if he would like to rise and go out among God's little ones, lifting them from earth's dark places into the light of truth, then the spirit which is within—which is always straight, though we would weight it down—will manifest itself, and the man may walk erect. The spirit is not bowed down. O Spirit, Thou Most High, I would come to thee! And there is something within that says, "The way is open; the burden is light. The light is shining. Let us rise and go hence." And under the impulse of that thought you rise, and you find the highway that is called "The way of holiness," which is cast up for the ransomed.

We cannot live without inspiration and fulfil life's high behests. Talk about physical culture that has no spirit in it, and you talk about something that has no real existence.

How can one be interested in this theme year after year, finding it ever new? Because he sees something more in a man than a machine. He sees something divine in every soul that is trying to wing its way upward. Every man feels it in himself. Sometimes he feels that it is hard for the spirit to rise, and he is conscious of his person as a cage for that spirit; but he feels the beating of the wings against the cage until the cage door flies open, and up the spirit wings its way to manhood and to womanhood.

I do not believe in physical culture as mere physical culture. Man is a spirit. Then what is physical culture? Making the paths of the spirit straight, removing the hindrances from the way. Do not set your will against the spirit.

"Well," says one, "I have not willed myself to be hollow-chested and crooked." No, you have not thought anything about it. But there is something in your mind that tends downward. "Do you mean that I am a bad man?" Oh, no! But perhaps you saw some one walk that way when you were a child, and you responded in your own person. There may be thousands of reasons for it—too many to enumerate; but whatever it was that bowed you down, it was a burden. Burdens do not belong to the spirit.

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," saith the Lord. Why is Thy burden light—the burden that rests upon Thy followers? "Light" and "heavy" are relative terms. A giant might carry something light to him which would be heavy to a dwarf. My burden is light because Omnipotent Power carries it for me.

I have seen persons who have told me that they had always found themselves in pleasant paths. There rises before my mental vision an old lady who had measured in the span of her race more than threescore years and ten. And she had had upon her for many years what was called a fatal disease. And her home was in the almshouse. She never had been a mother; but she had found two little motherless children years before, and though it seemed all that she could do to support herself, yet she took them, and fed and clothed them, and provided means of education for them by the labor of her hands. By and by she found another destitute one, and she said, "Can I provide for another? The Lord helping me, I will." She found a fourth and provided for that one. I said to the dear old lady, "What has become of your children? Can't they help you now?" "Well," she said "in the first place, I don't need any help. In the second place, two of them are bearing burdens now that I wish I could help them carry. And two more have gone beyond all burdens to the better world." She said, "I don't think often about my troubles and sorrows; I don't have any time for that." Old, infirm, an object of charity, confined to her invalid chair, rising with difficulty by the aid of canes, she had no time to think of her troubles! In amazement, I waited to see what employment could so occupy the time of one so feeble and alone. She went on, "I have no time because I am so engrossed with the thought of how good God has been to me!"

Ah, her burdens were light, and the yoke with which she bore the burdens was the power of the Omnipotent Arm. "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It is not the outer life that makes things heavy or light. It is what is within. That dear old lady—this

was thirty years ago—little thought that through all the rest of my life she, by her spiritual influence and example, would be with me whenever life's burdens seemed heavy. Whenever the yoke seems galling there rises to my sight that dear old face. I grow ashamed of my burden. I dare not own that I have it, and new life and new power come to me.

Ah, we live from within. It is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone." There is something higher, that is everlasting life.

The physical culture that we want has reference to that which comes from above. There is one criterion of culture, and that is this: in culture there is always something beneficent. In every exercise one takes that really results in culture there is some expression of beneficence. Nothing but *expressive* physical culture can help us. "Expressive"—something that is pressed out from within. Why do we call it expressive physical culture? Because we do not teach the person to do anything until the impulse comes from within. Wait upon the spirit and the impulse will come. What the spirit does not help us to it is useless to make slaves of ourselves trying to attain.

One says, "I can straighten up pretty well. But you talk to us about dominant centres in action,—that the centre of the forearm should lead in all movements of the arm. I don't seem to be able to yield my arms to the guidance of the centres. My hands are stiff and seem determined to lead."

If I could bring a beautiful little child before you—you are a lover of children—I would at once see that child mirrored in your eye. I would see the response break from the eye all over the face, and I would see the chest begin to rise. I stop you right there and say, "What are you doing that for?" "What

am I doing?" "Why, here we have been working you morning after morning for three months to get you to lift up your chest like that. You said you could n't do it." You reply, "I did n't know I was doing it."

We then dismiss all reference to physical culture, for the moment, and again turn to the child. The child's eye responds to yours, the little hands begin to come out; and your arms at once move in response. I watch them. I notice that your hand is not leading in the movement toward the child; it is the forearm that gives the impulse to action. All unconsciously, you are embracing the little one with the forearm, which is the agent of the arm through which love finds expression.

When that spirit of love stirs in your heart these manifestations will shine through. This is the spirit of physical culture. We do not want the physical as a separate thing. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

I should not dare teach a system of physical culture that did not receive its impulse from the divine life. I should feel that it was blasphemy. I might, if I thought best, teach you tricks, and call it physical culture. It would be physical — minus the culture.

Physical culture is based on physiology? In a sense, yes; but it is even more closely related to psychology, the science of the soul. Ah, yes, we may go a step further and say that is not far from *theology*, a discourse on God.

We want room for the spiritual life; room for the divine life; room for God; room for the fulfilment of the truth that He has made His tabernacle with man. Make room for the Spirit. Keep the temple clean, and let the halo of the Most High shine round about it. The Spirit of God that made man is the power to lift him up, to make him straight, to make him free. He that is free — in physical culture — is free indeed? Ah, no — "He that is free in Christ is free indeed."

Life Expressed through Character.*

FRANCES A. ROSS, '02.

THE object of this paper is to consider a question recently raised in Miss King's voice class; namely, Do transient mental states, which may be revealed in the voice, express our character? This question involves two assumptions, generally accepted as true until within a few years, and still maintained by many who have not given the subject special study; first, that character is something apart from the individual's mental states, and second, that certain states of mind not habitual

with the person do not reveal his character.

In order to understand the points at hand, let us turn our attention to life itself — not in a heavy, so-called psychological way, but in an every-day, common-sense, simple way; for we have our object, life, right at hand, "nearer than hands or feet," and all we have to do is truthfully to observe it.

All of us awoke some time this morning. Some of us were sleepy; some

* Paper read before the class of '02.

were cold; some of us thought, "Oh dear, I am to read for Doctor Emerson this morning;" and some of us felt relieved to recollect that that ordeal was over. We have already had many and varied experiences. Some of us feel blue, we know not why; some feel as free and light-hearted as a bird; some of us found the coffee cold and the steak tough. All of us agree that ever since we woke life has been a round of experiences, which make up what we call consciousness, or conscious life. In fact, we would not know life, we would have no knowledge at all, were it not for this in-pouring flood of experiences. But what is this experience? What made the cold coffee or the tough steak an experience? Simply because it produced a certain state of mind in you toward it. There might be a famine or a flood in China, but you would not know it, or experience it in any way, until, either through personal contact or report of it, it produced in you a mental state corresponding to its actuality. Therefore our consciousness, or "awareness" of life, is a continual stream of mental states. Mr. James uses the word "stream" to indicate the character of our conscious life, and we shall see how *à propos* it is. In a stream of water there are no partitions, no separations of any kind. You may remove a drop or a pailful, but you do not even then destroy the one continuing, undivided current. So it is with our consciousness. We do not have one thought cooped up by itself here, and another thought there; one thought glides imperceptibly into another. You may watch a person reading a letter, and see the eagerness change to anxiety, the anxiety gradually grow into relief, and the relief melt into pleasure, and yet you could not tell where the shadow broke into sunlight. Or this moment that you are listening to me you become conscious of the light streaming through

the opposite window, or you look down and see the figures on the carpet; still you are hearing what I say, or, perhaps, wondering how long I'll talk. I dwell on this illustration that you may realize from your own experience the fleeting, shifting character of all mental states. They are really hardly *states* at all, but transitions from point to point. Transient, flowing, flitting, speeding like an arrow through the air, is every mental state. Therefore, when we speak of transient thoughts we must bear in mind that transient is the distinguishing characteristic of our mental states. What we call a prolonged mental state is a constant repetition or recalling of the one dominant state, which is always a little different as it returns, and is often interrupted by some other thought, causing us to say that the concentration is lost.

From what has been said, I feel sure that we all agree that life is made up of this stream of ever-changing thoughts.

But now what of character? Character is the way of living. The distinction between life and character is one of method, not of essence. We all have life, but no two lives are lived in the same way. Hence the way is concerned with everything we do. Character includes all our mental states, however transitory.

Emerson says, "There is one mind common to all individual men; that is, all have the same field of thought open to them, but each one explores the field in his own way. Our exploration is our character, and not only our character but our genius. The greatness of an individual depends not so much upon some superior mental capacity as upon the kind of objects to which he attends, and these objects are all in the field spreading out before us. One person walking through this field pursues objects of truth, courage, love, happiness,—the fragrant flowers in the field of life;

another wanders idly about, finding nothing or throwing away the good he gathers; still another explores mischief, envy, misery, rank, poisonous weeds."

Now the confusion in many minds is this: here is a person, we will say, of good character who pursues objects of truth and beauty; but anon he comes across a weed, a moment of irritation, of weakness, which is not habitual, to be sure, but nevertheless an ineradicable part of his exploration. The question already raised here is: Does this transient mental state, which might be revealed through the voice, express the character? Of course, in our life, many evil thoughts, suggested by objects in the world about us, enter the door of our consciousness, just as in our walk through a field in search of flowers weeds come within the range of our vision; but if we pass the bad object immediately, and keep the attention fixed upon the good, we shall have mental states corresponding to the good objects of thought, and consequently we shall have good expressions of character. The expression or act follows because thought is motor; that is, no matter how transitory or weak the thought may be, it does actually, even though imperceptibly, affect the physical organism. Thought in its very nature is always seeking outlet in deed, whether you will or not. Perhaps you may sometimes have watched a person fall asleep, until you began to feel drowsy, and had to rouse yourself. You did not intend to actualize sleep, but your thought of sleep in the other person was so strong that it began to express itself in your body. Or you may try to hold your forefinger out straight while you think of pulling the trigger of a gun. Unconsciously you will find your finger bending, because the thought of pulling the trigger is bound to have physical expression.

We may say, without hesitation, that any thought held long enough to arrest our attention does manifest our character, and thoughts do not have to be held very long for that result. No prayer should be oftener upon our lips than that which begs that the meditations of our hearts may be acceptable "in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." We need never trouble about our deeds if we will attend to the right objects of thought. In fact, character and will depend entirely upon attention to our thoughts.

This leads to another consideration touched upon two weeks ago in regard to the revelation of character through the voice. From my standpoint, character is a continuous exploration, a never-ceasing expression of the self. Opposed to this is our too common estimate of character as a bundle of past deeds, good, bad, or indifferent, which we name John Smith or Mary Brown. But character is this active, daily, hourly exploration — not all good, not all bad; it is the moving self, including within it all the states of mind possible. Your past life is not your character, any more than a reservoir is the stream of which it stores up a part. Therefore you cannot separate character from the living man, or find it fully expressed in some particular act or set of acts. The unqualifiedly bad man who sings well is an impossibility, for the man's character is in his song as much as in his other acts. His song of love, of aspiration, of despair, is the man himself, it is his character, and all that can truthfully be said of him is that his life is not so unified as that of a more consistent person. It is impossible to suppose, as we sometimes assume, that a good man can perform bad acts, and a bad man good acts. "By their fruits ye shall know them." When the habitually good man does something evil he

is not perfectly good. Contrariwise, when the bad man does something good he is not absolutely bad.

Character is a liquid thing. It is not only something expressed through our habitual tendencies, which, I grant, give it a peculiar stamp or mold, but it is in and through all we do. Character is not a fixture, a past self, but a living,

moving, assimilating, ever-present self; not a completion, but a process. To sum up briefly what has been presented: life is a stream of mental states; character, which is the way of living, includes all these states and is not something apart from them. Therefore all states of mind, however transient, which affect the voice express character.

Speech=Culture and Literature.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE relation between speech-culture and literature may not be apparent at first glance. Not only does it exist, however, but it is fundamental, and therefore of prime importance.

Consider for a moment the position of literature among the fine arts, and some of the qualities inherent in literature which make it a fine art.

But what do we mean by the fine arts? In what do they consist? What characteristics have they in common by which we may distinguish them? We may say, theoretically, that art is nothing more nor less than the result of man's attempt to give expression to his thoughts, his aspirations, his hopes and fears, in forms of beauty. We may say, briefly, that art is the manifestation of the human spirit. But everything we do is to some extent expressive. Our acts, our looks, our gestures, the tones of our voice, may all be said to be expressive in that they convey to others some impression about ourselves. An advertising-sign on the fence is a form of expression, in that it serves to convey information from the proprietor to the public. Indeed, nothing that man does can be wholly without expression. How, therefore, can we distinguish these forms of expression which are worthy to be termed the "fine arts"?

If I say to you that a plus b equals c , or that 2 plus 2 equals 4 , I am giving expression to a statement which appeals at once to your reason. It requires only your mind to appreciate the information. You don't care anything about it. But if I say, "The sailor and the hunter have come home," that piece of information begins to interest you. I begin to touch upon your emotions. You fancy there is to be more of the story; you like the sailor better than the hunter; or perhaps you wish that the hunter had returned alone; at all events, your sympathy is awake and awaiting the development of the story. It is no longer a pure and simple statement of fact, such as we had at first in 2 plus 2 equals 4 . Now, if I go further and quote you Robert Louis Stevenson's lines:—

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill,"

what's the result? We not only have our mind informed as before, we not only have our emotions enlisted as before, we have our senses appealed to as well. The statement already had mental and spiritual qualities, and now there has been added to these a physical quality, the quality of beauty. These three qualities of truth, spirituality, and

beauty are the essential characteristics of all the fine arts. And, among all the achievements and activities of mankind no form of expression can be classed as a fine art unless each of these qualities is present. And, also, any industry may at any moment rise to the height of a fine art if the workman is given sufficient freedom and has sufficient talent or genius. In that case he will impress upon the work something of his own personality; he will make it expressive of himself; he will put into his work reason and love and beauty. He will make it appeal to our mind, our spirit, and our æsthetic sense.

You see, then, that these three distinguished characteristics of art are representative of the threefold nature of the artist. And these three qualities, inherent in every work of art, implanted there by its human creator, a reflected image of himself, will in turn appeal to the living trinity within ourselves. All art has charm; it has what Rossetti called fundamental brain-work. To say the same thing and in another way, art must make us satisfied and glad and content; it must give us something to think about, something to love, and something to recall with a thrill of pleasure.

It is the province of art, of every art and every piece of art, to influence us in these three ways. And any artist whose work is lacking in any one of those directions is in so far a limited and imperfect creator.

Art, then, is the result of man's attempt to express himself adequately, with intelligence, with power, and with charm. But when we say that art is the embodiment of expression, that does not mean that the expression is given necessarily a permanent form. Some of the arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, are dependent on materials for their embodiment; but their greater or less permanence has nothing

to do with their essential qualities. It would not detract in the least from the excellence of a painting if it were destroyed the minute it was finished. Other arts, again, like music and dancing and acting, are merely instantaneous and have no permanence whatever; they perish more quickly than the impulse which produced them, except in so far as they can be preserved in the memory and reproduced by imitation.

Now in order to arrest the perishable beauty of these instantaneous arts, certain mechanical inventions have been devised from time to time,—the inventions of writing, of printing, of photography, for example,—and by their use creations of art, which must otherwise be lost to the world, may be preserved and transmitted and multiplied for the enjoyment of thousands. And the point I wish to emphasize is that music and literature are in precisely the same case in this respect. Literature, like music, is dependent on writing only as a means for its preservation. And all its essential qualities, like those of music, are perceived only when it is reproduced as modified sound. And in Stevenson's lines which we quoted a moment ago, you remember that we found he had taken a simple statement of fact, which contained truth and interest, and had raised it to the dignity of poetry, by adding a single quality,—the quality of beauty. His genius and knowledge of English gave him the power of arranging a few words so that they should not only interest us as they had done before, but should enthrall us with a new and added charm. That charm was the charm of sound.

Or, to take another example, take this sentence, "So among the mountains by the winter sea the sound of battle rolled all day long." There is a statement of fact, a bit of expression, which conveys information and which has

interest. But now listen to the same words when Tennyson has added beauty to their thought and emotion :—

“ So all day long the sound of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea.”

This new beauty is purely a beauty of sound. Tennyson's taste as an artist led him to perceive when these sixteen words were so arranged as to produce their greatest charm, their maximum effect upon us.

I must conclude, therefore, that poetry, or literature, is an oral art. And that aspect of it which appeals to an æsthetic sense does so, and can only do so, through the harmonious arrangement of melodious words.

If I repeat, then, that it is the inherent characteristic of art to be beautiful and to appeal to our sense of beauty, and furthermore, that the only way literature has of fulfilling this condition and becoming a fine art is by the beauty of the spoken word, I think we may very safely conclude that any composition which fails in this test fails of being literature.

And, further, this relation between literature and speech is not only a fundamental one, but its maintenance has an important effect. Literature is, as it were, only a glorified form of speech, produced with greater care and skill and forethought. The literature of a nation is the quintessence of the speech of the nation. Think for a moment what sometimes happens when any community becomes detached from the current of civilization, when it becomes isolated and narrow and self-centred; it often happens that these impoverished communities deteriorate rapidly, and that they show mental weakness, moral depravity, physical debasement. Had their speech become as corrupt and inefficient as themselves, you would not have expected literature from such a people.

On the other hand, think of the case of those nations which have reached a high grade of civilization in the world's history. They have always been nations which have bequeathed to us valuable and significant treasures of literature and the plastic arts. Indeed, we have no means of measuring the greatness of a people except by the fine arts it encourages and produces; for the fine arts, as we said, are only the embodiment of man's aspirations and ideals. The surpassing literature of Greece and Rome is a true exponent of the degree of civilization at which they had arrived; and it is, too, simply a record of their speech. It were surely impossible that Greek poetry should exhibit such qualities of perfection as they do, unless the Greek tongue had first attained those same perfect characteristics, those traits of power and beauty and adequateness of expression.

If we do not admit this, and still profess to think there is no relation between speech and literature, we are driven by the force of logic to admit that Shakespeare's plays might quite well have been written by some wise old Chinese philosopher, who was a deaf-mute and spent his whole life in a hermit's cell. I am only repeating in regard to letters what Mr. Dittmar said the other day in regard to the drama; namely, that art can only be improved as our own capacity for expression becomes more wide-spread. Any art will flourish in a nation just in proportion to the nation's educated instinct for that art.

If I could acquire a knowledge and use of language such as Stevenson possessed, such as two or three people of my acquaintance possess; if I could know the English tongue with all its shades of meaning and subtle association; if I could use it with readiness, with exactness, with capriciousness, with feeling; and if, in addition to this, I

could acquire a beautiful and well-controlled voice, such as one occasionally hears, so that after I knew my words I could make use of them, I should in that case not only be a better-educated man, but I should have greater power. I should have given myself the rudiments of a literary education (such as is nowhere provided in our schools or colleges), and I should have fitted myself as a citizen to be one of that intelligently critical public without which the fine arts cannot flourish; cannot, indeed, exist. Moreover, I could fit myself to be an intelligent and sympathetic, though obscure, appreciator of the art of literature in no other way than by these two means.

I do not know how it may be with you, but I cannot recall more than half a dozen people among those I have ever known who preserved this happy degree and kind of culture. If, however, instead of being so rare, speech-culture were made prevalent, if such knowledge and power of expression could be made universal, consider what a public we should have! And think how impossible a great mass of our contemporary literature, with its barbarous offences against good taste, its ruthless disregard of beauty, its atrocities against English speech — think how impossible such work would be! Do you think that a wide-spread culture of our own language, a national instinct for exact, flexible, and pleasing speech, would have no influence upon our literature? I find it difficult to imagine such a perfected standard of diction as that and literary mediocrity existing in the same nation at the same time.

As bearing directly on the question, allow me to quote a fragmentary poem by Richard Hovey, entitled "The Gift of Art": —

I dreamed that a child was born; and at his birth
The Angel of the Word stood by the hearth

And spake to her that bare him: "Look without!

Behold the beauty of the Day, the shout
Of color to glad color, rocks and trees
And sun and sea and wind and sky! All these
Are God's expression, art-work of his hand,
Which men must love ere they may understand;
By which alone he speaks till they have grace
To hear his voice and look upon his face.
For first and last of all things in the heart
Of God, as man, the glory is of art.
What gift could God bestow or man beseech,
Save spirit unto spirit uttered speech?
Wisdom were not, for God himself could find
No way to reach the unresponsive mind;
Sweet Love were dead, and all the crowded skies
A loneliness and not a Paradise.
Teach the child language, mother. . . ."

This, then, is the very brief statement of the bearing of speech-culture upon literature, as it appears to me; and our investigation closes here. In conclusion, however, I should like to guard against the implication of an overestimate of the value of the fine arts and their importance in life. If one insists on the vital necessity for education in expression, it is not merely to the end that the fine arts may flourish; for though the fine arts are lovely and desirable in themselves, they indicate the existence of something even more wonderful and desirable — they indicate the presence of an instinct for truth, an instinct for goodness, and an instinct for beauty in the people which produced them. They reveal, as I think we said before, the high degree of civilization which that people had been fortunate enough to reach.

If we give ourselves to the culture of expression we shall undoubtedly have greater art as a result of that education, but its best result will be the effect upon ourselves; for in the process of that culture, in the calling-forth of the capacities which reveal themselves in art, we shall be developing those powers which alone beautify life, those qualities which alone enlighten and ennoble a nation. — *Boston Transcript*.

Remarks on Dramatic Study.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

THE study of dramatic expression is an essential element in the culture of an individual. It calls forth the sympathies and develops the imagination to a *realizing* power not attainable through the reflective study of literature and art. It is a natural power of the responsive temperament. It is of value to cultivate—for the sake of the intellect, the body, the spirit. How so? Let us consider. Intellectually, dramatic study engenders tolerance, the power to grasp and comprehend the point of view of others and realize the force of influences that impel to different actions. This comprehensive sympathy does not necessarily imply agreement; for one must appreciate diversity of motives and keep the perspective from his own standpoint. The knowledge of human nature to be derived from an appreciation of the range of Shakespearian rôles, great and small, would be a fortunate attainment for any one. The advantage of the expression study over that of the ordinary consideration and analysis is that it exercises the mind more vitally, and compels the *realization* which might not be attained through analysis or speculation. In order to express a thing one must first be impressed with it, and that requires an absorbing concentration.

People fail in dramatic expression often because of mental or physical inertia. They do not keenly perceive the situation, nor appreciatively contemplate the significance of it. If one should so perceive and appreciate, could he render a sublime passage without enthusiasm, or fail to reflect the horror of an evil with all the power of recoil? Ordinary life might teach us that we

reflect somewhat dramatically anything which affects us intensely, either favorably or unfavorably. We imitate things which annoy us as well as that which we admire.

I wish to emphasize the fact that we do not solely express that which is like ourselves,—we may even fail to comprehend such characteristics through lack of perspective,—but that which we see clearly at the moment of speech and action. We must picture the experiences and the personality which we are to represent. *A man's own character gives him his perspective.* He cannot express what is above his aspirations, whether he realizes them in any other way or not. He may express anything which is below him; and the farther it is below himself—his real self—the more impressive will be his interpretation of it.

"The man of imagination has lived all lives," says Robert Ingersoll, himself a great sympathizer with human nature and a powerfully dramatic orator. The knowledge of human nature gained by dramatic study alone is worth much to him who would deal with it successfully. Some people possess naturally responsive organisms; such can readily reflect the qualities of their dramatic perception, and these are said to have dramatic tendency or ability. However, responsiveness is a quality to be cultivated to some extent by all, and controlled by definite thinking. A person may wish to be reserved in manner, but that reserve loses its charm if the person is bound by it, is unable to break it when he chooses. On the other hand, a person who is controlled by impulse and does not direct or restrain

his expression is fortunate if his impulsiveness never offends good taste. Such an one needs intellectual self-command to give charm to his responsive disposition. Culture means self-mastery, in action or repose. First, can you clearly apprehend what you wish to present? Secondly, can you command your activities to responsive action?

How often is the body a drag upon the mind when we attempt to speak or act! We can at first be conscious of nothing but self-consciousness. Why? Because we have not taught the body to *think*. The skilled musician has taught his fingers to *act* so readily that he need no longer be conscious of the need of finger exercises. The acrobat who poises upon a wire must have overcome the anxiety lest he should fall, and must have some conscious dependence upon the certainty of his muscles and nerves. No activity of the body can be perfect until *exercise* with reference to the required activity has been faithfully taken. In no endeavor but the highest of all—responsive expression of thought—do people fail to recognize the need of patient drill. Expressive physical culture is essential to the highest condition of bodily activity in this realm. You will say, Do all successful actors practise physical culture? Certainly many do; and, too, the necessities of their calling, through constant exercise of the person in *acting*, posing, rehearsing, etc., do much to cultivate the earnest student of the art. The average actor also has a natural tendency to responsive activity, and practises continually.

The voice, too, needs to be made free and vital, and trained to fine expressiveness through constant drill.

The study of dramatic action is also essential, and this no actor ever misses. The clear study of the pictured situation, a presence of mind with regard to

the definite things to be done, the habit of realizing one's body as revealing thought,—all these develop expressive bearing, action full of meaning, and the mobile suiting of the action to the word. Irrelevant gropings of the body are replaced by movements and attitudes that speak. The intelligent dramatic student learns to express something when he moves or stands, for he learns that there is a language of the body which symbolizes his thought and which may be perfected by calling upon the body to act, to picture thought, as the mind guides and the *will* arouses.

Every situation in life finds its expression of meaning in the body cultured to dramatic responsiveness and controlled by definite purpose. Affectation is objectionable principally because it is not sincere; it is the imitation of real expression as hypocrisy is the simulation of integrity. True expression is *revealed purpose*.

I have spoken of dramatic culture as an intellectual advantage because of its exercise of the imagination and the realizing power of the mind, and an advantage to the physical person through its appeal to the right activities, bringing the body more under the control of mind and will. But the highest consideration of all is the spiritual, that which makes for character, the wealth that is stored for eternity, and the evolution of the advancing soul.

I have said that a person can express often more comprehensively characteristics that are not his own. This needs careful consideration. Characteristics, so-called personal peculiarities, are the result of the combination of influences coming from temperament, habits of thinking, occupation, etc. These characteristics are mostly unconscious, unless the person is told of them. Hence they lack the *motive* of *presentation*, which is essential to effective radia-

tion. That which is unconscious is not a definite concept, and hence calls no attention to itself—except as a peculiarity. Why cannot an Irishman play an Irishman? Art is not nature, but “Art is nature passed through mind and fixed in form.” The Irishman, for example, is not an artistic figure. He may interest you as a study, in passing, but he cannot command the attention of an audience continuously. “The real Negro,” on the contrary, is often effective; because what he does *is largely dramatic*, done for the purpose of effect.

The real villain playing a part like himself would either simply offend your taste or make you feel he was all right, his villainy quite the thing. The man whose mind and character give him a perspective over villainy will make you see the workings of it and show you its real malice or danger as an impressive lesson. Not that every good actor is an intentional preacher. Art is intuitive more than reasoning, and the artist often teaches better than he knows. Still, an actor may also be an orator, and the orator always knows what he wishes to impress upon the mind of his hearer. The great actor with the heart of an orator may do much. The orator, also, doubles his power of effectiveness if he has dramatic power. He *pictures* his argument and influences the feelings. It is by this power often that he conceals his real motive and produces an effect which he does not appear to intend. But we have often been told that the motive may be found in the effect produced rather than the declared intention; as, for instance, the speech of Mark Antony over Cæsar. He meant to raise mutiny, while appearing to deprecate it. He showed them “dead Cæsar’s wounds.”

Every power of the mind may be

used for the truth or for other motives. True, we lose at last the power we misuse; but some harm is done first. If this were not so no one would ever be deceived.

Dramatic power should not be ignored by any who would influence men. It moves men and is based on sympathy. The greatest ethical value of dramatic study is power to awaken sympathy. The Golden Rule can be appreciated only through the dramatic sense. We may know we *ought* to do as we would be done by, but we cannot know and appreciate another’s point of view until we can *sympathize with his experiences*. Jesus was “tempted in all points like as we, yet without sin.” There is the text for dramatic ethics! The genius of a Shakespeare is of a thousand-fold sympathy. He does not condone the sin, but he gives the sinner a chance to be understood. This is the effect upon the mind of the reader or hearer.

If we possessed more of this power, or used what we have, we would separate sin from the sinner; we would not ostracise a soul because it is struggling in the net of wickedness. As the true physician does only what is necessary to check the disease, and does not inflict superfluous rigors upon his patient to punish him for getting sick, so human beings should learn to sorrow for the sin of others, to feel its burden as their own, and use mercy to heal the wounds which justice must inflict. Help a man up if he is down! Save him in spite of himself if you can! Forgive as you would be forgiven! It is cowardly to foster a wrong; but there is no bravery in revenge. Can a man portray what is not in himself? We judge not. The man whose sympathies are narrow can never play any part but

himself—and that not to interest an audience. The man who is bigoted is apt to show like limitation, but all the elements of human nature are in each human being. It is the combination of influences that makes the balance which affects desire. Desire influences the will or motive, unless the self-mastery of the individual determines otherwise.

The man of broad sympathies and a wide gamut of natural powers can draw upon the resources of his nature, appreciate the balance of its different ele-

ments, and so understand the workings of many minds which might be swayed by influences other than those to which he, the actor, might yield.

Ideally speaking, the great actor is the man of clear intellectual grasp, of human nature, of keen sympathies, of responsive powers of expression, and self-mastery in the handling of his resources. The development of these powers is worth the earnest study of every one who would play his part well in the drama of human life.

"Read Creatively."

CHARLES MALLOY.

IN his great oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1837, and called "Man Thinking, or, The American Scholar," Emerson gives us the above precept.

If this good advice were well heeded we should not have to read so many books. Reading may easily be made a kind of dissipation and a loss of intellectual power.

I can read this oration while I am riding in the electric cars from Waltham to Boston. In this way I get, perhaps, a sort of bird's-eye view of the ground which the writing covers. But if I am in a writing mood, instead of merely a reading mood, and accordingly confine my hour to only one page, or portion of one page, as some particular aspect of the general subject may require, I find that I have performed a much more difficult task, but one much more agreeable and valuable, since in the last-mentioned case I have mixed my own thought with the thought of my author; I have "read creatively."

I have read the words of another; after that, I have tried my own words.

I have indulged in the most intoxicating of all intellectual diversions; namely, expression, or the translation of thought into language. It were fortunate if the world would be as pleased with our translations as, at the moment, we are ourselves. It is like the joy of the mother as she looks upon her new-born babe. Of course, the author, like the mother, cannot expect from others the same interest in this new birth, although both mothers and authors often do expect it, and cannot understand why it is not given.

There is no doubt in some minds a sort of passion or genius for verbal expression. What we tend to do in our leisure, it has been truly said, would seem to be the proper work for us. We should have therein the double momentum of work and play. We should not need rest. This was the secret of the incessant, tireless habit of Michelangelo and of other artists. When Beecher was asked how he could bear the work of so many sermons, he said, "Oh, it is not work."

This translation of thoughts into

expression was habitual with the late General Banks. He was not given a liberal education. He was fond of walking, and he said, "I always go afoot." In his early career as a lecturer he went ten or twenty or sometimes thirty miles for a lecture, returning in the night after the lecture. This habit of expression made his walks delightful. He would give his voice full scope and compass, trying all the devices of elocution all alone. This was his college. People

wondered at the result, and said, "Where did he get it?"

"Shakespeare seems to you miraculous," says Emerson; "but the wonderful juxtapositions, parallelisms, transfers, which his genius effected, were all to him locked together, as links of a chain, and the mode precisely as conceivable and familiar to higher intelligence as the index-making of the literary hack." He had made it the work of his leisure.

My Star.

RACHEL L. DITHRIDGE.

"The desire of the moth for the star."—*Shelley.*

As when upon some lofty mountain-top
At sunset, when the still earth is waiting
Calm and serene, and e'en the torrents
Seem to stop their rushing,
Shineth forth the wondrous gleaming
Of one fair evening star,
Sending its beams from far
O'er land and silv'ry sea,
So doth thy spirit, my Belovèd, shine on me!

Earth-bound am I, and may not rise to thee,
Nor know the heavenly heights where is thy
home;
Yet through the shadows thou dost send to me
Sweet messages, that reach me as I roam.
My soul is drawn to thine;
How can I then repine!
My heart has but one prayer —
Leave me not, my Belovèd, to the night's de-
spair.

He who fixes his eye on self-improvement is apt to be dominated by a selfish purpose, which defeats its own end. It is true that the exclusive devotion to self-improvement is not so obviously bad a form of selfishness as an exclusive devotion to pleasure, or to money-making, or to political ambition; but the dangers connected with it are no less real. It tends to narrow a man's sympathies and powers instead of broadening them. The question which the man ought to set before him is not how to make the most out of a college course, but how to put the most into it. Such an ideal of creative activity for others is one which broadens instead of narrowing, which

inspires instead of deadening. It is a means of training whereby the whole man becomes strong, instead of a process of acquisition which strengthens some parts at the expense of others. That man gets the most out of his college course who does the most to make that course a means of helping those about him.—*Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., President of Yale University.*

Avoid introspection while speaking. It will hinder your growth in oratory. The fact that you are *purposing* to do a thing is the best evidence that you are doing it.

College News.**A Last Word of Love.**

The opening day of the last week before vacation saw many sad hearts, as President Emerson spoke briefly in honor of his departed friend, Dr. Dickinson. Many of the students had not yet heard the sad news, as the stern Messenger had visited the home in Newtonville on the Saturday eve preceding this first meeting of the week.

Dr. Emerson said in part:—

Since we last met in this hall a great sadness has fallen upon us in the news of the passing on of one of the oldest and truest friends of the College. A nobler and truer personal friend than Professor Dickinson I cannot desire. . . . In the educational world he was a great and shining light. Massachusetts felt that in honoring him she honored herself. . . . Quiet, unobtrusive, unassuming, the absolute simplicity of his life and presence revealed the true greatness of the man. The sweetness and purity of his nature were the outcome of his abounding love. His conduct and class-work alike were marked by a due proportion; there was neither too much nor too little of whatever he ministered. . . . I never missed an opportunity of listening to his teaching, and I never heard a sentence from his lips by which I did not feel enlightened. Education was not a mere theory to Dr. Dickinson. He was versed in theories, he taught in accordance with advanced methods, but infinitely more than this, he knew the life, the spirit, of education, through his long study of the human mind and his own keen spiritual perception. . . . His "Principles of Teaching," which you are using as a text-book, is a model exposition of the fundamental principles of psychology. You cannot value it too highly. . . . We shall always feel greatly blessed that we were taught by this man. To know methods of education in the abstract is one thing; to know the spirit of education through personal association with a great teacher is another. We shall carry the impress of this great soul to inspire others as we go out to teach in this and in foreign lands.

Dean Southwick's Lecture.

On Saturday, April 6, Dean Southwick will be at the College and will address the students at the time of the usual noon lecture. He will be glad to see all friends of the College on that occasion. Mr. Southwick has offered his resignation from his present position, the chair of English in the Penn Charter School, of Philadelphia, and after this school year will devote all his time to the management of Emerson College.

On Tuesday, April 9, the Dean will present to the school the new catalogue, which will contain many important announcements of plans of work for the coming year. He will also address the Alumni on that day, as announced in the Alumni columns.

John Anderson.

We have seldom heard eloquence of the rare quality that a Scotch friend betrayed in a recent address before the students. The friend was Mr. John Anderson, of the Floating Hospital cause, and he confessed to an intimate relationship with his distinguished predecessor of the same name, having been born a mile and a half from the home of Robert Burns, and having lived, until coming to America, on the homestead of "John Anderson, My Jo John."

Mr. Anderson, as a type of Scotch character, rugged, vigorous, humorous, tender, eloquent, is interesting. As a study of that most charming of dialects, his speech was fascinating. In his advocacy of the great cause which he represented before us, the temperance reform, his zeal prompted forceful, uncompromising utterance. The central lesson that his discourse contained for

us was that of our moral responsibility in assuming all the duties of our citizenship, a lesson which this adopted son of the United States impressed with ardor.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

The latest appearance among us of this friend, "tried and true," was attended by the uplift that always makes Mrs. Livermore's visits memorable. The fitness of her theme, "The Battle of Life," as discussed by one who has "fought the fight" with an endurance and valor not excelled by any living man or woman, appealed to every heart. The address, which was, naturally, ethical and sociological, revealed the speaker's unflinching optimism, her boundless sympathy with "all sorts and conditions" of mankind, her unflinching courage in facing whatever problem life may present, and her keen spiritual discernment in its solution—no less than the eloquence which has moved men and women for decades past.

Mrs. Livermore's counsel is a valued influence at Emerson. It is with reluctance that we let her go, each year. No one commands truer love and reverence in Emerson College than does this friend who has never once faltered in the battle of life.

The Postgraduates.

At a recent meeting of the Graduate Class, the following numbers were assigned for Graduate Class Day of the coming Commencement Week: Address of Welcome, Mae Belle Names, '00; Paper, Eleanor S. Collins, '00; Reading, Adelaide B. Jump, '99; Reading, Gracia E. Bacon, '00; Oration, Edith L. Pecker, '00.

The class officers are Miss Names, president, and Miss Murdock, '00, secretary and treasurer.

"Moverin' Along."

Welcome visitors of one of the closing days in the old College Home were Dr. Frissell, Principal of the Hampton Institute, in Virginia, and the Hampton Quartette.

Dr. Frissell's narrative of the work of the great industrial school for two oppressed races was of more than passing interest to a body of students who are quick to respond to news of any significant movement in education. The Quartette were received as old friends, and they were more than generous in meeting the demands made upon their resources of song. The number which was most in favor was the plantation melody, "De Old Ark 's a-Moverin' Along;" and while the students claimed the privilege of contributing individually to the aid of the work of the Institute, the Quartette sang this favorite a second time, by special request, in view of its appropriateness to the present stage of Emersonian existence. Of course it was received with shouts of applause.

A recent issue of the *Boston Times* makes the following reference to our change of location: "Situated in the beautiful Back Bay district, commanding cars for all points, and near Copley Square, with its resources of literature and of art, Emerson College will be surrounded by every influence that makes for progress in the life of an institution of learning and of art. Although the school is virtually under the full control and management of Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick, Dr. C. Wesley Emerson, the founder of the school, and one of the best-known men in educational circles in America, will remain with the College during the future and devote his entire strength to his lecture and class work, relieved of all business details and responsibilities."

Personals.

Miss Blalock spent the recent vacation at her home in Georgia.

Mrs. Southwick has recently returned from a few days' visit in Philadelphia.

President and Mrs. Emerson were in their mountain home in Vermont during the first week of vacation.

Miss Powers, who is studying at Radcliffe, has been called to her Vermont home by the illness of her mother.

Miss Lilia Smith spent the recent vacation in a pleasant tour in the East and South, visiting in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Prof. Albert Baker Cheney has removed to the new college home, and is accessible in his new studio to all pupils and friends.

Dr. Rolfe will present a course of lectures during the spring term, as usual. The outline of the course is not yet announced.

We are in receipt of cards announcing the marriage of Mrs. Ada Almeda Barnes, a student of '95-6, to Mr. Francis Elliott Foster, Feb. 28, 1901, in Warren, Pa.

Mrs. Stevenson, the State President of the W. C. T. U. in Massachusetts, recently occupied the early morning period at the College with a delightful account of the late International Convention of the W. C. T. U. at Edinburgh, in Scotland. Mrs. Stevenson's charming personality and earnest purpose have endeared her to her friends in Emerson College, and her visits are eagerly anticipated.

Dominion.

JEAN INGELOW.

I.

Yon moored mackerel fleet
Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,
Or a clustering village street
Foundationless built on the seas.

II.

The mariners ply their craft,
Each set in his castle frail;
His care is all for the draught,
And he dries the rain-beaten sail.

III.

For rain came down in the night
And thunder muttered full oft,
But now the azure is bright,
And hawks are wheeling aloft.

IV.

I take the land to my breast,
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me are the hills in their best,
And all that 's made is mine.

V.

Sing high! "Though the red sun dip,
There yet is a day for me;
Nor youth I count for a ship
That long ago foundered at sea.

VI.

"Did the lost love die and depart?
Many times since we have met;
For I hold the years in my heart,
And all that was — is yet.

VII.

"I grant to the king his reign;
Let us yield him homage due;
But over the lands there are twain,
O king, I must rule as you.

VIII.

"I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught ME to read,—
He lent me the world for a book."

Alumni Notes.

Miss Cora Bush, '97, has private classes at her home in Grass Lake, Mich.

A full report of the meeting of the Alumni, on February 19, will be presented in our next issue.

Miss Margaret Randal, '97, has charge of classes in Newton, and is engaged in reading and private teaching.

Miss Alice A. Baldwin, '95, is now Mrs. Charles Morgan, and is at home to her friends at 37 Maple St., Meriden, Conn.

Miss Claire de Lano, '98, of the Brockport (N. Y.) State Normal, will spend her Easter vacation with Emerson friends.

Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert, who was at Emerson in 1895-97, and who is at the head of the Department of Oratoric and Dramatic Art in the Johnson Conservatory of Music at Minneapolis, has been remarkably successful as a teacher and a producer of plays since leaving his Alma Mater. His time is now entirely filled, and he has several assistants in the various branches of his work. During the past two seasons he has had the entire direction of the plays produced by the Dramatic Club of the University of Minnesota, and has won the warmest praise from press and public.

Miss Laura Ruff, '99, has announced her engagement to Mr. Ted Jones, of Alabama. Miss Ruff, who taught in the Bloomsburg (Penn.) State Normal last year, is now at her home in Rock Hill, S. C.

Miss Mayme Ware, '00, is teaching in West Virginia's largest Normal School, in Huntington. She is also engaged in recital work.

Miss Edith Pinneo, '99, is very successful in her home school for little ones in Brookline. Among her pupils are Misses Ruth, Mildred, and Jessie Southwick. Miss Pinneo will continue her school indefinitely. She will receive children for the coming summer, and will give them the best of care and training at her summer cottage at Bayville, on the coast of Maine. She has plans for various lines of Nature Study, embracing elementary lessons in ornithology, botany, etc. Kindergarten training will be another feature of this summer with nature. Miss Pinneo's loving wisdom in the guidance of little ones is a source of profound admiration to all who have seen her with her little family.

Miss Luella Phillips, '98, who for three years has had charge of the Department of Oratory and English in Miss Rounds's School for Girls in Brooklyn, N. Y., exerts a wide influence through her work on the lecture and reading platform, no less than in her sphere as teacher. Miss Phillips's readings at the Waldorf-Astoria and elsewhere in New York have attracted much favorable comment, and her efficiency in coaching plays was confirmed by the success of a recent presentation of "Rebecca's Triumph," by the pupils of Miss Rounds's School. Miss Phillips is the W. C. T. U. County Superintendent of Physical Culture of New York County, and her earnest efforts and eloquence are a power in the practical field of that organization.

Mrs. Ida M. Riley.

The following message has just been received from the Columbia School of Oratory:—

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Emerson:

It is with the utmost regret that I write to tell you that Mrs. Riley has passed away. The end came peacefully to her on Thursday morning, between nine and ten o'clock.

For some weeks Mrs. Riley had been unable to attend regularly to her work at school, and during this time she seemed to have a settled conviction that she would never be well again. We attributed this to melancholy due solely to her physical condition, and so were but little prepared for the outcome of an illness that had not seemed critical.

On next Monday Mrs. Riley will be laid beside her husband in Delaware, O.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY A. BLOOD.

Steinway Hall, Chicago, March 8.

Particulars in regard to the death of this dear friend will be presented later. Our hearts go out to Miss Blood in sympathy in this great sorrow.

Mrs. Harriet Colburn Saunderson, '86, whose husband is also an Emersonian, of the Class of '88, has won distinction in the West as a dramatic reader. The *Racine (Wis.) Daily Journal* speaks as follows of her recent appearance before the Convention of State Federation of Women's Clubs: "The recitations, with musical accompaniment, by Mrs.

Harriet Colburn Saunderson, of Ripon, were most artistically rendered. The grace and piquancy of 'A Summer Shower' was quite irresistible, and her 'Aux Italiens,' with *Trovatore* music, very tender and beautiful, its exquisite pathos being evidenced by the rapt attention of her audience. Mrs. Saunderson responded to an encore by giving 'The Low-Backed Car,' which was enthusiastically received." The *Oshkosh Northwestern*, in a full account of a reception graced by Mrs. Saunderson's readings, speaks with especial appreciation of her rendition of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," with "The Angel's Serenade" as accompaniment.

Next Meeting of the Alumni.

On the afternoon of April 9, at 2.30, the Emerson College Alumni will convene at the College. A large attendance is desired. Visitors will be welcome to all classes during the day, and provision may be made for a special class, if it is desired. Dean Southwick will be present at the meeting, and will announce in full the courses of study and general plans of work to be followed next year. The address cannot fail to be of interest to all. The new catalogues are to be presented to the school upon the same day.



"HOPE." — (BODENHAUSEN.)

Emerson College Magazine

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Contents.

Editorials	155
President Emerson's Lecture, "Old Bottles"	157
Dean Southwick Presents the New Catalogue	162
Notes on Vocal Expression, <i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	166
Mr. Malloy's Interpretation of "Uriel," <i>Rachel L. Dithridge.</i>	167
Inspiration (Poem). <i>Helena Maynard Richardson</i>	169
A Coaching-Tour in North Devon. <i>Gertrude Chamberlin</i>	170
College News: The Opening of Our College Home, Dean Southwick in Chickering Hall, Personals	174
Alumni Notes: Meeting of Alumni, Mrs. Ida Morey Riley	176

Fact vs. Reality.

"And Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

WORDSWORTH, the man of all time who has lived closest to Nature's heart, himself "the priest of nature," has given us the most exquisite example of a creature moulded by the beneficent hand of Nature. Dr. Rolfe has said that "Miranda" is Shakespeare's exemplification of the same type,—the daughter of Nature, responsive in every motion, every expression, to her varying moods.

Wordsworth's picture is a beautiful and a truthful one. There is no question that the benign influences of nature are potent in their reflex upon the re-

sponsive soul. It is true that many of the men and women who have stood the test in times of crisis and have been as a refuge of strength to their weaker brethren have passed their early formative days under the direct influence of nature, rather than in the world of men and women. It is equally true that such great souls in times of "stress and storm" have turned again to nature and found healing in her serene strength.

This brings us to the question,—in our attempt to quicken the soul of the student, to make him alive to the beauties of the universe, and to lead him to respond in adequate expression, can we dispense with frequent and repeated association with those beauties? Can we gain the response that we desire without the contact with things? To what extent may we depend upon the imagination, unaided by other influences?

The answer lies in this thought: the student must know the thing *in its kind* before he can accept and present it as reality. If a child has never seen a hill he can have no conception of the sublimity of Mont Blanc. If he has not seen a plant or a bush he cannot well imagine a forest. If he has never seen a brook or a pool of water he cannot conceive of the majesty of the seas. But beyond this first limitation, this inevitable dependence of soul upon sense, there is no limit to the range of the soul.

Would we surround our classes in expression with the environment which we are endeavoring to lead them to reflect? Would we take them to the sea that they may contemplate its unresting, untiring

activity and listen to the "music in its roar" while they seek to reflect in a degree the grandeur of Byron's immortal conception of its power? Would we lead them out into the fields and the woods while endeavoring to direct them in an adequate expression of Wordsworth's lyrics? If practicable, yes. We cannot bring the soul into too close contact with normal, beautiful *things*. Is this personal contact indispensable? No. Are the beautiful things which are thrown around the person always realities to him? No. Many of the facts of our every-day lives are not realities to us. It is when they are seized upon by the divine faculty, the imagination, that they become living reality. It is not always the one who has lived in contact with the externalevidences of nature who has found her realities. Often one whose life has been spent in a tenement attic in a city has found the highest realities, through that very striving to rise above surroundings that hamper, that bind down to earth,—that striving which we call aspiration.

Let us not hold from the youth his birthright of beauty, but let us be sure that it is claimed by his soul, rather than by his senses.



The New Catalogue.

The presentation of the new catalogue to the students by the Dean was received with eager interest and loud applause. Many rumors had been afloat regarding the courses of study for the coming year, but the definite knowledge of the extension of the lines of work and of the strengthening of the corps of teachers had not been divulged up to the time of the appearance of the catalogue, when all curiosity in regard to the opportunities of the coming year was gratified.

The catalogue itself, apart from its

revelation of promise for the future, is a work of art. The general plan of arrangement of its subject-matter is admirable. The presswork, done by the Everett Press, leaves nothing to be desired. The cover and cuts are most artistic. The frontispiece is a beautiful portrait of President Emerson, and a second attractive illustration is a fine half-tone cut of our new home. We have not seen a handsomer or more significant prospectus of any institution of learning.

While the faculty list and general regulations announced pertain to 1901-02, the names of the students of the present year are recorded, as has been the custom heretofore.

Nothing need be said here in regard to the subject-matter of the new catalogue; a general survey is elsewhere presented, and a closer study of the scope of the courses is to come later. It is hoped that all friends of the College will study the catalogue carefully, and keep in touch with the Alma Mater in her new ventures in the broad field of education.



Our Next Issue.

The May number of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE will be of especial interest, not only to the friends of the Alma Mater, but to all who seek to keep in touch with the progress of education along various lines. This issue will be devoted largely to a more detailed consideration of the substance and significance of the new courses offered in the College for the coming year. It will, of course, contain a report of the exercises of Commencement week.

Any one sending in a subscription for the coming year before May 15, the time of issuing this special number, will receive a copy of it, in addition to the seven numbers of next year, without additional cost.

Old Bottles.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

Stenographic Report by Ethel Karnan. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]

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"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."—Matthew ix. 17.

THE difference is marked between the properties of glass bottles, such as are in common use among us, and the bottles made of skin, which were used anciently by Oriental nations. These bottles were made of the skin of some animal; after the skin had been stripped off and properly dressed, the places where the legs had been were closed up; where the neck had been the opening was used for receiving and discharging the contents of the bottle. These bottles were simple of manufacture, and yet they served the purpose of keeping wine exceedingly well.

The wine-maker would not put new wine into old bottles, because bottles made of skin become stiff and hard when they are old; they are not elastic and expansive. If new wine be put into them they will burst and the wine will be spilt. "The wine runneth out and the bottles perish." The expanding wine demands room and it will have it—not by a law of man, but by the law of God, who stands behind all law, and whom all law reveals.

The wine-maker puts new wine into new bottles. There is room for expansion in the bottles, "and both are preserved." Through these illustrations Christ announced a fundamental principle of nature. He virtually said, "For new things there must be new forms." Christ's contemporaries had questioned him concerning his attitude to the old Mosaic law; they had observed that

his disciples or pupils were not strict in their observance of religious forms and ceremonies, and they wondered at it. "No man putteth new wine into old bottles."

The truth announced by Jesus Christ does not tie men nor bind them with formalities, ceremonies, or traditions. When the truth gets into the heart it fashions the heart to itself. It expresses itself in no old forms. Christ taught new doctrines, and these new doctrines made unto themselves new forms. "Thus," says Christ, "you accept my truth not with shackles, but with liberty, with freedom."

"He that is free in Christ is free indeed." Such live freely, because they live from within, live from the spirit.

This idea of putting "new wine into new bottles" finds abundant illustrations in art. The burden of the thought of the orators at the time of the Revolutionary War in the colonies was "New wine for new bottles." In this country, among the colonies, a new spirit had been born, a spirit which demanded "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." If you should wedge this spirit into an old bottle it would split the bottle. The people of Old England were not ready for this "new wine," but the American colonists were: everything was new here in America,—fresh ideas and a virgin soil for them to grow in. "We have new wine," Patrick Henry might have said. "It is not dangerous. It is not treason. It is not contrary to the possibilities nor to the genius of the

colonists. They have been educated to it, and are prepared for it." Do not the facts prove that the colonists were prepared for it? A new form of government came into being. The Revolutionary fathers thought a new form, and that new form shaped a government to itself.

How different the results of the French Revolution—the bloodiest page in history! The old French monarchy might be termed an "old bottle;" when an attempt was made to put new wine into that old bottle, read of the disaster! The old form of government had to go. And it seemed at one time as if devastation would sweep all the people from the land; it seemed as if the people as well as the government would be annihilated.

Let us briefly trace the application of this principle in the history of art. The art of the Egyptians, colossal and grand, expressed their worship of the vast unknown and unknowable; their worship of beasts and of monarchs; and the form which the art took was perfectly suited to the things to be expressed. With the Greek came new ideas; his instinct was toward beauty, so beauty became the fundamental principle in his art; it was the web out of which his art was manufactured. It might be truly said that Greek art first presented to the world the idea that the fabric out of which all expressive art is to be formed must be beauty. The Greek chose forms wholly different from those of the Egyptian with which to express his new and expanding thoughts concerning nature and religion. He did not attempt to infuse new life into the old forms, but chose rather to put "new wine into new bottles."

This cannot be said of the Imperial Roman art, which next claims our attention as we trace the history of art. The Romans conquered Greece and

enslaved her people. They robbed her of her liberty, they robbed her of her government, and they robbed her of her art. The Romans really had no art which was distinctively their own. The Romans indulged in art; they borrowed the forms of Greek art, but they were not able to infuse the Greek spirit into it. They vulgarized the Grecian orders; they overloaded them with ornamentation. Not being able to create new forms expressive of their national life and civilization, they put "new wine into old bottles."

"Art is the service of religion;" the noblest and most monumental expressions of art are seen in architecture,—the architecture of the temple, of the cathedral. When art becomes secular and is wrenched from its natural service of religion it at once becomes decadent. The architecture of the Imperial Roman period is distinctively secular; it consists largely of monuments built to the honor of men. Art was still further wrenched from its high service and was employed in colossal amphitheatres where the Roman populace met to satisfy its cruel, blood-thirsty demands.

Arches of triumphs were built to commemorate the conquests of conquerors. Through these they marched with their armies and their trophies of war. The skill of the artist was taxed to make these arches as beautiful as they could be made. After the structural exigencies had been met by piers and buttresses they turned to Greek models for ornamentation. The Corinthian columns were chosen; there was no structural demand for these columns, yet they engrafted them upon these arches as mere ornamental features. They borrowed the Greek form, but not the Greek spirit. While the effect of such work may be pleasing to the eyes, yet it does not satisfy; there is no authority in it.

A pure Greek temple with its columnar supports brings a sense of satisfaction, a sense of completeness. In it is the peace of perfect beauty and the serenity of complete achievement. In the Greek temple use and beauty are perfectly blended; in the Roman arches of triumph they are not thus blended. The columns meet no organic necessity. Remove the Doric columns from the Parthenon, and the entire superstructure would collapse. The Greek architecture is a living thing; it is organic. The Imperial Roman architecture is inert and inorganic.

With the breaking-up of the Roman Empire and with the introduction of the Germanic race upon the plains of Italy the seed of a new type of art is sowed. It marks the beginning of the artistic awakening of the strong, vital northern races; consequently new logical and organic forms of art are born, which are called Romanesque art. The spirit of this people has begun to clothe itself; it continues to develop and unfold itself until it stands forth complete in the majestic, awe-inspiring Gothic cathedral.

For several centuries the monastery was the great conservator of literature, art, and science. The monks built the churches, and it is to their patient study and work that we owe some of the finest works of art done during the mediæval period; but the monasteries, active as they were in moulding the intellectual character of this period, were not the sources from which were to issue the perfected Gothic architecture. This was reserved for the Mediæval Commune—for the lay members of the community who had related themselves together for both ecclesiastic and political ends. The spirit of that religion whose central idea was brotherhood—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all

thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself"—was seeking and finding expression in stone. Gothic architecture rests upon this spirit; it is a sermon, a prayer in stone; it is, indeed, "frozen music."

The word "Gothic" was applied to the mediæval architecture by the Renaissance artists as a term of derision. It was not classic; therefore it was barbarous—so they reasoned. For centuries artists felt little interest in the Gothic, but to-day it is regarded as the most complete architectural expression the world has ever seen. The Greek temple, with its chaste and exquisite lines, is the perfect expression of a limited ideal, whereas the Gothic embodies all the perfection of the Greek temple and adds a mystery, a complexity of parts, an awe-inspired and awe-inspiring majesty, which leads the mind at once to a recognition of the Infinite and Illimitable. In the perfected Gothic cathedrals every part was necessary to the fulfilment of the design of the whole, and every part was perfectly related to every other part. This perfect adjustment of the part to its functional necessity gave a monumental dignity to the cathedral, which disappeared when parts were introduced which were not necessary, and when they were overloaded with ornamentation. The power of art in architecture lies in the perfect service of each part to the structural idea, and also in the perfect adjustment of part to part. The Gothic cathedral is therefore organic: it is a living thing. It has also been likened to an open page whereon were written, in language which all could read, the awe and the reverence of the mediæval builders.

I believe the same spirit which inspired the apostles to preach inspired the Gothic builders to carve the meaning of that preaching in stone. That

cathedral preaches to the soul through the eye of the beholder. It was born of necessity, born of the spirit of the age which was pregnant with divine enthusiasm. The Gothic is considered as the sublimest architectural revelation which the world has seen.

I believe we are to have a new art; and I believe it will be as much above the Gothic as the Gothic is above the Greek in its revelations. Where is it to be found? It is working to-day,—the spirit of the Nazarene. The spirit is abroad. Although his message of love has been reiterated for almost two thousand years, we yet but faintly apprehend its meaning and significance. When that spirit is triumphant there shall be no castes,—no rich, no poor. Poverty, wearing her rags, will never be seen in our streets. Listen from the rising morning to the midnight hour, and not a cry of hunger will be heard in all the land. It is coming; it is coming. To-day there is much poverty and much suffering in the world. In the commercial world it seems as if each man were striving with all his might to climb by treading on other men's heads and to fill his own pocket-book by rifling others. This commercial spirit is in our art. Art is not a forerunner; it is not a prophecy, but a truthful record-keeper of the moral and spiritual character of an age. "The artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race."

Let me repeat: art in its perfection is marked by the perfect adaptation of each part for service; it is marked by temperance and moderation. Its forms are plastic and are perfectly suited to the concepts which are to be expressed. The new wine is put into new bottles. As we trace the progress of the art of any period through its maturity and its

decadence, we find that the decadence of art is marked by the preservation of forms without the spirit to give these forms life.

When an art becomes so conventionalized that it will not be accepted unless it has the prescribed form, then that art is doomed; the death-mark is upon it. There is no room in it for a new, expanding thought; so original, spontaneous creation is practically impossible. However, let the creative impulse be strong enough and the old forms, like the old bottles, are rent asunder and a new art is born from the ruins of the old.

In closing, I will trace briefly the application of this principle to oratory. I will first speak of the statuesque style. Daniel Webster was its chief exponent in America, being a great student of the English orators. Webster's orations were ponderous and colossal; he chose only those subjects which call out this style of oratory. He touched nothing that did not seem to take on proportions of the colossal. He might, therefore, be said to be the magnificent orator. His presence was majestic and statuesque. His style of oratory, therefore, could not accommodate itself to all circumstances. His was not the kind of oratory that would agitate the public or change public sentiment in regard to a new idea. If the idea had been established, this Colossus could defend it.

Before Webster was very old ideas of another character were agitating the public mind; these new ideas must be represented by another style of oratory. It must be a style that would accommodate itself in a universal way to all sorts and conditions of men; that would touch the principles of human equality; that would say,—and this became the leading thought of that time,—“The man who digs in the ditch is equal in

privilege with him who sits upon a throne." In Webster's orations ideas of this character were spoken of again and again, but always where they could take beautiful rhetorical forms, and they were presented for that purpose.

A new style of oratory, like a new school in art, is about to be born. It comes into the world and touches political life, representing itself in the graceful, polished Wendell Phillips. It touches the pulpit, and represents itself in the magnetic, generous-hearted Henry Ward Beecher. For a long time Beecher was not regarded as a great orator; he was called a "good talker," but to-day he stands for the highest type of modern pulpit oratory, while Phillips stands as the highest type of modern platform oratory.

The style of oratory inaugurated by Beecher and Phillips was characterized by adaptability to all mankind. Both of them touch Cicero's ideal of the perfect orator,—the one who can address mankind successfully. Of what is such oratory born? Of necessity. As all beauty is born of necessity, so is this. It says this: Here is the thought. It is in my mind. It is warm in my heart. It shall be in your mind, whoever you are. It shall beat in your heart, whoever you are.

How can we teach this kind of oratory? The pupil must first study his author with the determination that no matter what it costs he will present the author's thought to his audience. Then the pupil's tones and gestures are born from this purpose in his soul. The

thought as it is pressed out will take its own form. The determination in your soul will develop, will shape the expression of your thought to itself. As Beethoven's mental concepts took form in music, through the notes which were at his command, so the orator's thoughts take form in the words which are at his command. The orator, the singer, the painter, the sculptor, is developed from within; their magnificent concepts are born in the soul, and then externalize themselves. If these concepts once get into the mind of the artist, into his circulation, into his life, they will externalize themselves.

As teachers in this College we do not dictate slides and inflections to our pupils. In working out the purpose of the selection the proper slides and inflections will come. In working that out you become an orator. This is the foundation, which cannot be removed. It is what has built all the art that has ever been worthy of that name. It is the father of all art.

Remember, then, that your bodies were made for your souls, not your souls for your bodies; that every inflection of your voice was made for your thought, not the thought for that inflection. Remember that there is no prescribed form for you to assume. You make your own form; you make it one way this moment, to suit this thought; you will make another the next moment, in response to an impulse from within. The true man grows, then, strictly speaking, not from his senses, but from his soul.

Suggestion results not from withholding, but from striking the central points with boldness. An artist uses few lines, but they are bold, strong ones.

All nature works with the worker. If you ever regret anything in your old age it will be that you did not *work enough* on the right things.

Dean Southwick Presents the New Catalogue.

A FORECAST OF GOOD THINGS TO COME.

[On the morning of April 9, Dean Southwick appeared in Chickering Hall, and addressed the assembled student body as follows.]

WHEN I last came before you in any official way it was to offer you in behalf of the management the new college home. To-day my coming is to present the new catalogue, a copy of which will be handed to each of you as he leaves the room, and to tell you of the courses and arrangements for next year. When you get your catalogue, take it home and study it. Don't glance it over, but read it with care, and from cover to cover. You cannot spend an hour to better advantage. In arrangement the old catalogue has been followed as closely as possible, both because I do not believe in making changes for the sake of having something different,—people are too prone to do this,—and because, being somewhat responsible for the arrangement of the old catalogue, as I am entirely responsible for the new one, I may have some little reluctance to disparage my own work.

The new catalogue was prepared last August and, with only the most trifling changes, went to press February 1. I do not expect that the catalogue will please everybody. But among the numerous follies of earlier years I was never guilty of the hopeless folly of trying to please everybody. At least, I have been cured so long that no memory remains of the attack. In this work I have one ideal,—to make the best possible school for the pupil. This has been the sole call upon conscience, experience, and judgment, and the catalogue is an earnest striving toward that ideal.

I said it would not satisfy everybody. Frankly, it does not satisfy me. It is

far short of what I see to be done, what may be done, and, God willing, shall be done. To-morrow we may do better.

I am afraid to stereotype the pages of the catalogue lest I should not feel inclined to improve it. I want to drive in no stakes. Fencing one's self in is a dangerous thing. It signifies self-satisfaction, and that is death to progress. *Never* be satisfied. It is death. If you wake up some morning and find you are satisfied you may know you are dead. You may accept conditions, and be satisfied with opportunities; but to be satisfied with your work and with yourself means that kind of stagnation which Rev. Sam Jones says is the "last station this side of damnation." Keep things moving. Drive down no stakes. Set them in never so lightly as temporary signs of the culmination of your endeavor, but set them so loosely that they may be grasped quickly and again borne onward.

If the advance is supported by the school and the public we *shall* do better, for I see what is before us. Last November I told you that the management is pledged to give back to you in better work, better equipment, and opportunities in the ratio that your support of the Alma Mater makes it possible. That pledge shall be kept. Your measure shall be measured back to you.

The new offering marks a stride forward, but, while we rejoice in it and its opportunities for the future, knowing that every advance of the Alma Mater, every broadening, every added distinction and power, increase the value of each diploma to its holder, add influence and standing to every graduate,

yet let us in the same hour remember the past. Let us realize that the advance of to-day is but an extension of the work of the founder and leader who has made this very advance a possibility. Let us pay our tribute to him whose twenty years of work have not only made possible that which we do to-day, but let us also remember that, from the humblest of beginnings, the years have been with him a time of improvement, of advance, of expansion, of the raising of standards, of innovation, of wider opportunity. While we should never walk with our faces over our shoulders, let us pause for the long, the loving, the grateful backward look ere we turn our faces again forward to the hillside of endeavor. Nor should we forget the faithful workers who have labored with him to the up-building of this College. Three of them have given over fifteen of the best years of their lives to this cause and to this school, and three others among them have given more than ten years, and all have been faithful. That this is no empty compliment you will know when you are told—I think you have been told already—that these teachers have without one exception been re-engaged by the management, and have severally pledged themselves to sustain us with their best effort in carrying forward the work of this College. They will all greet you here next fall.

Let me first refer to the raising of the standard for admission to the graduating classes. This has been done, as you will discover by the catalogue, and done in a way to give an added value to every diploma issued by this College, an added opportunity to every graduate to secure appointment in institutions of learning; and yet the change is made gradually and with a margin of two years for preparation, so that no earnest worker need be excluded by this provision. It is a call to come up higher—a call which is

sounding all along the line to-day, and is answered by the rise in standard and requirements in every law school, every medical college, every professional school, which is not stagnant; a call which every technical institution must hear and heed, or go to the wall. But not only will this higher standard help you as graduates; it will help you even more as students, for it will soon insure a better grading of pupils in the classes, and that closer approach to a given standard of preparation among the pupils will enable us to do far more for you in a given time. Ground can be covered more satisfactorily and rapidly where there is adequate grading. Every teacher in America knows that.

Following the precedent of a majority of the best institutions, you will find that the school year has been divided into two terms instead of three, and that we have added two full weeks of work to the scholastic year, thus giving you a school year of twenty-seven weeks instead of twenty-five as at present. We have also raised the rate of tuition from \$135 to \$150, but this increase of \$15 a year applies only to incoming students. Undergraduate students now in school—Seniors, Juniors, Freshmen—will see that it is clearly stated that you will be allowed to complete your course to graduation at the rate announced when you were first enrolled,—viz., \$135 per year,—and that your diploma arrangements will be as before. The extra two weeks, the increased faculty, and a score of new courses we present to you as good measure.

And, indeed, it may as well be stated that the increase in tuition of fifteen dollars a year for the incoming Freshman class will not nearly equal the cost of the new instructors and courses and the lengthening by two weeks of the school year. To each Freshman, moreover, we shall give, besides his class instruction, a

course of twenty-five private and individual lessons, and these will be given weekly and be free of charge.

Not only will the undergraduate students have their present courses with the President and faculty, but in place of the eighteen names of regular lecturers and instructors you see in the old catalogue, you will find a list of twenty-four in the new one, and the list of occasional lecturers is also both increased and strengthened. *Graduate students* of next year will not only have instruction from this faculty of twenty-four regular lecturers and teachers, but, in addition, they will have a special faculty of their own, containing nine instructors, all of whom are specialists of wide reputation and the highest standing.

I said a few minutes ago that I deprecated changes which are not urgently called for, and have kept the arrangement of the catalogue as near as possible to that which was formulated a few years ago. That, in its turn, was founded upon an earlier circular; but the changes made at that time were much more radical than the present ones. Still, it is not only a desire to avoid changes, but a profound belief that the great work as now carried on is right, that has guided me in the arrangement of new courses. The foundations are neither removed nor undermined, and the new elements are extensions, enlargements, logical conclusions, and altogether in harmony with the system which grew into its present completed form some years ago.

The body of first-year work for the new entering class will be the Evolution of Expression, and the President and teachers will give each incoming Freshman ten drill periods in Evolution each week. The other work for Freshmen will be about as now, with some additions, and each Freshman will have his free private lesson each week. As the

Evolution will continue to be the core of all Freshman teaching in expression, so will the Perfective Laws be the heart of the *Junior* teaching, and this each Junior will have for ten periods of each week. In the Junior year, also, will be some additional work. The Seniors of next year will again meet old friends, the Evolution and Perfective Laws, in their normal work; but in the Senior course will come the first essential and striking difference. The Freshman and Junior courses in expression will be practically all *required* work, drill-work, with few elective studies. The Senior course, recognizing that two years of most important, most necessary work has been done, and done well, also recognizes that students who come here seek different ends. With some the end sought is health; with others, accomplishment; with others, personal culture in its general sense; with others, training for platform or stage; with others, development of personal power for pulpit or bar; with others, equipment for the class-rooms of school or college. Upon this platform of two full years of general drill-work are placed such elective studies as may best answer the varied needs of students who are not preparing for a common end, but for different fields of endeavor. Each Senior will be required to elect twenty periods a week, and he will elect these twenty periods from a choice of thirty-six courses.

To provide this instruction, not only has the staff of teachers and lecturers for undergraduate work been increased from eighteen to twenty-four, but, under the direction of the Dean, nearly all of the old staff have been pursuing courses at Harvard, Radcliffe, Boston University, or with private instructors, to still further broaden their preparation for the new lines of work. And we shall keep at work. If we ask you to work

hard, we shall work hard for you, and not only give you of our best, but make that best ever better.

And in this policy of giving a wider recognition of the divergent aims of students and of providing special instruction to meet those needs when once the two years of development of personal power through solid drill-work has been thoroughly done, I take credit for no originality. The elective idea has come to stay in our system of education. It has been tried for many years, and has not been found wanting. The great leaders of America, Harvard and Yale, — the one many years ago and the other but recently, — have adopted it; and the examples of the best schools, both those which offer a general education and those which give a technical equipment, show that the movement is all that way.

To the curriculum as a whole we have added *over twenty new courses*. There is time this morning to refer to but few of them. Some of these have been added in the Department of Oratory. There will be courses in the History of Oratory, the Literary Study of the Bible, Pulpit Oratory, Bible and Hymn Reading, Logic, Parliamentary Rules, and the Conduct of Meetings, Debate and the Principles of Argumentation. The College needs more *men*, and the new courses will meet the needs of men in professional life and those who are preparing to enter it.

Under the Department of Platform Art and Dramatic Interpretation, in which the old catalogue schedules three or four courses, the new schedules ten or twelve, many of which are courses for the graduate class.

In the Department of English Literature the old catalogue schedules seven courses and the new schedules seventeen. I commend that page to the careful reading of all earnest students. Among the courses is one in the College

Preparatory English, a working familiarity with which may be of much value to you as a bread-winner, apart from the culture it affords. There will be two courses in Music and eight in Physical Culture, a course in Acoustics, four courses in Anatomy and Physiology, a course in the History of Philosophy, a complete course in Art by one of the old staff, and supplemented by half a dozen lectures by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs. In the preparation of the teacher, besides the maintenance and extension of the present normal work, and besides incidental lectures and instruction, will be given two full courses in Pedagogy, including the History of Education and School Management. Thus we provide for the equipment of our graduates with that knowledge of class-room problems, the conduct of the recitation, discipline, practical school-methods, which are so important to the preparation of one who is to teach, and the possession or non-possession of which often determines the whole question of success or failure in one's first school.

I will not take time for further analysis, except to call your attention to the new Graduate Department and its advanced work. It is by far the strongest as it is the costliest course ever offered by a school of oratory. Each graduate student will have opportunities for public appearances, with the best setting. He will have the two additional weeks of work provided for undergraduate classes. He will have a complete course of fifteen periods each week of advanced elective work not previously given in the College, and may, at his option, have twenty periods of such new work. And he will have, in addition, five periods of elective review work. He will have besides, and without expense, *twenty-five private lessons* from regular members of the faculty. Besides coming under the instruction of President Emerson and the regular fac-

ulty, the students of the Graduate Department will receive courses of instruction from Captain Seaholm, Mr. Kenney, Miss Elvie Burnett, Miss Ida Benfey, Mr. Charles T. Grilley, Mr. Albert Armstrong, Prof. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, Mr. George Riddle, and Mr. Leland T. Powers.

But your catalogue will tell you of these matters in full, and I will detain you no longer. It is ready for you. It is our offering to you to-day, and is the best we can do this year. Study it.

Just this word in parting. You are given wider opportunities. It is our duty as a management and a faculty to give you all we can, and it is also our joy. But there our work ends and yours begins. What you will do with these opportunities, as what you will do with all the opportunities that life may open to you in all the years to come, rests with yourselves. It is not the fuss the faculty may make over these things that counts; it is the results forged out by the student with the materials before him. It is not what

we say here that signifies, but what you do here. Take hold; develop your genius, your gift; help your fellow student to do his best. Make yourselves a power for service in this land, and then your Alma Mater, whether endowed or unendowed, will stand upon a rock—the only rock upon which any institution can long endure, the results of its work. Some of you I shall not see again, and so I say to you, and to all, God bless you in your new endeavor. The love of your Alma Mater will be with you after you have gone, as when you are within our walls. Come home when you can; come home.

And in closing what I have to say of the enlargement of our work and of the new opportunities, I want again to thank with all my heart him who has led us on and whose banner will still float at our head; who has builded for us so strongly and so wisely and so well as to make possible the offering of this morning. We all thank him, and I ask you in a rising vote to thank him with me and join the morrow with all the yesterdays.

Notes on Vocal Expression.

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

As an expressive agent the human voice is the most subtle and far-reaching in its influence—not only because it is a living organism, but because, when free, it is a perfect reflection of the mind, the mind in its larger sense. This is the reason the term “soul-voice” has been applied. The average voice is so neglected in its use, so wanting in freedom of condition, that it expresses little of that inner life which is the inspiration of all life.

If the common individual would consider, and could only apprehend the po-

tentiality of this wonderful phenomenon, the voice, he would attune it to his spirit and communicate himself more fully to his fellow beings. Beautiful voice is not so rare a “gift” as is supposed. Right use would reveal an unsuspected resource. The finest shades of meaning cannot lie in mere words; the flights of aspiration can be only hinted at. The best of any book or poem is in the mind of the interpreter—suggested by the words, perhaps, but found only by him who can read deeper. The soul of the author lies hidden in his phrase, but

the voice of the interpreter can thrill its secret meaning into the consciousness of the receptive hearer. The vibrations of the pure voice penetrate far.

What do we mean by the pure voice? It is that voice which is unhindered by any habitual limitation, and which can elastically accommodate itself to every light and shade from the mind — even as the perfect mirror of a placid lake reflects the lights and shadows of the sky above.

The means whereby to attain this state of freedom and control are simple and imperative. The first object is to secure unified action in the vocal organs by means of a central or dominating idea, a concept which shall secure poise, right direction, and beauty of form. These elements are combined in right practice.

The voice, being the natural reporter of the mind, will follow more and more perfectly, through repeated effort, the mind's persistent demand. Culture consists in the *realization* of that which is *natural*. Concentration brings this.

The centre of consciousness for tone production is at the nose, between the eyes. This gives right direction and

poise. The form of elements is modified by the organs of the mouth and throat under the reflex influence of the lips and chin. The *expression* of an articulated form, not the mechanical control of the physical organs, must be thought of. The simplicity of right practice faithfully followed brings swift results.

Then comes the training of the mind itself upon the voice, demanding the expression of wider and wider range of meanings, until, upspringing to the soul's behests, the voice rings true to every purpose. The training of the voice to expression has no limit save that set by the imagination itself. The well-poised voice, responsive to thought, paints colors, creates forms, reflects lights and shadows, reports the workings of the forces which move and fashion personality, represents all sounds as they take meaning in the mind that hears them, and vibrates with the soul forces that move the world! The song of every life rings in the cadences of the voice more and more clearly as the tuning of the instrument goes on and the attunement to the inner consciousness becomes complete.

Mr. Malloy's Interpretation of "Uriel."

RACHEL L. DITHRIDGE.

It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel
Which in Paradise befell.
Once, among the Pleiads walking,
Seyd overheard the young gods talking;
And the treason, too long pent,
To his ears was evident.
The young deities discussed
Laws of form and metre just,

Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth, and what seems.
One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line.
"Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,

A shudder ran around the sky;
 The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
 The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;
 Seemed to the holy festival
 The rash word boded ill to all;
 The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
 The bounds of good and ill were rent;
 Strong Hades could not keep his own,
 But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell
 On the beauty of Uriel;
 In heaven once eminent, the god
 Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;
 Whether doomed to long gyration
 In the sea of generation,
 Or by knowledge grown too bright
 To hit the nerve of feebler sight,
 Straightway, a forgetting wind
 Stole over the celestial kind,
 And their lips the secret kept,
 If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
 But now and then, truth-speaking things
 Shamed the angels' veiling wings;
 And, shrilling from the solar course,
 Or from fruit of chemic force,
 Procession of a soul in matter,
 Or the speeding change of water,
 Or out of the good of evil born,
 Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
 And a blush tinged the upper sky,
 And the gods shook, they knew not why.

Uriel—R. W. Emerson.

On the morning of April 4 Mr. Malloy gave an interpretative lecture on Emerson's "Uriel" before the members of Emerson College and their friends. This is the fifth annual lecture that Mr. Malloy has given us. His coming is looked for eagerly by the students, and his luminous talks are thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Malloy brings to us the fruit of years of loving and patient study of his beloved friend and master, Emerson, the Seer. The following paragraphs give a brief and imperfect synopsis of the lecture:—

Uriel is a name for Emerson himself, so the poem is representative of a chapter in the life of the poet. It shows a period of Emerson's experience in terms of mythology, and must be reduced to normal proportions to be

understood. Uriel is the sharp-eyed angel, of superior vision and hence of superior intellectual power. Emerson, with his keen intellectual vision, was the ideal Uriel of his day.

In the first short stanza the *time* of the events spoken of in the poem is revealed. It was "in the ancient periods" before "Time coined itself into calendar months and days;" in other words, before the creation of the solar system, the "brooding soul" sees what follows.

"Lapse" means fall, and the "treason" is new ideas, something new to the old gods. All adventures in thought are introduced by the young. Seyd is a form of Saadi. Saadi was a Persian poet; Emerson uses the term as a generic name for poet. At a time before our world was created where did the poet come from? This is perhaps an anachronism, but the true generic poet is imagination, which may go to every place and to every time. The poet sees a thing before it happens; nor does it matter to him whether it ever does happen. This suggests the definition of metaphysics, which is said to be "the looking of a blind man into a dark room in search of something that is not there."

In reality the "ancient period" was about ten years before the poem was written, or in 1840. The places, called Paradise among the Pleiads in the poem, were Boston and Cambridge. The "young gods" were the ministers and other thinkers among the transcendentalists. The topics discussed were "laws of form and metre just." Coleridge had said that poets need not follow old forms and metres, and that lines of verse should not be read according to the number of feet, but according to the thought. This was "treason" in poetry then to the "stern old war-gods." The word "orb" suggests that everything in nature is circular in form.

Curves and cycles, not lines, are predominant in all forms of life, mental and moral, as well as physical. By "quintessence" is meant the substratum of matter, the unseen, the unknown. The German philosophy of Kant had denied the existence of things and had declared that we see only appearances, not the underlying quintessence. "Sunbeams" suggests that the theory of light was undergoing a change at this time. "What subsisteth" is the quintessence, the unseen; "what seems" is the phenomena, the seen.

"One, with low tones,"—Uriel speaks in the low tones that tell of confidence in right,—*"against the being of a line."* This is again a reference to the new theory of circles suggested in the word "orb." "Evil will bless"—a vexatious paradox, but true, nevertheless. "The stern old war-gods" represent the thought of the period in Boston. "The seraphs" were the rich, cultured women of the time, and "myrtle" suggests the luxury of their lives. Emerson was deserted by almost all his friends, but many came back to him as the truth of his philosophy became evident. "Fate" is the power by which everything else is tested, but the power of the "rash word" is strong enough to bend the "balance-beam," to rend "the bounds of good and ill," and even to shake the walls of "Hades." The last suggests the theological discussions concerning universal salvation and kindred subjects.

An eminent minister said in regard to universal salvation, "Perhaps all will be saved, but *we hope for better things.*" Josh Billings said, "I believe in universal salvation, but I want to pick my men." So in Emerson's time, even earnest thinkers were slow to accept new theories in science or religion.

"Sad self-knowledge;" Emerson depreciates self-consciousness. The discovery that we exist is the fall of man. "Or by knowledge grown too bright;" when poetry or philosophy becomes too abstruse for common vision the poet must wait for the growth of superior sight. "If in ashes" refers to the old way of keeping the fire burning. No man who really sees a truth gives it up, although for a time he may cover it. Emerson could have kept his pulpit in Boston if he had kept silent. "Truth-speaking *things*" cannot be suppressed, though men are silent. The "angels' veiling wings" means fine words put over the thought to hide it from sight. "Solar course" suggests the circles of the heavenly bodies; and from here, from all the cycles of natural forces, came Uriel's voice, and, as always, when truth is spoken, "the gods shook."

In the National Library in Washington, in the poets' corner, is a painting of Uriel, a scornful young god, going out from among "the stern old war-gods," and the name upon the picture is *Emerson*.

Inspiration.

HELENA MAYNARD RICHARDSON, '03.

O LIFE and soul of Art! Lo, even thou
Doth bear the gift of God within thy hand,
The most-sought blessing over sea and land.
When skill of painter, sculptor, poet's brow,
Or eloquence of word do man endow,
If so it be thy breath the flame hath fanned,
His crowned work, untouched by Time, shall
stand
High in the Court of the Eternal Now.

The secret of thy power lies locked within
The breast of him who thinketh last and
least
Of mastering Fame, with chisel, brush, or
pen.
Let but the heart serve all mankind as kin,
Thricefold thy gift to him hath been increased,
Not through the love of Art, but love of
Men.

A Coaching-Tour in North Devon.

GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN.

YEARS ago, through reading "Lorna Doone" and Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho," I became deeply interested in Devonshire. I then thought that if I ever crossed the ocean Devonshire would be the first English county I would visit. Last August, however, my third trip abroad was drawing to a close, and, strange to say, I had not yet seen the land of Lorna Doone, nor that "New Inn" now over two hundred years old. And so the little friend whom I was visiting, knowing this long-deferred desire of my heart, made me a parting gift of a coaching-tour in North Devon.

A party of four, we left London one noon, after having consulted all possible authorities, both official and local, on that all-important subject, the weather. Our journey lay through a most interesting section of country: along the Thames for a time, then striking off straight across the country — "Westward Ho!" I should like to stop and say a word about Bath and Bristol, so full of delightful historic and social associations, but we are eager to reach Minehead, our first point of departure.

Minehead is interesting chiefly from the fact that it is the gateway to North Devon. Here we spent the night. While it was yet daylight we visited the adjacent town of Dunster,—the most quaint, rural, and "far-from-the-madding-crowd" little hamlet, nestling under the shadow of its old castle.

Early the next morning,—which dawned beautifully clear,—having secured box seats the night before, we mounted the great coach, the horns tooted, our driver snapped his whip, away plunged our four horses, and we

were off for a twenty-mile journey across Exmoor. I wish I could make you see it all as it appeared that day, with its great stretches of moorland, bleak and desolate, yet beautiful beyond description. I had expected beauty in Devonshire, and rugged landscape; I knew that there were high mountains and deep valleys, winding lanes and a rocky sea-coast; but I was not prepared for such breadth of scenery; such great sweeping curves, which give one a sense of never-ending expanse; such wildness and brooding mystery. Exmoor is an elevated plateau many miles in extent, and that day she was not clad in sombre garb; far as the eye could reach, the moors and far-off hills were covered with glorious purple heather, such as I had hardly seen excelled even on the west coast of Scotland, and with it were mingled the golden blossoms of the gorse; far below glimmered the blue sea. Passing the little town of Porlock, we climbed a long hill, affording a magnificent sea-view. You may remember that John Ridd's father was killed by the Doones while riding home from Porlock market. Indeed, from this place to the end of our journey that day our minds were filled with the subject of the Doones, and the valley where they had lived. At last we came in sight of that valley. Into it we looked long, and we passed it reluctantly, although we knew that we should see it later at shorter range. Leaving the mountains, the glen of the Doones, the heather and gorse, and the dizzying glimpses of the sea, we came down hill after hill from the tableland of Exmoor to the shore of the sea; and this little fishing-hamlet nestling at our feet is Lynmouth; and that little

village perched way up the cliff, like an eagle in its nest, is Lynton. As our coach swung around the curve of the road and drew up at the hotel we heard the roaring of the Lynn, which here flings her waters into the sea.

The poet Southey was the first to make known the charms of the twin villages Lynton and Lynmouth, and it was probably owing to his influence that Shelley, with his first wife, Harriet Weston, came to live in a little thatched cottage on the shore of Lynmouth, under the very shadow of its tiny lighthouse. We stayed at Lynton several days, visiting from there the Watersmeet, Oare Church, and the Valley of Rocks.

More beautiful sylvan scenery than that of the Watersmeet it would be hard to find. As the name suggests, it is the meeting-place of the East and West Lynn, which form the river Lynn. These are typical Devonshire streams, and they flow down from the purple moor through one of those peculiar valleys to which the Devonshire folk give the name of "combe;" united at last, they go rippling on in a broader river until their music is lost in the chorus of the neighboring sea. A few miles beyond the Watersmeet lies the village of Oare, in whose little square-towered church John Ridd and Lorna were married. There are not more than half a dozen houses in the village; and, indeed, the few graves in the little churchyard indicate the scanty population. A Nicholas Snowe still lives at the manor-house of Oare, and it is interesting to know that there have been Snowes in the parish since the year 1600. Our guide took us into the church and pointed out the window through which Carver Doone shot Lorna on her wedding-day—how real it all seemed! The Valley of Rocks was quite near our Lynton hotel. You will remember that it was here John Ridd visited Mother Mell-

drum and the Devil's Cheese-ring. This Valley of Rocks is one of the most curious and striking spots—fit home for witches. On the very edge of the cliffs are strewn masses of huge boulders, black and weather-beaten. Many of them have taken fantastic shapes, and have been named "The Devil's Chimney," "Ragged Jack," "The Devil's Cheese-ring," and "Castle Rock." John Ridd said, "People were afraid to go near the valley after dark, or even on a gloomy day." Near-by is the cliff path which we were told could be followed for many miles—indeed, almost the entire distance of the coast.

From Lynton we also visited the Doone Valley. Here, for the first time since we started, we met with disappointment. There is no crag-environed glen—that is a poetic exaggeration. Blackmore has certainly given rein to his imagination; but this is the only serious departure from reality in the scenery descriptions in "Lorna Doone." Doubtless the disappointment is in part due to a fact confirmed by common experience,—that seeing a place once in broad daylight is far different from living in the midst, and seeing it in sunshine and shadow, in storm, at night under the light of the moon—in short, under all its varying conditions. Be this as it may, we cannot quarrel with Blackmore, who has given us many faithful pictures of the region, even though this particular gorge is stripped of its wildness and grandeur—and then, too, something must be allowed to the artistic demands of the setting of the story.

But we are lingering too long in our eagle's nest at Lynton. From there we coached to Barnstable, Bideford, and Ilfracombe. Our coachman, sturdy of limb and individual, with a handsome weather-beaten face, was a typical Devonshire man. I never saw any of these fine specimens of physical manhood

without wanting to quote Charles Kingsley and address them as "Ye men of Devon"—indeed, I did say it many a time under my breath. This particular one was unique. He told us many delightful yarns. I recall that one pair of his horses boasted the names Whiskey and Soda, and he continually sang out, "Hi there, Whiskey; Sody, Sody!" After an exhilarating drive we reached Bideford, and a most interesting town it is. To quote Kingsley, "All who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upward from its broad tide river paved with yellow sands, and its many-arched old bridge. Above the town the hills close in; below they open more and more in softly rounded knolls, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats and rich salt marshes, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly towards the broad surges of the bar and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the old town stands there beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, eight hundred years. Every one who knows Bideford cannot but know Bideford Bridge, for it is the very soul around which the town as a body has organized itself; and as Edinboro is Edinboro by virtue of its castle, Rome Rome by virtue of its capitol, and Egypt Egypt by virtue of its pyramids, so is Bideford Bideford by virtue of its bridge. But all do not know the occult powers which have animated the said wondrous bridge for now five hundred years, and made it the chief wonder, according to Prince and Fuller, of this fair land of Devon, being first an inspired bridge, a soul-saving bridge, an educational bridge, an almsgiving bridge,

and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge. All do not know how, when it began to be built some half-mile higher up, hands invisible carried the stones down-stream each night to the present site; until Sir Richard Gurney, parson of the parish, going to bed one night in sore perplexity, beheld a vision of an angel who bade him build the bridge where he himself had transported the materials, for there alone was sure foundation amid the broad sheet of shifting sands. All do not know how Bishop Grandison of Exeter proclaimed indulgencies, benedictions, and spiritual blessings forever to all who would promote the bridging of that dangerous ford. All do not know that the bridge is a veritable esquire, bearing arms of its own (a ship and a bridge proper on a plain field), and owning lands and tenements in many parishes, with which the said miraculous bridge has founded charities, built schools, waged suits of law, and finally given yearly dinners, and kept for that purpose the best-stocked cellar of wines in all Devon."

Of course we visited the Royal Inn, where Kingsley wrote most of "Westward Ho." In the room which he occupied, among many other things of interest, hangs an oil-painting of the grandfather of Rose Salterne. In one portion of the building, very ancient, was formerly kept the tobacco which Sir Walter Raleigh brought into England. One of the Devonshire stories is to the effect that a Sir Hugh and a Sir Somebody-else had a mortal feud. Sir Hugh, sitting by his fire one night, wished all manner of evil to his enemy—even that he might die. Just at this point he heard an unearthly church bell, tolling the death of the other. He became so filled with remorse, as the months went on, thinking that he had been instrumental in thus causing the death of his enemy,

that his own death seemed fast approaching, when, lo, a friend arrived from foreign parts, and gave him a pipe filled with the fragrant tobacco. This soothed all his woes—he began to get well at once. He generously shared some of the wonderful weed with his friend Raleigh, the ancestor of Sir Walter, and it is said that when the latter sailed to Virginia it was for the express purpose of filling his pipe again! At Bideford, too, is the Ship Tavern where lived Rose Salterne, the lovely “Rose of Torridge.” And we must not omit to mention that Bideford furnished seven ships to fight the Spanish Armada.

Ilfracombe requires little mention here. It is a favorite watering-place, but, apart from its wonderful coast scenery, it seemed less interesting to me than the other towns.

Still another coaching-drive was to the far-off cliff “Where Clovelly sleeps in its wooded gorge.” The road between the two places is a pleasant one. At the ninth mile-stone we came within sight of the “Hobby” drive. The “Hobby” road winds along the hillside, through a wilderness of stately trees and a profusion of flowers and ferns. There are lovely bits of woodland, and glimpses of the neighboring sea. Clovelly Court we pass by, although the tiny gray church with its low square tower is worth visiting, from the fact that Charles Kingsley’s father was once rector of it. Presently we reached the head of a ravine which reaches to the sea at an angle of about fifty degrees; “From its wooded summit down to the pebbly beach at its base falls a perfectly unique cataract of cottages, descending in an unbroken, white, straight line. So sheer is the fall that the eaves of every house are on a level with the foundations of its higher and immediate neighbor.” There is no road in the village and but

one street; no two houses are alike in chimney, shape, door, gable, or anything else. No vehicle ever enters the village; the donkey toils slowly up and down, bearing fish and coals and the luggage of the visitors. There is not a level spot in it, and you climb up and down High Street, over sharp irregular stones; or if you are a bit wealthy, you hire the donkey. The cottages are most picturesque and covered with flowers; in the most unexpected little spots will appear a patch of flower-garden. Out at sea, beyond the little pier, are the gay sails of the herring-boats, and on the old bench commanding a fine view of these, at the close of day, one is sure to find a group of old salts, and, if he has tact, may listen delightedly to a bit of Devonshire dialect. Dickens has used Clovelly for the setting of a charming little story, “A Message from the Sea.” We stayed nearly a week at the “New Inn”—as I said, now two hundred years old. It has a wonderful collection of old china which covers the walls of nearly the entire inn,—cups, saucers, and plates of all shapes, great platters and huge tankards, front you at every turn. Clovelly was a fitting ending to our coaching-tour, and when we reluctantly turned our backs upon this little village, to whose quaintness I have done scant justice, it was with a feeling that all time to come would be filled, not only with memories of wild moorlands covered with purple heather, deep combes, and rushing streams, with the characters that live in the pages of “Lorna Doone” and “Westward Ho,” but also with Clovelly cottages, Clovelly cobble-stones, Clovelly donkeys, and the curious language of Devon, which reminds me of a story, rich in the liberties taken with the pronoun. A Devon woman having become a second wife thus discourses of her step-daughter: “Mary Ann is a haggara-

vation. Her be a widder; and her weeds, as her be bound her 'll wear year in and year out, b'aint bought for nothing, and do all come out of his pocket, poor old man." It only remains to quote the epitaph which Mary Ann wrote, and

had placed upon her husband's tombstone:—

"Home at last, his labour's done;
Safe and sure the victory's won.
Jordan passed, from sin set free,
Jesus now have welcomed he."

College News.

The Opening of Our College Home.

On Monday, March 11, the Emerson College of Oratory was at home to its friends in its new surroundings. Notwithstanding the fact that a persistent rain fell throughout the day, many of the students viewed the new rooms, for the first time, and by a happy interchange of greetings the home feeling was soon established. The various class-rooms, which equal in number the class-rooms in our former home, were found to be superior in their adaptation to class work. The appearance of the offices and library was most home-like and inviting.

The following day, Tuesday, witnessed the opening of the new term. With the appearance of Dr. Emerson upon the platform vanished the last trace of strangeness in the new environment. Our President's greeting, supplemented by a word from Mrs. Southwick, was to us the sacred dedication of the new halls to the cause in education for which Dr. Emerson has labored during so many years. After his word of welcome, Dr. Emerson expressed his appreciation of the thoughtfulness and love which had provided the handsome chair which stood on the platform, the gift of unknown friends.

The special feature of the day was Miss King's annual recital under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society. The beautiful new hall was filled with an appreciative audience. Miss King was assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries,

'Cellist, Miss Charlotte Lynn, Soprano, and Miss Maude Paradis, Pianist. The program was a varied one:—

1. "Valtz de Concert," *Mattei*
Miss Paradis.
2. "The Prodigal Son" (by request),
Richard Harding Davis
Miss King.
3. "Airs from Martha," *Pacur*
Mr. Fries.
4. "Love Rewarded" (especially arranged),
Miss King.
5. (a) "Birthday Song," *Cowan*
(b) "Mattinata," *Tosti*
(c) "A May Morning," *Denza*
Miss Lynn.
6. "Rigoletto Fantasi," *Liszt*
Miss Paradis.
7. "The Heroine of the Alps," *Dickens*
Miss King.
8. "Reverie Caprice Slav," *Chamruka*
Mr. Fries.

Miss King's audiences are always won by her gracious, queenly presence, even before she has spoken a word. On this occasion, however, Miss King came to those whose hearts she already possessed, and she spoke to us out of the love in her heart—and we could not but respond. The absolute simplicity, the economy of force, the earnest purpose, the wonderful freedom of every agent, that renders the person and the voice responsive to the slightest impulse of the soul,—these are among the many elements of Miss King's power.

The musical numbers of the afternoon were of a high order, as the names of the artists would insure. Mr. Wulf

Fries came as an old friend; his magical touch has delighted audiences in Emerson College before. The charm of Miss Paradis' music, too, was eagerly anticipated, and no one was disappointed. Miss Lynn also made many friends by her beautiful, artistic singing.

Dean Southwick in Chickering Hall.

Chief among the many pleasures attendant upon Dean Southwick's recent visit was his appearance before the school on Saturday, April 6, on which occasion he brought inspiration to all in his interpretive lecture, "Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare."

Of the power of the orator we need only say that this special manifestation of it was as marked as is usual whenever Dean Southwick speaks. The address itself was remarkable in breadth and suggestion. In the excerpts from various plays the orator found scope for the activity of his keen dramatic instinct. From the divine compassion of Portia to the bloody ambition of Richard, Mr. Southwick ran the gamut of the emotions, satisfying us at every step, and winning applause which culminated in a storm after the fine climax of Anthony's speech.

Many graduates and friends of the College were present. Among the Shakespearian students in attendance was Mr. S. A. King, of London University, who has just presented a course of Shakespearian recitals in Steinert Hall which has commanded the admiration of critical audiences.

Personals.

Dr. Rolfe opened his course of Shakespearian lectures, Thursday, March 28, with "The Taming of the Shrew." His second lecture was "Twelfth Night." Dr. Rolfe always broadens our conception of whatever play we may study with

him. He introduces to us the heroes and heroines of the master, and they live before our eyes.

Miss Blalock, during her recent visit in the South, gave programs of readings from Southern authors, appearing in three leading colleges as reader and as lecturer.

Mrs. May Pamela Rice has just returned from a successful reading and lecture tour of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New York. Mrs. Rice lectured before clubs and schools on Psycho-Physical Culture, gave Browning readings and parlor talks on ethical and literary themes, and presented studies on the ethics of child culture before Mothers' Clubs. She was received with appreciative interest wherever she appeared.

At her recent appearance before the Browning Circle of Wayland, Mass., at the home of Mrs. W. A. Bullard, Mrs. Southwick read the following poems: "Hervé Riel," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Evelyn Hope," "My Last Duchess," "An Incident of the French Camp," "My Star," "Meeting at Night," "Parting at Morning," and the "Epilogue." On Wednesday, March 20, Mrs. Southwick gave her interpretation of "The Merchant of Venice" to an appreciative audience in Fitchburg. She appeared as the central figure, the Priestess, in the March presentation of a "Greek Symposium" by the Universal Brotherhood of Boston. The latter entertainment will be repeated in Boston, April 13, at the rooms of the society, on Mt. Vernon Street. At a benefit to Mr. George Henry Howard (former president of the Boston Conservatory of Music), given in the Every-Day Church, March 26, Mrs. Southwick read "Nydia" and a group of lyrics, including the "Ode to a Skylark," "The Daffodils," "Sunset" (by Frances Ridley Havergal), and

"The Bells." A number of the students were privileged to attend the latter entertainment, and to enjoy the dramatic

force manifested in the first number and the exquisite delicacy and charm of the lyrics.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Mabel Harlow, '97, head of the Department of English in Saxton's River Academy, Vermont, was a recent visitor at the College.

Mr. W. Palmer Smith, '98, has been called to the Edinboro (Penn.) State Normal, to take charge of the Department of Oratory and Physical Culture.

Miss Rachel Lewis Dithridge, '99, former editor of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE spent her Easter vacation with friends in the College. Miss Dithridge continues to teach very successfully in the Norwich (N. Y.) High School.

Miss Virginia Lyons, '99, and Miss Frances Waterhouse, '99, called recently at the College. Miss Lyons, who has been most successful in teaching Sloyd in the Newtonville schools, has just been called to an excellent position in the Boston schools.

Mrs. Jessie Crommett Dorward has returned from New York City to her home in Omaha, and is as active as ever in her club work and general literary associations. An Omaha daily comments thus upon one of her latest appearances: "One of the finest programs ever presented at the Omaha Equality Club was that by Mrs. W. N. Dorward at the last meeting. If a reader ever gets into the spirit of an author and passes it on, Mrs. Dorward does. The forlorn little dressmaker, soured with stitching and gossip, the loyal-hearted woman, and the strong man were all introduced, made their bad and good impressions, and retired, and no

one thought much about Mrs. Dorward, — unfailing proof that her work was artistic."

The Milford (Mass.) *Daily News* speaks as follows of a recent appearance of Miss Lottie Jones, '89, in a public recital:—

"Miss Lottie A. Jones eclipsed all others; and there probably has never been given in this place by any reader a more powerful selection than 'The Lepers,' from 'Ben Hur.' There was scarcely a dry eye in the house as Miss Jones portrayed the power of that leper mother's love, which held her back from touching her sleeping son. It is doubtful if several actors could have presented the scene of the healing of the mother and her daughter more vividly than Miss Jones did by her subtle and spiritual suggestions."

At a return engagement Miss Jones was requested to repeat "The Lepers." Another local paper stated that "hundreds of people went to the hall purposely to listen to her rendition of this strong and exciting selection; and from the spontaneous and long-continued applause which followed, the audience showed that it was thoroughly appreciative. 'The Lepers' is Miss Jones's masterpiece; it could not be improved upon."

Prof. Albert M. Harris, of the Chair of Oratory in Cornell College, Iowa, has won marked distinction in the West as reader and as lecturer. A recent number of the Epworth *Exponent* (Iowa) speaks in unqualified praise of his appearance in an entertainment course:—

"Professor Harris gave the monologue 'Old Ebenezer,' by Opie Read. It was one of the best impersonations ever presented before the audience. The conceptions of the characters were perfect, the style artistic and natural. It was unquestionably a work of art and showed a cultured mind, in addition to the exceptional oratorical ability displayed. Such a presentation cannot fail to instruct as well as delight and entertain. The picturing of the Southern village life was very vivid. It carried each hearer into the quaint town and introduced him to individual characters. The clearness of portrayal made us familiar with the personality of each character presented. Each scene described will live in the memory of the hearers.

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"The work of Professor Harris in this line . . . gives him a high rank among impersonators. He represents one of the very best schools of oratory. . . . Such an entertainment will always delight an intelligent audience."

Meeting of Alumni.

The first regular Alumni meeting of the year was held at the College, Tuesday, February 19. The theme discussed was "What Can I Do for My Alma Mater and What Can She Do for Me?"

The first speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Mary Sherman. Mrs. Sherman spoke of lecture work before clubs as an important factor in helping the Alma Mater. She then emphasized the importance of bringing people to visit the College. Those who live near the College should bring people into touch with its work. Again, the members of the Alumni can be most helpful in the societies of the College, the Students' Aid Society, the Southwick Literary Society, and the College Magazine Association. The Magazine is a valuable

means of assistance to the Alumni, and should be used as an avenue whereby to disseminate a knowledge of the principles and life of the Alma Mater.

Dr. Field spoke of his wide experience in teaching, lecturing, etc., and cited one instance to show the opposition which many teachers meet in this line of work. While in a large Western city he visited a superintendent of schools who had two hundred teachers under his supervision. The gentleman said he was too much occupied with his business duties to see and talk with Dr. Field, who then sought the names of the members of the school committee, called upon them, and asked to give a complimentary address before the teachers of the town in one of the school buildings. His request was granted, and he succeeded in introducing the work into the city and among the teachers in spite of the opposition of the superintendent, which he had to meet at the outstart.

Miss Margaret Randall, '97, brought a cheerful message from the far West, Southern Arizona, where she has been teaching. She told the association of the readiness of the people of this section to grasp anything which can make them better men and women, and to make their territory equal to the States. They are keenly alive to all new things. Idealism was the one thing, said Miss Randall, which she found absolutely essential in her work in the Southwest. The people already had limited ideals. They wanted education simply because it was a good thing to have. She made the key-note of her work the idea of loving service. The students responded quickly to the thought. They soon recognized that culture as an end in itself was not the highest ideal.

Our College is indeed our "foster mother," and from her loving care to

our different fields of work we should carry the ideal she teaches,—loving helpfulness, loving service, loving work.

Miss Randall urged that we constantly carry in mind the desire to help the Alma Mater, and in helping her, help others. We can help the Alma Mater to give good things to other people through the inexhaustible resources which will attract more and more into the reach of her mother heart.

Miss Edith Whitmore spoke earnestly of the interdependence of the Alma Mater and her children. Can we measure in materialism what we get in the Emerson College of Oratory? We do not realize it in the first few years after going from the College. Our horizon is then very limited. The longer we are out in the world the more we see that in the College we studied real life action. We get the principles which underlie all life, the principles of all forms of expression. As we live the principles, we find strength for every crisis in life. The influence which we can bring into our own lives and into the lives of others through our lives will be a great help to the College.

To live the great principles of truth which come to us and to bless our Alma Mater through the influence of our daily lives was the text of Miss Whitmore's address.

Miss Gatchell's suggestion was to look into the future to see what is in store for us. The promise of the future is to the College a far-reaching influence. What can we do for our Alma Mater? We have great principles taught to us. We try to inculcate these principles. Now, the great sum and substance is *being*. How many of us so live our work that it reflects upon those with whom we come in contact? Let us *be* our philosophy before we seek to teach it.

Miss Lilia Smith said, in substance: There is one aspect of this question

which has not been touched upon. I have been wondering for a long time why it is that there is so much enthusiasm when we are here studying in Emerson College and why there is so little in comparison when we leave it. We need to get right at the heart of this. It is easier to do things when we feel like it. This touches a very vital point. We depend too much upon our feeling—not enough upon a steady purpose to work with the spirit of the Emerson College of Oratory. We do not have the constant spurring-on of Dr. Emerson and the faculty. We do not keep our enthusiasm to the point. We should establish the habit of keeping this purpose, this spur, constantly in our lives and work. Gain a steadfast purpose behind the enthusiasm to carry us on, whether we feel or whether we do not feel. That is the test.

Mrs. Southwick's remarks closed the discussion of the afternoon: One of the secrets of our work is the knowledge that each one has a distinct place in the heart of the College. There is something about the individuality of every soul that is the reason for its being in the world. It is certain truth that if we are sincere there is a place for us. There is something for all to do. One star differeth from another star in glory, yet the heavens are not too full. Each of us has his place; and it is possible for each to make room for others by the influence he gives forth and the enthusiasm he creates. There is a force in enthusiasm. It is the life of a cause. If you are not enthusiastic you will never get anywhere. Let us not be afraid of being too enthusiastic; but let us give point to our enthusiasm.

Let us be wise in dealing with people whom we meet. We make a mistake by carrying our own personal opinion too recklessly to people. If you are burning to show people the truth, first see what

people are interested in. Then endeavor to reveal your truth as it applies to them and to their interests in life. Do not try to carry your point because it is yours. If we work for the race we shall share in the results we are trying to bring about.

We all affect each other by our states of mind. We should cultivate states of mind in which other people may participate. Let us carry out the spirit of joy that is in our work. We must learn to stand for a thing because it is true and valuable. Be true whatever it costs. Don't be afraid. God will repay. If we do not succeed the fault lies primarily with us.

What has the Alma Mater done for us? Fostered our ideals. She has taught us the value of our potential selves. When we come short let us not be discouraged, but try again. We must take possession of what we have. The Alma Mater loves more than anything else to be proud of her exponents. She wants you to be worthy of her teachings. I do not say that you may not be criticised by those who are prejudiced. We grow by opposition.

We can achieve influence upon other lives, because if we make a thing a living truth it cannot fail to affect other people. If we are firm we will entertain the opinions of other people, consider them, and see if we can accept them or improve them.

The thing which the College has always asked of its Alumni is to turn their faces homeward. Let us know where you are, and come home often; for if you come home often we can reinforce ourselves for new service, larger growth than ever,—for growth is infinite, there is no limit,—by the mere force of your home-coming.

Make people see the value of your work. You can do this for your Alma Mater. You can be true; you can grow

strong in all that you believe; you can do your duty whether you feel like it or not. You can come home and see whether the spirit of home may not give you a benediction—which you should be assured of before you come home. Then go out and stand for what you know; and remember this,—that every institution is helped and is bound to be helped by the loyalty and the home-coming of its Alumni. This is what the Alma Mater will do for you. It is inevitable that your Alma Mater will return its blessing as you come home. If it is sustained and enlarged by your influence and your advocacy, the glory of whatever is done or achieved will be a blessing for you in itself, if there is not a *specific* thing you can do. It has been said of every one that he must continue in order to maintain. Now you must do that and help your Alma Mater to do that. The continued life of the thing of which you are a part is the continued value and blessing.

Mrs. Southwick then spoke of the plan for an occasional Alumni day with classes, and opportunities to come into touch with the work of the College.

JULIA KING, *Secretary*.

Mrs. Ida Morey Riley.

One day in the winter of 1888 a woman of unmistakable power and sweet dignity mounted the platform in Wesleyan Hall. She told us that she had been a student at the Monroe College of Oratory the previous year for a few weeks, and then added, "And I have come back all the way from Iowa to recite to you the last half of 'The Fireman's Prayer.'" This first attempt, offered as it was with some apparent effort, interested and inspired every student. From that day Ida Morey Riley found her way into many hearts.

Mrs. Riley's large experience as a

teacher in the West gave her a background which most of us lacked, yet we felt that she was always one with us in spirit and endeavor. She, too, strove to obtain animation, to reach the colossal; she even dreaded her turn to read; but her quick appreciation of the principles, her ability to make them at once completely her own, seemed to give her a place unique and superior. With a strong mind capable of grasping and analyzing in minutest detail, with a warm heart pulsating in deepest sympathy—can we ever forget the inspiration she was to the classmates of '89, who learned to know her and love her?

Her reading was always strongly dramatic. In heavy scenes one felt that she was adequate and that her interpretation was the result of careful study. She herself was so strong that she seemed equal to whatever situation she portrayed. Yet after all, it was the humor that was so delicious! It was always such a spontaneous outburst! Who will ever forget her manly, big-hearted, rollicking Jim Fenton, or wonder that Beatrice should yield to such a Benedick as hers? In her third year came the recital in which all her numbers were the product of her own pen. Then it was that we heard, among other delightful sketches, of the country girl who, relating her experiences in Boston, declared that she found her first ride in a herdic "nice but jiggery."

In 1890 the Columbia School of Oratory in Chicago was founded, and Mrs. Riley became associate principal with Miss Mary A. Blood. To this new work she brought boundless enthusiasm, maturity of experience, originality of thought, and a never-failing loyalty to the principles of life and art as embodied in the work of Emerson College. During these early days she writes thus to a friend: "My life, so full of business in this rushing, roaring

city, is such a contrast to yours! I wonder sometimes if the new undertaking we have begun will ever give us the 'affluence of time' I so long for. Like the nine Ruggleses, we forget our manners, or, rather, neglect them, but we are succeeding!"

In the years that followed she lectured on many subjects pertaining to oratory and appeared successfully before many audiences. To cleverness in debate, breadth of view that unfolded thoughts hitherto but dimly seen, and a ready wit that was a constant delight, she added the magnetism of a gracious personality that carried an all-pervading influence. Such intellectual gifts did not pass unrecognized, and she acceptably filled many positions of honor and responsibility in her chosen profession. She was for several years secretary of the National Association of Elocutionists and a member of its Board of Directors.

What a wave of sadness passed over our hearts at the news that this noble woman had gone to the higher life! Only rarely does God grant that both the great mind and the great heart be found in one soul. Dr. Gunsaulus, who officiated at the funeral services, said of her: "I have not known in my life one whose personality so stood for her profession. It has seemed a habit of this dear woman's heart to throb with meaning ever since her girlhood. Her impulses were born on high. Are there not spiritual class-rooms where the blessed influences of noble lives go forth? She served you and me by living close to God."

As one of our illustrious graduates we are proud of her; as a friend we love her. Surely all our lives are richer that she once lived among us. "Let any noble and dear one die, and death becomes a sudden beauty near us—a glow and not a shadow on the day!"

LOTTIE A. JONES.



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Contents.

Editorials	181
President Emerson's Lecture, "Character"	185
Address to the Graduating Class of 1901, "Beauty of Living." <i>Wm. G. Ward</i>	191
The Co-ordination of Studies in Emerson College: A General Survey of the Present Curriculum. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	195
College News: Commencement, Graduate Dramatic Day, Senior Dramatic Day, Graduate Class Day, Mrs. Southwick's Recital, Senior Class Day, 1903 Presents a Portrait, The Gift of 1900, The Closing Event of 1900-01, The Southwick Literary Society, Professor Baker, 1902 Receives 1901, The Summer Schools, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot, The James Wheelock Home Benefit, Recommended Reading for Vacation, Indexes to Our Text-books, Personals	205-218
Alumni Notes, The Alumni Banquet, Our Relation to the Public Schools	219-229
The Voice of the Alumni: Extracts from Letters from Graduates Regarding the New Catalogue	229

Behold, of him unto whom much is given
Much is required. It is a fearful thing
To be a poet. How shall he be shriven,
If greed or fear restrain his uttering?
Oh, ill for him, whoever he may be,
Who looks upon the glory of the night
And is not glad of heart!
Behold, he hath eyes and he doth not see!
How shall his soul see the very light?
Shall he ever emerge from the mirk of the mart?

Ay, but if he whom the high gods have ordained
Their priest speak not the truth that his eye shall see,
There shall be no spirit in hell so scourged as he,
No soul so self-disdained.

Then shall the poets pour us a flagon,
Sweet as rain to the throats of shipwrecked seamen,
And the spent world shall draw a freer breath,—
Though men may still see Faith as one astray,
And Hope with weary eyes,
And wan Love beating at the gates of Death.

Wide eyes shall pierce the darkness with sweet scorn,
And wise lips clarion our way
Through ever loftier portals of the morn,
With lark-songs greatingen as they rise
In the large glories of the coming day.

I see, though darkly, what my spirit sought;
I see what is, beneath what comes and goes;
I see the sweet unfolding of the rose,
By changeless influence to full beauty brought;
I hear the symphony intricately wrought;
Dim meanings swell through deep adagios
And underneath the myriad chords disclose
The perfect act of God that changeth not.

—Richard Hovey.

To the Interpreter of Literature.

ANOTHER season of strenuous endeavor is closing. In the breathing-space which the summer allots to the average busy life, what place are you making for art ideals; how are you inviting that newness of life which must make next year's work broader, more vital, more effective, than that of the year just past?

Do you call yourself an "interpreter"? If so, do you appreciate the breadth of significance of that term? To translate, "carry over," make clear—what more does any artist, be he painter, musician, or poet? To translate Nature, the language of Absolute Truth,—which is so impersonal that it is not readily recognized by the average mind, bounded by the horizon of the personal,—into the universal language of the Imagination,—Art; to reveal Absolute Truth through concrete forms—that is your office as interpreter.

In the light of this mission, will you reject the opportunity for a keener insight that the summer offers, when Nature, ever the generous teacher, has done model lessons for you—has translated Truth into Beauty so obvious that you cannot fail to recognize it?

But you are an interpreter of litera-

ture. Then you will command the inspiration of other teachers besides Nature as manifested in the flower of the summer-time: the seers of all times are ready to instruct you in the terms of the language of Truth. Are you preparing to translate to the world in concrete beauty the truth these masters will reveal to you? Or will you be content to translate the half-truths recognized by lesser minds?

Read the book of the day, if you are assured that it embodies a great conception artistically treated,—if it translates Truth into terms of Beauty; do not reject it because it is new; neither read it for the same reason. Dramatize it if you will; make cuttings from it for public reading; arrange it as a monologue for platform use, if you recognize the theme to be worthy and the form to have true literary merit. Only be sure that you do not seize upon it as available material with which to gratify an audience merely because it has some situation—a love scene, or a race, or a battle—that promises, through a certain vitality of motive and a stirring succession of vital parts, to be “effective.” Apply the philosophy of your “Evolution of Expression;” remember that you, as an artist, are supposed to have passed beyond the consciously “effective” stage in your development, and to have reached the plane of that higher effectiveness of Suggestion,—a suggestiveness which grows out of relationships. Do not waste your time and weaken your mental fibre on cheap or crude art in literature in the preparation of your programs for next season. And above all, do not neglect the models of literary art which have stood the test of time. How can you feel sure that your judgment in regard to the new and untried is unerring unless you cultivate your art instincts through continual association with the old and tried?

Then do not let a day of your vacation pass without a renewal of your ac-

quaintance with an acknowledged master in the realm of literature. If you are to be an interpreter to the world, be not content with interpreting a barbarous tongue. Open the eyes of your soul to the beauty of the summer-time and the beauty of high art, and do not let anything turn you from your high ideals. The vaudeville “artist” may have his mission, as may also the vender of crude images on the street; but to the artist who has seen the vision of Absolute Truth, to descend to the level of the vaudeville “artist” is to barter his wealth for the Apples of Sodom.



A Word from Vermont.

We are able to sound a clear note of assurance to the friends of the College in the latest report that comes from President Emerson's mountain home. The brief illness that deprived us of his presence at Commencement proved no more serious than it was thought at the time. The relaxation, the quiet, and the freedom from responsibility were all that were needed to restore him to his accustomed state of health and vigor. He asks us to say, for the assurance of those friends whose loving solicitude has followed him in varied expressions, that he is well. He furthermore sends loving greetings to all his friends; and to his children we are sure that he would have us emphasize the message sent to the graduating classes, as he and Mrs. Emerson reluctantly left Boston for the quiet of the Vermont hills,—“We want to see you all back, every one, next year, bright and early . . . and can you not bring some friend with you? We shall try to bring *all Europe back with us!*”



A Literary Feast.

Among the good things that we are led to expect in connection with the opening of the fall season, not the least

important is the Shakespearian course promised by Dean Southwick. The course in Shakespearian comedy, presented last autumn in Steinert Hall by a number of brilliant artists of the reading platform, was the beginning of a work which, it is to be hoped, will be carried on uninterruptedly for years to come. The plans for the next course are not yet announced, but it is whispered that the readers who are to appear in it are all artists of the first rank. It is probable that the tragedies of Shakespeare will be the ground touched upon.



Our College Home.

We have endeavored to show in this issue, by means of a small group of views, some features of our new home. The two little glimpses of Chickering Hall are hardly suggestive of the beauty, the convenience, and the spaciousness of this admirable concert-hall, where our general exercises and recitals are held, and where many of the larger classes meet for work. The long corridor with the columns leads from the front entrance to Chickering Hall. From this corridor the college offices open on the left, as does the corridor leading to the Dean's office, the library, and the reception and private room for the President and Faculty. We shall hope to present views of these attractive rooms later, as well as of some of the classrooms, which are on the second floor.

The charm of the rooms has been enhanced by beautiful gifts from each class represented in the student body of the past year. The bust of President Emerson, the gift of 1900, stands at the end of the corridor leading to the library. The portrait, from 1903, hangs in the long corridor on the second floor. Besides these, which we have spoken of elsewhere, a fine frieze adorns the Faculty room, placed there by the loving

thought of the members of 1902 before the opening of the new rooms. And a plaster cast in relief of the "Aurora," from Guido Reni's painting, remains as the memorial of the class of 1901. Other gifts from individuals have contributed to the general effect of elegance and beauty.

The convenience of the new rooms was thoroughly tested during the closing term. Each day revealed new advantages. We shall all await in happy anticipation the opening of a new school year in the beautiful new surroundings.



A Union of Forces.

As was formerly announced, Dean Southwick has resigned the Chair of Literature in the Penn Charter School, and will devote all his time to the interests of Emerson College, directing the business of the College and giving a number of courses in the Departments of Oratory, Dramatic Interpretation, and Literature. The Dean's versatility, as manifested in a brilliant career of public and classroom work, is assurance of the resources which his various classes may command from his instruction.

President Emerson, too, will give his full time to his work in the College, as he has ever done during the twenty years that his presence and teaching have been the heart and soul of the institution which he has loved as the child of his brain.



To the Old Student.

It is hoped that all former students who have not yet seen the new catalogue will send in a request for a copy at once. Every loyal child of the Alma Mater should keep in touch with the sources of inspiration within her walls; should watch with the keenest interest her progress and development; and should hail with delight all acquisitions of new resources of strength and new avenues of useful-

ness. He should, moreover, never let her forget that he is a part of her life; that her successes and achievements are his.

The new catalogue is well worthy of your attention even if it be not significant to you as a letter from your college home. For general arrangement, presswork, and illustrations it is a model of good taste and beauty. Moreover, it presents, to any one interested in any line of educational work, a survey of forces remarkable—we might be justified in saying unprecedented—for an institution which is classed among special schools.

Send for a catalogue—and let us know where you are and what you are doing.



The Summer Sessions.

Any one desiring a summer course in the special lines of work in Emerson College can find ample opportunities this season. If he would be in the city, enjoying the advantages of libraries and museums, and yet be near the sea, classical Boston, with her wealth of literary and historical associations and her beautiful suburbs, will receive him, and he can devote his mornings to class work in Chickering Hall. If he would seek the healing and rest of the shore, Cottage City invites him and offers him the same opportunities for self-improvement, together with an association with educators from all over the land. If he would find refuge in the hills, Staunton, in the famous valley of the Shenandoah, in the midst of picturesque mountains rich in historic interest and natural beauty, will give him the special work that he wants, and the benefits of the principal summer school of the South.



Frontispiece.

We are able to present in this closing number of Volume IX. a complete group

of the members of the Faculty of Emerson College, new and old. The group, of course, does not include occasional lecturers.

Former students will be glad to see the faces of all the teachers who have been with us during the past year, except the two noble friends whose life-work has been brought to completion since the opening of the year. Besides these familiar faces, others will be recognized,—a brilliant group of men and women who need no introduction to the readers of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.



From the Alumni.

We would call the attention of our readers to the excerpts from a few of the many letters that are coming in from the alumni every day, in response to the new catalogue. These extracts from personal letters will be found in the alumni columns of this issue. They are significant in that they show the immediate recognition, by graduates who have gone out to meet the needs of various fields, of the value of broadening the departments of college work.



The Everett Press.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge in these columns the courtesy and consideration of the Messrs. Everett, as manifested in our relations with them during the past year. The appearance of the Magazine speaks for itself as to the excellence of the presswork.



The Century Engraving Company.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Baxter, of the Century Engraving Company, for his efficient service in the production of the half-tone cuts which have appeared in Volume IX. of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Character.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Ethel Karnan. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

Copyrighted, 1901.

WHAT is character? It is so deep in its nature and so varied in its expression that to give a definition of it is very difficult. The best definition I have ever seen is that given by Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Character is a reserve force which acts directly by presence and without means." Character is the weight or quantity of an individual's spiritual being. The law of gravitation, an omnipotent and irresistible law, manifests itself in different degrees according to the quantity of matter through which it acts. There are no laws in the material world which have not their correspondence in the spiritual world. Their manifestations are different because they work on a higher plane; but no less are they the laws that govern in the spiritual world because their manifestations are on a higher plane. I do not like to have any one feel that there is one law for earth and another for heaven; that there is one law for matter and another for mind. It is the same law, whether manifested through mind or matter, whether manifested in heaven or on earth. The universe, as its name implies, is one.

What is the foundation of character? One may answer, "To be born great." Strictly speaking, no person was ever born great. Strictly speaking, no one ever had greatness thrust upon him. True greatness is developed. The child is born without character, and if that child ever possesses character he develops it. A child is born with certain tendencies, and that is all that can be said for birth. All that he achieves after that is the result of education. In the

very beginning of life much depends upon the direction into which the child's thoughts are led and upon the subjects to which his mind is applied. Much must depend upon the foundation of character, which rests upon a belief in universal truth, and that all power and success depend upon obedience to that universal truth. Let us look carefully at this foundation, because without a right foundation no superstructure can be valuable. How many promising young people and how few men and women! There must be some logical reason for this failure, this going out of life's promise before the day of fruition. What is it? It is this: there is a fault in much of the teaching in a school that is more potent in the forming of character than are the schools or the churches, and that is the teaching at home. There is where character begins to be formed; and there the first thing to teach the child, although you may call it abstract if you will, is that there is a power that attends upon and gives success to all who obey truth.

No definition of truth is satisfactory; no exact, scholarly definition has ever been attempted, and yet all know what is meant by it. All know that when carried back to its last analysis it means that there is an exact government throughout the universe—that all things in the universe are related to each other by being related to an invisible, all-controlling power—that everything in nature reports that power, and that this power is truth. When the child comes to study mathematics he begins to learn the truth concerning numbers. It is not

a slow nor a difficult process to give the child a perception of truth. The old Greek philosophers said that the best way by which to teach the power of truth was through the study of music: the concord of sounds produced pleasure; the discord produced pain. In this way the youth came to realize that law, when violated, would cause an uncomfortable feeling, while if it was obeyed it would give pleasure. So the Greeks said, Let the music teacher be the teacher of morals.

I am trying to present this so that we may think of it in all our teaching. Some have claimed that in the secular schools morals should not be taught. Some have claimed that morals should not be taught in the churches, but that *religion* should be taught there. Christ made *religion* and *morals* one. Religion should be considered as the soul of morals, the all-quickening and inspiring power in morals. I am giving the word "morals" a large meaning; namely, the conduct of life which is inspired by and through the spirit.

The greatest power any student can ever possess must come through character. Therefore, if character rests upon a moral basis you cannot devise a successful method of education that is not based on morals. One has said recently that it is not the business of a college or a university or any other secular school to teach more than the studies that are prescribed in the catalogue. I will agree with the word, but I will not agree with the spirit of it. I will agree that you need not teach in any institution more studies than are set down in the curriculum; and if the word "morals" is not set down there, then, as an abstract thing, you need not teach morals. But what then? Is there a single study in any school which, if carried out to its final analysis, does not lead into the realm of morals? Every study

somewhere touches the moral side of man. That school which aims for the highest morals will reach the highest intellectual result — both in its studies and in the character of its students. It is an accepted idea to-day among educators that all true teaching tends to the development of character.

Let me repeat that character is developed through an unquestioning faith in universal truth, and that all success results from obedience thereto. Persons who teach such ideas concerning the development of character are not, at first, looked upon as being practical people. They are usually called "dreamers." The sceptics on this subject say, "I do not know about your faith in this something which is invisible." Then you do not know about faith in any power. All power is invisible. No form of power is patent to the senses. You cannot see power; you cannot hear power; you cannot taste power; and it can hardly be said that you can feel it. You can see *manifestations* of power; you can hear *manifestations* of power; and you can feel *manifestations* of power. Truth is an inward perception, an insight; but no person has ever influenced the world by the weight of his being who had not unquestioning faith in the universal power of truth.

Washington succeeded by the weight of his character. It was said by men who knew war best through books and schools that he did not plan his campaign in accordance with accepted methods of warfare. No person was criticised more than Washington for not working on true military principles. The English generals, the great scholars of military tactics in England, said, "Do not fear Washington, that semi-American savage over there, who knows how to fight with Indians, but who can do nothing when he comes to fight with the disciplined troops of England." But he showed that he was

not wholly incompetent when Cornwallis turned the handle of his sword to him, and, as a negro said, was no longer Cornwallis, but was *Cobwallis* — for George Washington had shelled the corn all off him !

A sub-officer of the English army came to his general one day and said to him, "It is no use for us to fight against the colonists."

"Why?" was his reply. "They are but a handful of men, and almost barefooted. They have not winter provisions. We can starve them and freeze them to death before next spring, to say nothing about the fighting."

"Now, General, I don't think it can be done."

"Why?"

"I was out in the woods to-day and I heard a voice. I looked around to see where the voice came from, and found it was George Washington's; he was praying there in the bushes, and he prayed to the God of armies to give success to the American cause. Now look here, General, we did not come here to fight God Almighty. It is no use."

Well, Plato could not have said a wiser thing than that. It was a recognition on the part of that under-officer that there is an omnipotent power and that man can come into relation thereto. The success achieved by certain men has been the wonder of the age. How many theories have been promulgated to account for their success! Modern wisdom says that if a person succeeds in a pulpit, or in any of the walks of life, it is due to his "personal magnetism." Plato went deeper. He explained it through spiritual causes. But then, Plato is out of fashion to-day. Swedenborg, of whom it has been said that he lay like a colossus upon his time, would have accounted for it by the phrase "obedience to spiritual laws." Jesus Christ would have said, "It is because my Father and I are with

him." But oh, modern wisdom sums it all up in a single word, "magnetism."

In the main the human race is making progress, and ever will; but it is by a zigzag course, as ships cross the sea, or as trains of cars wind their way among the mountains, sometimes going directly forward towards their goal, at other times taking a backward turn to get round the difficulty. Sometimes the human race seems to take a leap directly forward; then it seems to roll backward. Truth, however, is independent of time. It is neither old nor new. It ever was and ever will be. Sometimes the race gets a glimpse of it; then it retreats into darkness.

The next thing to be considered in the development of character is the ability to discern the application of universal truth to daily needs. That mind which is constantly looking for truth, not a particular application of it, develops the power of perception, so that in process of time the discernment of its application to the every-day questions of life becomes almost infallible. Every such person who is living for truth looks at every question that comes up in the light of universal truth. How does it appear from that point of view? The person who does not see and constantly study the facts and every-day occurrences from that point of view is all the while looking at the judgment of people about him. He is constantly asking, "What is the judgment of my peers concerning this?" Such a person moves forward with his head over his shoulder; he is looking to see what other people say about him. But the man who trusts in truth because he believes truth to be omnipotent does not look over his shoulder to see whether people approve of what he does or says. When people hiss him he does not look to see who it was that hissed, but rather the hissing becomes the music to which he marches. He looks to the high calling,

the calling of truth. He acts upon a thing because he sees it to be true then and there, and does not say, "By your leave, ladies and gentlemen." Superficial people will say such a person is egotistic or dogmatic. He lets them say what they please; he does not listen. If he hears what they say it is only as a whisper in a dream. Right before him there is a light shining down on his pathway. He keeps his eye on that light and the things that light reveals. He marches by that light, which, while it guides him as a pillar of light, becomes a cloud of darkness to those who persecute or hinder the ways of the highest truth. When the children of Israel marched toward the Promised Land there was a light that went before them to guide them onward. When their enemies, the Egyptians, sought to follow them the angel of God put a dark cloud between the camp of the "Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night." The leaders of this host did not look back to see where the cloud was. They did not listen for the feet of the war-horses in their pursuit, nor did they listen for the clash of approaching arms. They only marched forward. When they reached the Red Sea Moses stretched out his hand over the sea and "the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground." They were not paralyzed with fear lest the waves would engulf them. They said, "Now is the time to move forward."

Is there any sagacity equal to that which comes from the perception that there is a divine power that rules this world, and rules it through truth? Men who are thus guided are the practical men. A thousand men start on the same kind of enterprise, and only one out of the thousand succeeds. Yet the nine hundred and ninety-nine who did not

succeed apparently had more business ability than the one who did, because every bit of business ability they had showed on the surface. Look at that old and honored institution down-town, the Parker House. I knew Mr. Parker personally. He had not one dollar when he came to Boston. I can tell you what his business principles were. He believed that there was no trickster in trade who would succeed in the long run; he believed that business was governed by law, and he sought to find that law and to live by it. For several years he saw young men pass him in the race. "I have not laid up ten dollars," he said, "but my friend Joseph has laid up one thousand. Another friend has laid up two thousand. I heard of a boy who came from the same neighborhood as myself who has laid up ten thousand dollars already. They are sharp fellows, brighter and smarter than I am, and no doubt they are going ahead of me. I don't know their tricks, and I have no time to study them; but I will keep right on following the business principles in which I have put my trust." And he lived to see Joseph and the other friends all go out like prematurely quenched lights, while he accumulated a vast sum of money.

You ask me if I mean by "success" financial, material success. I reply that material success in the long run rests upon eternal principles. I think the last and worst atheism of this time is teaching young men that they cannot succeed in business by strictly honest methods. If that is so, then success contradicts the laws of the universe. Do not the laws of the universe control success? Those laws that control the rising and the setting of the sun, the going forth of the stars, the succession of the seasons, unable to control business? Then business should be given up; there should be no business. It is contrary to the laws of the universe; the universe is

against it. But on the other hand, how foolish the argument that there is a trick by which to outwit God Almighty; a trick by which to outwit the sun and the moon; a trick by which to outwit the power that carries the earth around the sun; a trick to outwit gravitation; a trick to outwit the laws of heat and electricity! Perish every one who believes in such tricks. Every one who thus believes does perish, sooner or later. "But," you say, "I have known men to be successful through a long career, who could not be called saints." You are partly right and partly wrong. They were saints so far as their business principles were concerned, although they might have been great sinners so far as some other things were concerned. I want to lay it down squarely thus, — that saintliness, in the broadest interpretation of that word, is all that can bring success. I do not believe anything about the devil having come from hell and gained absolute control of this earth. This earth is not his home. He is an invader whenever he comes here; his home is in hell, to which he tumbled long ages ago. This earth given up to him? No, no. Only those individuals are given up to him who are seceders from the government of this earth.

I have turned your minds to the thought that law governs everywhere, that law is divine, and that all success comes through obedience to universal law. Character is developed through obedience to law, and when thus developed it is irresistible. If a person is forty years old and has not more weight of character than he had when twenty years old he has disobeyed the laws of his mind. If a person of sixty has no more character than when he was forty, then he has disobeyed the laws of his mind. So character develops through obedience. Gray hairs are to be revered always; but how holy become gray hairs

when they represent a long life of obedience — obedience that has developed character! Daily and hourly universal truth must be applied to present affairs. In this way one's perception of truth is developed and he has an unfailing guide by which to direct his conduct. The great men of the world are said to have been guided by some superhuman power. True enough, but through what did it operate? Through their perception of a few things in the light of universal truth. A person might say, "Well, I mean to do right, therefore I shall succeed, shall I not?" Not necessarily. That does not cover the ground — scarcely a part of it. Another man asks if he will not succeed by being conscientious; and another, if he will not succeed by having good intentions. No, that does not cover the whole ground. I do not mean to say that every person who means to do right and whose intentions are right will succeed. I do mean to say that every person who sees universal truth and obeys it will develop, in process of time, a powerful character; and further, I mean to say that if a person's character develops to a sufficient degree he becomes irresistible. The power of the character of Christ is being exercised to-day because eighteen hundred years ago forces were set in motion, — forces which were emanations from His character, — slowly developed, with faint beginnings, at last sent forth in deeds of power that are surging through the earth to-day, not by means of a philosophy fearfully elaborated, not by methods proved, but as direct waves from His own vibrating soul. Soul is a power; the soul of a man of character is an irresistible power. It does not work by apparent means, but by invisible means.

Character is not a negative thing; it is a positive force forever vibrating — from which go waves of power, succeeding waves. Who shall say what shore

shall arrest them? I want you to believe, not in a sickly, sentimental goody-goodyism, but in the power of righteous character. One of the mighty characteristics of character is *courage*. A man in order to have courage must look at the source from whence power cometh, as one of old has said: "I will look unto the hills, whence cometh my help." You say one man has courage and another none. You say courage is constitutional. It is no more constitutional than righteousness, or any other quality. Courage depends upon the objects of thought you concentrate your mind upon. If a man starts out in life and looks at the difficulties which beset his pathway he will soon become a coward. If he pursues that course a little further he will become palsied. He will be unable to act. The man of character knows that the universe is on his side, therefore he has courage. I do not fight my battles alone. "Do you think, sir, that you will succeed because you are so mighty?" Oh, no, sir, but because God reigns, because truth is triumphant, and obedience thereto gives the servant of truth success.

A man who stands before an audience and asks them whether they are willing he should speak the truth has fallen short of being a great orator. A person of character when standing before an audience looks to see what the truth is in its application to the subject under consideration, and then he announces it according to the revelation that comes to his mind. One of the great orators of the last decade was an illustration of what I call the authority of character. He shook this nation, and at one time he was absolute monarch of the United States. On one occasion I saw him rise and stand before an audience, announcing great truths in the manner of which I have spoken. As I looked at him I *felt* the might and power of the truth as

he announced it; not merely was I convinced by the arguments which he made, but somehow it was borne in upon my consciousness as an authoritative wave of truth. That orator changed public sentiment in America, and to-day you are living under laws incorporated into the Constitution different from those under which men lived when he uttered those burning words to the people. The whole drift of the government of the United States is in another direction simply because that man lived. He was a man of character, and from his soul there emanated an irresistible power which shaped the mental activity not only of his own generation, but of the generation that was to come.

There is a power in character and in the souls of men who see truth and obey it from day to day! It is not something that a man can put on and take off as he can change his garments; it is a thing that develops from within. A man, in choosing his occupation, said, "Let me be a farmer, because the corn will grow while I sleep — my business will go forward while I rest." So it is with character. It is being built by day and by night. It is being built in the dark hours of midnight as well as in the blazing noon. It is unceasing, and the measure of the person's power when he appears before the world is the measure of his daily living. God recognizes no tricks. God has made things powerful as results of growth or the development that comes from obedience to his laws; therefore the result of your daily life is the measure of your power. Apply it to oratory. That man will become most effective as an orator from whose presence and character there emanates an irresistible power. What developed that character from which this irresistible power comes? Daily life; a right state of mind, followed by right conduct; growth of the soul — these give men power! Every one

of the studies which you are taught in this College aims directly toward the development of your character. The person who lives nobly, who sees truth from on high, who can bring the character that is developed from such a life to his specialty, has the universe behind him to sustain him. It is high living and

obedience to the highest perceptions that make one a thoroughly practical man; that make one an orator.

This thought of the power of character would lead us on forever. It leads us to where we must leave it; for it leads man finally to be appointed to sit with God on His throne.

Beauty of Living.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1901 BY WM. G. WARD.

COMMENCEMENT DAY means the beginning of real life. To many of us it means beginning it in a new environment. But that means separation and the scattering of our beautiful family. Nevertheless, we must not be too regretful, because the ultimate object of all true educators is to secure the closest possible connection between culture and common life. Therefore in proportion as we have secured the right results of training, in that same degree do we desire to communicate to others, which brings us at once into real life.

And now if we could only tell what life is we should have a complete definition. But since no one can answer that, we may as well say that every age has had its own ideals, and our notion of life is made up of segments from all of them. But among these there is one element which cannot be overlooked; all these ages seem to express the conviction that life is something serious, something grave, something almost tragic. Even if it were not intrinsically so, art is compelled to look at the serious side of it, and therefore it is doubly true. Even in our amusements and entertainments the serious side comes out, as William Morris has well put it, in his introduction to his "Earthly Paradise":—

"Of Heaven and of Hell I have no power to sing;

I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years;
Nor, for any word of mine, shall you forget
your tears,

Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

"But rather when, aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied you sigh,
And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days
die,

Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

"The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our
bread,

These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day."

We should not forget that Morris was not "the idle singer of an empty day," but, on the contrary, one of the most devoted and unselfish friends of mankind who ever lived. His little piece of self-depreciation is not anything new among such unselfish people. It was only his way of sounding the discordant note in human life without seeming to dwell upon it unduly. But the sentiment at large is true; life may be serene and

beautiful to those who are ready to meet it; it is awful in its tragedy to those who do not know and fear its possibilities. These two sides of the controversy are reflected in all the world's history and literature.

But the sad note is by no means predominant. As a rule, each age of the past has presented at least two phases of existence: its common life and its higher life. One of these may be sad while the other is merry; but, unfortunately, they have a worse defect in that the two sides — whether alike or not — are nearly always more or less thoroughly separated. And this brings us to the particular problem of our age, which asks of us how these two disjointed halves may be brought together. You answer, of course, Through culture; since only the truly cultured are capable of entering into sympathy with the whole race.

But that is not all. The sum of all culture is found in the great artist; and he is great because he has an infinite sympathy with all the life about him, especially with the frailties and the woes of the suffering. The great of every age have sought to express this sympathy, and they are remembered or forgotten according as they have succeeded or have failed in doing so. This is true not only of Morris, but of Tennyson, in nearly all his writings; as well as of Rossetti and the many-sided Browning. Likewise is it true of Goethe, in much of his work, as of our myriad-minded Shakespeare, or the lofty but tender organ voice of Milton. The same testimony is heard in all the Greek tragedians. Homer breaks our hearts with his generous pathos even to an enemy, as all the world has wept together over the touching fidelity of Hector and Andromache. And we still comfort our own hearts at the verge of the grave, when out of the depths of the ninetyeth Psalm, with all its burden of human frailty and

mortality, we hear the cry of the Hebrew bard, "The beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." Thus is the higher life of every age reflected on our own.

Our wonderful mission is to bring these two halves together; to reveal the best life of the whole world to all who are now in it; to bring the ideals of all great souls to the consciousness of every soul now living; to sympathize so truly with the great heart of mankind that each of us may become the centre of an earthly paradise of his own making, such as William Morris saw in his dream of the coming day: —

"Folks say a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did
show
That through one window men beheld the
spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines arow,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day."

You are the magicians; and the windows through which you may show these views are the eyes of the great souls of the past, who have left record of themselves in the world's literature. In one of Morris's interludes to the month of May he says that May came in with such beauty that Time and Death went shivering by — because no one would notice them. And so may you cause men to see the beauty of the earth and the beauty of human life — even in the frost of winter, and in the icy chill of death.

Your mission is to bring the higher life of the world into close and saving contact with its common life, through the agency of your own living personality. This is to be done by means of companionship and inspiring association. The only danger is that you will become subdued to the lower area. Therefore the first great principle is this, — always keep firm hold upon the higher life. Do it for the sake of your own development, as well as for your neighbor.

With this point secure, the next question is, Do you know your weapons? They may all be described by one regnant word, and that is the magic power of beauty — beauty which is the perfect blending of the good and the true, the noble and the real. The Romans called it magnanimity, when it was applied to men, and we might do the same; but as we know it best in our day, it is the glory and the wonder and the power of gracious womanhood and manhood, the gentleness of sympathy and the kindliness of love. As you well know, these qualities cannot be assumed for the moment and then laid aside; they are either a part of our every-day life or we have them not. But as we feel sure that you already have these priceless possessions, and know well how to increase their matchless strength as the years go on, we may therefore safely name them as the most powerful weapons of your spiritual armory.

As applied to the problem in hand, your first resource is the mere beauty of life and of living; the rhythm and the harmony of the outward physical existence, at which men shall cry out, as did Florizel when he heard Perdita singing: —

“What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I 'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them, too. When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.”

I trust that you know this charm too well to give it up. Never give up your youth, or the love of youth. This was the glory of the Greeks; their delight in youth kept them always young, even to

fourscore. Immortality alone is not enough; remember the goddess who prayed Jove to make her human husband immortal. Jove granted her request, but she had forgotten to ask for eternal youth. None of our goddesses can forget; nor must they fail to remember the conditions: the daily plunge, the strong constitutional walk, the tonic of the open air, and God's pure air in the house; best of all, the physical exercises, twice a day at least; and as the years come on, more than twice — many times, if necessary.

Then as an environment for such a body you have the beauty of the earth around you, and in no country more of it than in ours. The nature-worship of the Greeks, which caused the marvellous idealizations in their mythology, their literature, and their art, was after all but little more than the inspiration which our own romantic movement has portrayed in the Elizabethan age and in the nineteenth-century literature of England and America. You know your ground; be ready to defend it, and to use its utmost strength for the glory of your cause.

As a third form, you have the beauty of mind and character — not the abstract quality, but the concrete, living personality. I do not wish to write a *don't* book, but here is where I fear for you. Do not let life subdue you to the lower level. Keep fast hold on gracious life, if no one else does. The world has few enough to share your mission. As Margaret said to Faust in the prison scene, “You must live” — if for nothing else than to make the graves of the dead. As Hamlet to Horatio, we must say: —

“Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story —”

the story of this poor, weary world, with all its wrongs and sufferings; to make it impossible by God's help for such a world to remain the type of human life

for much time longer. Bring in the earthly paradise — not in fancy, but in fact.

Therefore, to keep your working-power, and to retain the precious jewel of your life, I say to you, Don't let anything hurt your mind. By that I mean particularly, don't worry. No matter what may happen, determine that nothing shall ever jostle your soul or hurt your equanimity. To this end, don't try to do too much. And do not take the world too strenuously. Especially don't try to do the impossible. Of course I know that nothing is really impossible, that you can actually do miracles in helping mankind; nevertheless, I say, don't try to do the impossible — unless you know how to do it. Don't lose your courage; and above all, don't lose your faith in mankind.

None of these things will you do if you insist on what I ask of you now. Don't lose the charm of your sweet voice, or forget what you have been taught about its meaning. Don't lose your sweet heart, your original sweetness of nature; as you cling to your life, cling to the sweetness of it. Don't lose your gracious manner. Remember Portia as her beneficent nature drew every one in the play to her own gracious self and saved every one of them from his own worst besetment—even old Shylock himself, although his medicine had to be bitter.

Don't worry; especially don't worry about your enemies. And do not make the mistake of thinking that you will

never have any. The more successful you are the more surely will you have enemies, who are the result of jealousy. The world is too smart not to envy the successful. But remember, it is not so much what our enemies do that hurts us; it is rather what we do to our enemies. As a rule, we hate those whom we have injured, rather than those who injure us. Nevertheless, you will be misunderstood and misrepresented; you will meet with disappointment, perhaps with injustice and calumny; but don't let it hurt you. Do not think that any strange thing has happened unto you. How are you to bring the broken segments of life together without knowing its wrongs—at least on behalf of some one, if not for yourself?

Finally, do not forget that you are an advocate; that will control your nerves and keep your heart true. You are to advocate the highest ethical mission of right-minded men and women,— the joy of bringing the reign of beauty into the world. You are to bring the gracious life of the world and its lower life together—not by legislation, though that is good in itself; not by paternalism or the "holier-than-thou" plan; not by stinging criticism or outrageous denunciation; but only by carrying the higher life to the many, through a gracious personality and a sympathizing heart.

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste
and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

Unless your *will* has retreated you are never conquered.

As we progress we approach the *heart* of things. Progressiveness is not marked by mere force of voice.

Nothing was ever farther removed from hypnotism than oratory. The great man never uses his power to enslave other minds, but always to liberate them.



OUR NEW COLLEGE HOME.

The Co-ordination of Studies in Emerson College.

A General Survey of the Present Curriculum.

FRANCES TOBEY.

THE day of arbitrary standards in education is past. Any one claiming recognition as an educator, and advancing a theory in education, must be willing to stand the test of practical results. Any man who would introduce a method or a branch of study must be able to answer the question, "To what end?"

Learning, as an end in itself, is no longer considered the highest ideal. The question which the twentieth century puts to the youth entering her portals is not, "How many facts do you know?" It is, rather, "What are you, and what can you do?" And the youth's only passport into the broader fields of the new century is the answer, "I am a humble seeker of truth; I can direct my God-given faculties in the service of humanity."

In view of the inevitable changes attendant upon the incoming of new forces, it has been deemed profitable and fitting to pass in rapid review over the resources, old and new, of the honored institution which we represent, constantly keeping uppermost the question, "To what end?" Emerson College was not founded on traditions; hence it does not shrink under the search-light of truth. The face of its founder and president has ever been turned toward the East.

In this general survey of the correlated branches of study in Emerson College, no attempt will be made to present details, either of method or of subject-matter. The attention given to each department must be but cursory and general. Neither will an attempt be made to say any of the innumerable things that might be said by way of personal tribute to the corps of educators,

the men and women whose consecrated service is the daily inspiration of the young people brought under their influence. These things belong to that part of the life of a school which can never be recorded. Suffice it here to call attention to the fact that the new catalogue of 1901 presents on the Faculty list an array of thirty-three names, all of specialists of broad qualifications, and many of men and women of recognized standing in the front ranks of their profession or art. Of the thirty-three, seventeen are men—a fact which will doubtless have a tendency to draw a larger proportion of men into the regular classes than has held a place there before.

Before turning our attention to the courses of study, we may notice an interesting departure indicated by the new catalogue. This is in the matter of requirements for entrance. A high-school course, or its equivalent, is the necessary qualification for one who would register as a member of the graduating class. However, if the student be not prepared to meet this test, he may be admitted to the regular classes as a probationary student, on the condition that he make up his deficiencies within the first two years of his course. Opportunity will be given him to receive coaching from liberal instructors while he is pursuing the regular course, if he desires. Under this new regulation, no one is debarred from the means of culture offered in the College, while at the same time the graduates of the institution are protected by a fixed standard of scholarship. Every institution suffers more from misrepresentation from within its ranks than by attack from without. In a student body

of several hundred, there must needs be a few whom a lack of a sense of proportion and of ability to discriminate renders indifferent representatives of the institution which nevertheless has been a real quickening influence in their lives. The purpose is not to deprive such students of whatever spiritual uplift and broadening of the horizon may follow conscientious work in the College; it is to reduce to a minimum the liability to misrepresentation by elevating the standard of general scholarship, while still extending opportunities to all. Of course many members of the classes are not only high-school graduates, but graduates of seminaries, normal schools, colleges, and universities.

Having given satisfactory evidence of his fitness to become a member of the first year's class, our entering student finds himself at once in a new realm of endeavor. Heretofore, the education that he has known has had direct reference, in the majority of instances, to himself as the object of improvement. It has been largely a matter of acquisition, and too often a self-centring process. If he has entered with the idea that his attention is to be still more consecutively and persistently turned upon himself, in this school of personal culture, he is soon undeceived. What am I going to present to my audience? and To what end am I giving it to them?—these two considerations must direct every effort. His discipline lies in his constant endeavor to influence the minds before him with whatever particular truth he may have to present. He hears more about "service" than he has ever heard before in connection with school life and class work; he learns that the only excuse he can have for appearing before an audience is to *serve* them, to direct the current of their thoughts, to bring them new ideals. He learns that performance is not the highest end of

culture. From the moment that he accepts these facts as truth *for himself*, and learns self-forgetfulness in the service of others, his growth in freedom and power of expression is assured.

The basis of the Freshman work is "The Evolution of Expression," supplemented and reinforced by physical culture and voice culture. "The Evolution of Expression" is the application of President Emerson's new philosophy of education in oratory. It is the result of a revolt from the old mechanical methods of teaching "elocution," "oratory," "dramatic action," and various performances which the world has come to recognize as uneducational. It is a recognition of the fact that the laws which govern the mind in its activity are the laws upon which the development of the individual in oratory must be based, since oratory—expression of any nature, indeed—is not a detached thing, a thing superadded to the life, but a manifestation of the life itself, and so a necessary accompaniment of that life, to be developed as the latter is developed. Growth and expression must go hand in hand; indeed, as the motto of the College puts it, "Expression is necessary to evolution." The constant endeavor to reflect for the benefit of others all the beauty and truth one sees is the surest means whereby one may constantly see new beauty and truth. In "The Evolution of Expression," then, President Emerson has recognized a double truth: that the systematic direction of all the agents in adequate, truthful expression is indispensable to the highest personal development; and that expression itself is perfected through a process of evolution, as is any power of the being.

"The Evolution of Expression" takes cognizance of the law of order in which the mind acts in reference to any subject or object. In considering any subject,

the mind naturally passes from the whole to the parts, then to the service of the parts, and eventually to that perfected service of the parts which grows out of their right relationship to one another. And so the student is led step by step up the ladder of development that leads to the plane of art—for art is an expression of the soul's appreciation of perfect relationships.

This growth in mental power and in freedom and adequacy in expression is an unconscious process, however; the principles in accordance with which the student has been led into free possession of his faculties are presented to him as theory only after they have been realized in his own development. He may then study them profitably, in perspective, that he may himself be able to direct the unfolding of the powers of another in expression. But the course of discipline through which the development is attained is thorough, consecutive drill-work in rendering. The literature used is varied, and is adapted from standard authors. The student has the benefit of ten periods a week of this systematic drill-work—three with President Emerson, and the rest, in small divisions, with various members of the Faculty.

In this class work, the degree in which our young orator moves his audience is the accepted test of the excellence of his work. The question is not, Does he perform in a manner to win their approval for himself? but, Does he make them, forgetting himself, think the thoughts of the author? Does he bring them realities rather than words and gestures?

But perhaps our youth is so restricted by years of wrong habits in action and in speech that the process of coaxing the reluctant agents to vital response to beautiful objects of thought is a slow one, attended by many discouragements. What is done to facilitate the matter of acquiring freedom? It is clear that the

body is the only medium of expression that the soul can command. It is the instrument upon which the soul must play. It is true that spirit moulds form, and that the constant endeavor of the soul to find adequate expression is the highest means of culture for the physical agents; it is equally true that much may be done in the way of freeing the physical agents through definite technical exercise. It is impossible to dwell upon the principles of the Emerson system of physical culture and of voice culture here. An exposition of those principles is embodied in President Emerson's textbooks devoted to the subjects. Sufficient to say that under this systematic physical training our student is growing strong and centred and poised in his movements and bearing, and his physical agents are daily becoming freer to respond to the dictates of their master, the soul. This gradual transformation of the person is taking place under the magic of Mrs. Susie Rogers Emerson, Miss Anne Blalock, and Mr. Silas W. Alden. In the Voice Department, Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick and Miss Julia Thompson King are aiding the student to realize in a measure the unsuspected resources of his voice. Under the supervision and personal instruction of this corps of experienced teachers and artists, and under the inspiration of President Emerson's own teaching, this process of development and freedom is a rapid one.

Throughout this Freshman year, moreover, our student is enjoying one period each week of private drill-work. This affords him special opportunity in the way of overcoming mannerisms, preparing programs, etc. This is another departure from the custom of the past, in accordance with which the entire work of the course has been class work. Again, our first-year student has his recital period every week, in which he and his classmates are privileged to read lit-

erature of their own selection, the only restriction being as to the grade of literature offered. This is the Freshman's opportunity to try his wings—to measure the growth induced by the daily drill-work.

An important feature of this first year is the opportunity it affords for study along the lines of literature. Two distinct literature courses are offered. One, by Prof. Wm. G. Ward, formerly of the Chair of Literature in Syracuse University, one of the most delightful and most popular lecturers in New England, is partly identical with a course which has been offered for several years. It presents a study of the early formative elements of our language, and centres upon Chaucer, Milton, and Spenser, among early English writers. The second course, which has not been offered before, is a review of the "Required English" prescribed by the National Committee of Ten and adopted by the principal American colleges and universities as a test for entrance. This course, which is required for all except Normal and college graduates, is offered by the Dean, Henry Lawrence Southwick, whose wide experience in literary and classroom work, together with his brilliant career as dramatic reader and lecturer, speaks well for the delight and profit in store for all who are privileged to study English under him. The course of lectures by the distinguished Shakespearian scholar, Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe, devoted to Shakespeare, poetic diction, and classical mythology, a course which is varied each year, is open to the Freshman student, as to members of the higher classes.

In the rhetoric course our student is gaining a standard of literary criticism. The course covers a study of figurative language and of style. It does not consider style as a thing separate from the thoughts to be expressed. It recognizes

that the style is the man himself; hence it studies languages as a manifestation of mental states. It deduces all principles from an analysis of illustrative examples chosen from the best literature. The student is led to an intelligent appreciation of the highest forms of literary art.

In the Department of Anatomy he is learning the scientific basis upon which rest his physical and voice culture. This department is now in charge of Mr. Alden, who is assisted by Miss Grace Fogler. Mr. Alden is supplementing his long years of experience in physical training with a thorough medical course. His endeavor is to relate the anatomy in a practical way to physical culture.

In the Department of Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech, Mr. Charles Winslow Kidder, a specialist of unusually broad qualifications, both in the line of technical training and of experience, supplements the work done in the Voice and Expression Departments. Here our student learns in detail the anatomical and physiological basis of his voice training, and receives drill in articulation through a familiarity with Professor Bell's system of "Visible Speech." Here, also, the established standard of pronunciation is adhered to, and the student's defects in articulation and in pronunciation are corrected, as fast as seems practicable.

After our student has been directed in his evolution through the Colossal, the Melodramatic, and the Realistic periods of his art he eventually arrives at a realization of the fact that not all the parts of his discourse are of equal importance in the service of the whole; that some parts serve best by being subordinated to other parts; that the highest service results from the relationship of the parts. He comes to feel that there are things that he cannot say. Then it

is, after he has despaired of bounding the universe with his voice and gesture, that he learns to speak to the imagination of his hearers. Then it is that, all unconsciously, he drops off the unnecessary things in voice and in action; they have served a good end,—they have been a truthful expression of his state of mind at some stage of development, and, as such, were necessary as stepping-stones; but, their service ended, they disappear. Then it is that his discourse is marked by a nice discrimination, an appreciation of lights and shades, a revelation of subtle shadings of thought. Our student has at last reached the realm of the Suggestive, and may now be regarded as—in a greater or a less degree—an artist. The truly suggestive, or idealistic, as Dr. Emerson has recognized it, is not opposed to the realistic; it is the outgrowth of the realistic—the culmination of the process of evolution.

Through what process must our young artist be more firmly established in his art during his second year? As the first year was distinctively a drill year in "The Evolution of Expression," so this second year is a drill year in "The Perfective Laws of Art."

"The Perfective Laws of Art" are a series of criteria which are applicable to all branches of art, and are all-inclusive. Of course the nomenclature adapted by President Emerson is more or less arbitrary, and has especial reference to the art of vocal expression; but the principles therein recognized and named are absolute and universal. And here again it may be observed that they are not presented first as abstract principles. The student receives ten periods per week of drill-work on the rendering of selections from good literature especially adapted to illustrate these laws. The laws are the tests whereby the teacher measures the pupil's development. Of

course, if the student had fulfilled the requirements of every step in his evolution of expression he would obey every law of art; but since art is a matter of growth, of culture, one year's discipline cannot well be expected to make a perfect artist—a lifetime is all too short for that. The laws are tests whereby the degree of progress in the evolution may be determined. The student not only is encouraged to seek to strengthen his basis of the first year, where it is proved weak; he also is gaining a discernment of a standard whereby he may intelligently and discriminatingly measure all art.

But how is it with our second-year student in regard to the responsiveness of his physical agents? He is continuing his systematic courses of physical and voice culture, and is gaining in freedom and grace, and consequently in responsiveness, every day. His voice, through right direction of tone, established by definite consecutive practice under the potency of right mental concepts, is becoming more adequate to express varied sentiments. But to reinforce this co-ordination of body and voice with mind, our student is being subjected to a new course of discipline. He has entered the Department of Responsive Drill, which is the application of President Emerson's new philosophy of expression in gesture. Here Mrs. Emerson's keen discernment and gracious sympathy achieve marvellous results. Volumes would be required to treat of the details of specific work done in this class. Here our student's physical agents are learning to speak in unison—all to say the same thing at the same time, when their master, the soul, gives the signal.

Our student is also beginning the study of Shakespeare, and makes a careful analytical and interpretative study of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," the drill in

rendering following a thorough analysis of motives, characters, dramatic situations. As he gains freedom, his range of impersonation is limited only by the limits of his imagination. He will become not a mere imitator, but, in some degree, a creative artist. This dramatic course is under the personal direction of such dramatic artists as Dean Southwick, Mrs. Southwick, Mr. Tripp, and Miss Gatchell.

Two distinctly literary courses are open to our second-year student. One, by Professor Ward, is a course in literary criticism and interpretation. It considers the fine art of poetry, analyzing poetical expression into its elements. The ballad and the lyric are discussed, and a careful study is made of Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. The second course, which is one of the new courses, will be presented by Miss Gertrude Chamberlin. Its scope is the prose of the Victorian Era, including the English novel from Dickens to Meredith and the essay from Carlyle to Matthew Arnold. Miss Chamberlin brings to her work a thorough preparation. She is a graduate of Emerson College and has enjoyed the privilege of English courses in Columbia College with the late Professor Hjalmar Hjord Boyeson and with Prof. A.V.W. Jackson; also in Radcliffe College and the Harvard University Summer School. Miss Chamberlin will study English during the summer in Oxford, England.

Our Junior student is applying his principles of rhetoric in careful composition work. He is learning the application of the perfective laws of art to literary composition. He is gaining facility in the use of English. He is continuing his study of anatomy and vocal physiology. He is becoming grounded in the principles of psychology, that he may know the laws of the mind, upon which his entire training in expression is based.

Not the least among the advantages of these first two years has been a course in sight-singing given by Mrs. H. E. Holt, based upon the famous Holt system of teaching tune and time in their relation to mind action. The results attained by Professor and Mrs. Holt in the application of this rational method are known throughout the United States and Canada.

In the third year the student is led farther into the dramatic field. As the first and the second years were distinctively drill years in rendering, so this third year has much systematic drill-work; but it is the drama that affords much of the substance matter. The student will continue to give his attention to "The Perfective Laws of Art," in theory as well as in practice. He will study "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Cæsar," from a literary point of view, writing critical themes and gaining a close familiarity with the text of each play. He will also study them as models of dramatic art, and will be required to prepare a certain number of significant scenes, with the co-operation of his classmates, and to present them before the class.

This drill in dramatic rendering is an important element in the personal discipline of the student. Through an honest endeavor to command the character of another through the power of the imagination, and then to permit that character to relate himself consistently to the varying situation and the other characters of the scene, he is gaining a degree of abandon and directness and positiveness that he has not reached before. This strength and spontaneity will reflect upon all his work. Many a student, when he first appears in an endeavor to reflect truthfully the character of a Macbeth or a Hamlet, exhibits resources of power undreamed of before.

As a means of discipline for the imagination, the dramatic work is unexcelled; and this ability to put one's self in the place of another is the groundwork of sympathy. The discipline in dramatic training, then, is a discipline for the entire being.

Our third-year student is, meanwhile, receiving the advantage of courses not offered in the College before. Several of these courses, presented by President Emerson, Dean Southwick, and the Rev. Mr. Towers, bear directly upon oratory in its various phases. One treats of extemporaneous speaking, postprandial speaking, forensics, the use of anecdote, arrangement, and analysis, and discussions upon current events and topics from history, biography, and literature. Here the student is learning independent thinking and ready speech; through the delivery of original orations, he is gaining facility and power in the expression of his own thought. He is studying pulpit oratory and Bible and hymn reading. He is taking a course in logic, and is receiving drill in parliamentary practice and the conduct of meetings. He is learning the principles of argumentation, and is becoming practised in debate. He is studying the history of oratory, the lives of the great orators, their methods, and examples from their orations. He is tracing the application of psychological and pedagogic principles in the analysis of oratory, literature, music, and other forms of art. He is making a practical application of these principles in literary interpretation. This liberal consideration of the art of oratory embraces six distinct courses.

In the Department of Literature, also, the scope has been much extended for our third-year student. Besides the Senior course which has for several years been given by Professor Ward, our Senior of the coming season is offered eight separate courses. Professor Ward's course

will be devoted to eighteenth-century literature,—Addison, Steele, Defoe, Swift, Pope, Johnson, and Goldsmith. The Rev. Mr. Towers, A.M., of Harvard, a scholar, philosopher, and theologian of recognized standing, will direct a literary study of the Bible. Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp, lecturer in the Boston University Law School and instructor in the Boston College, well known for his dramatic recitals and his efficiency as a teacher, gives the Seniors two courses,—one treating of the history of English language and literature and one of the history of the drama. The latter touches upon the classical drama and the development of the English drama, from the liturgical plays to the drama of Shakespeare. Another new course is a literary and critical study of Goethe's "Faust," offered by Miss Sadie Foss Lamprell, one of Emerson's most valued teachers. Mrs. Southwick, whose rendering of the lyrics of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Browning is a marvel of spiritual beauty and power, will conduct an interpretative study of epic and lyric poetry, with special reference to the needs of the public reader. Miss King, one of the leading public readers of to-day, whose radiant presence and artistic platform work make her a favorite with such organizations as the Boston Browning Society, will introduce our Senior to the infinite resources of Robert Browning. The interpretative study of Browning will be pointed with special reference to the choice, arrangement, and preparation of programs for the reader. Under Dean Southwick's guidance, the student is making the acquaintance of the genial Dickens, and is preparing material for Dickens lectures, interpretative recitals, and readings. And the "Required English" course, by Dean Southwick, is also open to the Seniors.

Our student is continuing his investigation in psychology during this third year. He is also studying the history of

philosophy, under the direction of Mr. Towers. The latter is a course not offered in the College before.

Throughout his course, the student, by reason of being subjected to educational methods of teaching, by reason of continual practice in influencing other minds, and a constant study of the laws of the mind, has of necessity developed power as a teacher. In this third year, moreover, three courses in pedagogy are given him. The first is devoted to the history of education. The second has reference to all that comes under the head of school management. Besides these two courses, which are new, the Senior enjoys a Normal course of two periods a week, where he conducts practical class work under the supervision of members of the Faculty. The Department of Pedagogy is in charge of Miss Lilia E. Smith, whose classroom work in Emerson College has been one of the chief sources of inspiration to hundreds of students who have gone out into various departments of educational work.

Two distinct courses are offered in the Department of Art and Æsthetic Culture. Miss Anne Blalock, whose keen art instincts and years of study, supplemented by recent fine arts courses in Radcliffe College, combine to qualify her in an unusual degree as an art critic, presents the history and philosophy of art, and its evolution. This course is broad in its scope, touching upon oratory and literature as arts, upon art criticism, manners, æsthetic culture, architecture and sculpture, the Florentine painters, and the essential characteristics of painting. The second art course, which is open to all students, is given by one of the most remarkable scholars and lecturers of the day, Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, formerly of the Leland Stanford University, and now of University Extension fame—a man whose talents one

institution, one State, could not contain; whose genius has won instant recognition wherever his advanced thought along ethical, philosophical, educational, sociological, or artistic lines has been felt. Professor Griggs's course reflects the life and art of five Italian cities,—Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, Genoa. The lectures are illustrated by the stereopticon.

Of course our student is carrying to a higher degree of perfection his physical and voice culture during this third year, and continuing his practical study of anatomy and of visible speech. In the latter department he is mastering the pronunciation of difficult sounds in foreign languages by means of the application of the art of visible speech. He is continuing his responsive drill, under Mrs. Emerson's tactful and inspiring leading, and his body is daily growing in intelligence. He is continuing the study of the philosophy of gesture, and of the Delsarte criteria of gesture, which was begun in his Junior year. The aim of this study of art criteria as applied to gesture is profitable chiefly in that it affords him a key to the action of another's mind.

But our graduate realizes the wisdom of a most thorough equipment for the field of the specialist which awaits him, and he is loath to turn away from the Alma Mater while she still has resources untried. So a fourth year finds him still within her walls. During this fourth year, under the new régime, he is given the opportunity to specialize as he thinks practicable in the light of the requirements of his chosen vocation. The graduate student of the coming season is therefore offered a complete course of fifteen periods per week of advanced elective work, all *new* courses, besides five periods of elective review work. In addition to these advantages, he receives, from members of the Faculty, a course of

private and individual lessons, one each week, during the entire year. At the completion of his courses he will receive the Professional, Teacher's, or Artistic diploma, according to the group of courses followed. Provision is also made whereby he may become a candidate for both the first and the second, by completing a special course which shall include twenty periods per week of prescribed new work and five periods of elective review work.

There are a number of new courses open to the graduate student that have not yet been mentioned. Most of these are in the group headed "Platform Art and Dramatic Interpretation." Some of these courses, devoted to impersonation, character work, dialect, humorous reading, the arrangement of programs, interpretative recitals, the dramatization of novels, the choice and adaptation of selections for public readings, the writing of introductions, original work, — whatever is included under platform art, — are presented by such artists as Mr. Leland Powers, Mr. George Riddle, Miss Ida Benfey, Mr. Albert Armstrong, Miss Elvie Burnett, and Mr. Charles T. Grilley, as well as by members of the Faculty to whose work we have already referred. Mr. Powers, Mr. Riddle, and Miss Benfey, who stand in the front ranks of their profession to-day, each unexcelled in his especial line of platform work, will speak to the graduate student out of their full artistic life and their wide experience. Mr. Powers will give instruction in the preparation of plays for platform use, especially the study of the characters from the impersonator's standpoint. He will aim to help the student along the line of his especial need in platform work, presenting short problems to individual members of the class, and offering personal criticism. Miss Benfey will also consider reading as a fine art, and will give

special attention to the monologue arrangement of poems and novels. Miss Burnett, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Grilley, graduates of Emerson College, who have won honors everywhere they have appeared during several seasons of entertainment work, will aid in strengthening the student in this province, dramatic interpretation and platform art. Miss Burnett will speak especially from the standpoint of the concert reader; Mr. Armstrong, of Scottish birth, will present a study of Scotch literature and dialect; Mr. Grilley will treat of humorous readings and impersonation. These courses are among those required for the Artistic diploma.

The Dramatic Department is offering new resources to our graduate student, under the direction of Dean Southwick, Mrs. Southwick, Mr. Tripp, Mr. Kidder, and Miss Maud Leighton Gatchell. He is studying the poetic drama, Goethe's "Faust," Browning's "Blot in the Scutcheon," Milton's "Comus," and other dramatic poetry. He is making a dramatic study of "Othello" and "Twelfth Night," preparing and presenting scenes from these plays for criticism. He is presenting scenes from Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and Sheridan's "Rivals," with criticism and character analysis. If he be a candidate for the Artistic diploma, he is also making a historical study of dramatic literature, and a study of the forms of dramatic art. He is enjoying a course in dramatic criticism under the eminent scholar and critic, Prof. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, formerly of the English Departments of Harvard and Brown Universities. He is offered a course in practical theatric training, with all that such training involves, under the direction of instructors who have had practical experience in theatrical enterprises of the highest grade. He is continuing his æsthetic physical culture and his

study of the criteria of art, and is taking a course in fencing, offered for the first time in the College, by Captain A. W. Seaholm. This time-honored exercise has to-day regained in a degree the popularity it enjoyed a century or more ago. It is being introduced into many of our schools and homes, and is regarded as not only a delightful pastime, but a profitable exercise, conducive to health, agility, good presence, and grace of carriage.

A careful study of the courses as outlined in the catalogue will show that our graduate student, if he be planning for a dramatic career, or expect to appear upon the reading platform, will find courses adapted to every need. Indeed, the advanced courses open to such a student are, in number, scope, and significance, unexcelled.

If the student be a candidate for the Professional diploma, his studies will in part be chosen from other departments. Several of them will be from the group classed as "Oratory." The endeavor is to make our professional man an all-round orator, capable of clear, concise, logical thought and forcible, adequate, ready speech. If full preparation for teaching be the end sought, his schedule of daily work is varied still further, the courses in pedagogy of course forming the basis, supplemented with a wide study of literature and of philosophy, as well as of his special art.

Among the new graduate courses, one which promises much profit and pleasure is a study of musical form. It will treat of the work of the great composers, the history of music, and the development of its various forms. This course is to be given by Mr. William Howland Kenney, who is associated with the Dean and Mrs. Southwick in the business management of the College. Mr. Kenney, who was baritone soloist in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, before coming to Boston, has

enjoyed unusual advantages by way of study at home and abroad. If our student desire private work in the development of the singing voice, Mr. Kenney's instruction may be secured, or Mr. Albert Baker Cheney, whose long association with the College has revealed remarkable results in voice building, will receive him as a pupil.

Another departure for the coming season is the institution of the Saturday recital, which affords opportunity for the candidate for a Professional or an Artistic diploma to appear before the public in various lines of platform work. The programs of this course will consist of addresses, debates, discussions, the presentation of plays and of scenes from the classical drama, the early English, and the modern drama, and interpretative studies of models from standard literature. The advantages of such a course of discipline are self-evident.

It would be impossible to enumerate the lecturers and readers who are brought before the student at intervals throughout his course. It would be impossible to suggest the inspiration and instruction received through this contact with the presence and the thought of men and women who have achieved through weight of character and through superior equipments,—men and women whose life-work is an inseparable part of the higher life of the nation.

To what end has our student devoted four years of his life to unceasing study and self-discipline? In the first place, if he has been a faithful student, he has been schooled to keen, quick, discriminating thought. He has entered a new realm, the world of the imagination, where he has learned that there are realities that transcend fact. Under the genial influence of the atmosphere of this new realm all the latent creative power in his soul begins to stir. The discipline of the emotional nature is inseparable

from the discipline of the intellect. The repeated endeavor to command and hold a character or a situation while reflecting it in expression is the most strenuous exercise of the will. By sheer force of will the student has been lifting himself above self, mastering and marshaling all his powers. His body has become the free, responsive instrument upon which his soul is able to breathe a suggestion of inner harmonies. He has gained facility in all forms of vocal expression, and has had opportunity to give special attention to those lines which the needs of his chosen vocation especially demand. He is thus able to serve his fellow men through a number of distinct ave-

nues. His literary and art instincts have been quickened, and he has definite standards of criticism. He has received advantages in the study of English literature that are unsurpassed. But above the many specific things in the line of technical excellence that could be commented upon is the fact that he has received a quickening of the spirit, an appreciation of the higher realities, a realization of relationships, an impulse toward a ceaseless striving for the attainment of high ideals; he has, moreover, come into possession of himself, and has gained that freedom which comes from the surrender of all the powers of the being in the service of Truth.

College News.

Commencement.

The Commencement exercises of 1901, on Friday morning, May 3, closed a week of many successes. They were held in Chickering Hall, which had proved itself admirably adapted to the varied exercises of the week, and which had received many visitors on each occasion. Palms and other decorative plants, which had been the effective setting for the Shakespearian recitals and Class Day exercises of the week, were still massed below and on the stage, affording a rich background for the airy white gowns as the classes entered the hall.

After the Invocation, by the supervisor, Rev. E. O. Jameson, and a fresh, sweet rendition of the song from Browning's "Pippa Passes,"—"God's in His Heaven,"—by Mrs. Florence A. Garrett, Professor Ward delivered the address to the graduates, a report of which will be found in this number of the Magazine. Professor Ward's happy relations with the class who had enjoyed his instruction for so many terms made his words fall with

peculiar significance upon the hearts of the seventy-nine who were gathered together to receive that which should be an evidence of work accomplished.

The presentation of diplomas, by Dean Southwick, followed—an office that would have been performed by President Emerson, according to custom, but that the illness which had seized him during his lecture of the Saturday preceding made it unwise for him to participate in the excitement and good cheer of the week. Dean Southwick spoke simply and earnestly to the class, in presenting the diplomas, his brief remarks bearing upon the two inevitable laws governing opportunity: neglect of past opportunities is irrevocable; but there is no time at which one cannot oppose against the consequences of such neglect the might of present action. Wasted opportunities are not recovered through idle regret—new actions are the only excuses for the old.

A telegram from Vermont brought loving greetings to every one, with the cheering news that President Emerson

was gaining. Before the arrival of the telegram the Dean had suggested that an expression of love and gratitude be sent to Dr. Emerson, a suggestion which voiced the desire of the school. Accordingly, the following message was flashed back to the Vermont hills: "Our hearts' love and prayers follow you. The praise for our successes is yours. We await a speedy reunion."

The disappointment of the classes in missing the inspiration of the presence of their leader was in part atoned by the letter that had come to the class the day before:—

Dear children: Doctor has been trying to gain strength enough to come to see you, but he does not feel quite equal to saying the hard "good-bys" in person.

We thought a better rest would come from the Vermont hills; so, if you will please excuse us, we will just run away to our own little nest in Rochester. In spirit we shall be with you.

We want to see you all back, every one, next year, bright and early in October; and can you not bring some friend with you? We shall try to bring all Europe back with us! Bless your dear hearts for the great gift you so lovingly made us.

May God abide in your souls forever.

C. W. EMERSON.

SUSIE R. EMERSON.

Graduate Dramatic Day.

The Graduate Class, of twenty-eight members, opened the week of Commencement exercises on Tuesday afternoon, April 30, with a Shakespearian Recital. The play presented was the charming comedy of "As You Like It." No attempt was made at appropriate staging of the play. It is a tribute to the unity and suggestiveness of the production to note that the lack of special effects by way of stage settings and scenery was hardly felt by the audience. The entire production was presented with admirable action, every situation being handled with ease, with discrim-

ination, with force. The cast was as follows:—

Duke (living in banishment)	Miss Arian F. Scott
Frederick (his brother, and usurper of his dominions)	Miss Bertha Wyman Clowe
Amiens	Miss Margaret Elizabeth Bargar
Jacques	Miss Daisy Rickenbrode
(Lords attendant upon banished duke)	
Le Beau (a courtier attendant upon Frederick)	Miss Lena Alta Whittlesey
Oliver	Miss Blanche Louise MacIntyre
Jacques	Miss Bargar
Orlando	Miss Edith Anna Hadcock
(Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys)	
Adam (servant to Oliver)	Mrs. Annetta Robinson Moody
Touchstone (a clown)	Miss Edna Bateman Mills
Corin } shepherds	Miss Bargar
Silvius } }	Miss Whittlesey
William (a country fellow in love with Audrey)	Miss Clowe
Rosalind (daughter of the banished duke)	Miss Carrie Eva Lombard
Celia (daughter of Frederick)	Miss Fannie Whitney Cummins
Phebe (a shepherdess)	Miss Alice Etta Pollock
Audrey (a country wench)	Miss Alice Low

Amiens' solo, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," was sung behind the scenes by Mr. E. M. Whitney, '02, with excellent effect.

The work of the individuals in the play commanded warm commendation from dramatic critics in the audience, and was the subject of much favorable comment by the Boston press, as was the Senior presentation of "Hamlet," which occurred later in the week.

Senior Dramatic Day.

On Wednesday morning, May 1, the Seniors gave a production of "Hamlet," with the scenes cast as follows:—

ACT I.

SCENE 1. A PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Francisco	F. Maude Fenwick
Bernardo	Gertrude V. Gariepy
Horatio	A. Elizabeth Davis
Marcellus	Jessie Royer
Ghost	Mae Collins

SCENE 2. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE CASTLE.

King	Florence Archer Garrett
Queen	Jessie MacClymonds
Laertes	F. Maude Fenwick
Polonius	Lydia E. Bradstreet
Hamlet	May Belle Bush
Horatio	Annie L. Newton
Marcellus	Winona R. Jewell
Bernardo	Gertrude V. Gariepy

SCENES 4 AND 5. THE PLATFORM.

Horatio	G. Ethel Karnan
Marcellus	Fannie M. Sellick
Ghost	Mae Collins
Hamlet	Bertha Pettingill

ACT II.

SCENE 2. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

King	Elizabeth B. Kratz
Queen	Winona R. Jewell
Rosencrantz	Helen K. Wellington
Guildestern	Ellen May Price
Polonius	Anna Mary Ray
Hamlet	M. Grace Wilson
First Player	Jessie Royer

ACT III.

SCENE 1. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

King	Pearl M. Morelock
Queen	Eleanor Moore Jones
Hamlet	Mayme B. Troxel
Ophelia	Mabel Edna Parsons
Polonius	Alice A. Clarke
Rosencrantz	Fannie M. Sellick
Guildestern	Phœbe C. Cottle

SCENE 2. A HALL IN THE CASTLE.

Hamlet	Evelyn Adamson Fraser
Ophelia	Bertha Sharpe Holbrook
King	Alice Ferren Blaisdell
Queen	Ellen May Price
Polonius	Beatrice Maude Dibblee
Rosencrantz	Phœbe C. Cottle
Guildestern	Gertrude V. Gariepy
Horatio	Helen K. Wellington
Player King	Louise Agnes Gorham
Player Queen	Martha M. Pizer
Lucianus	F. Maude Fenwick

SCENE 4. THE QUEEN'S CLOSET.

Hamlet	Eleanor Louise Swain
Queen	Mabel Wilson
Polonius	Anna Mary Ray

ACT IV.

SCENES 5 AND 7. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

King	Elsie Mabel Broderick
Queen	Helen K. Wellington
Ophelia	E. Blanche Sickler
Laertes	Isabel C. Pollister
Marcellus	Martha D. Mason

ACT V.

SCENE 1. A CHURCHYARD.

First Grave-digger	Robert Howes Burnham
Second Grave-digger	Carrie Deane Thayer
Hamlet	Bama Goldbold
Horatio	M. Grace Wilson
King	Florence Archer Garrett
Queen	Ellen May Price
Laertes	Leila Simon
Priest	Elsie M. Broderick

SCENE 2. A HALL IN THE CASTLE.

King	Mabel Edna Parsons
Queen	Martha D. Mason
Hamlet	Alexander Ohan Light
Horatio	Beatrice Maude Dibblee
Laertes	Robert Howes Burnham
Osric	Alice Lilian Bellows

It will be observed that, according to a custom which has long governed the presentation of the Senior play at Commencement, each scene was cast differently. This gave every member of the large class an opportunity to appear in some rôle, if he desired. The result was interesting as a study. The unity and atmosphere of the play were so admirably sustained that little was lost by this frequent change of personality in a single character. Indeed, so obviously consistent was the motive of the play, as reflected by all, that not even the appearance of eight distinct and individual Hamlets, in as many scenes, seemed an absurdity.

The absolute dependence upon the dramatic situation, with practically no support by way of scenery and costum-

ing, might have been a lesson to dramatic artists of longer experience.

Real dramatic power was exhibited not infrequently throughout the performance. It would be a pleasure to dwell upon situations and climaxes that were particularly strong; but that would be hardly to do justice to many who took minor parts with such appreciation and good taste that one could not help feeling that they too would be adequate to greater demands.

The impression that remains with one is of a clean-cut, intelligent, scholarly interpretation of a great drama.

Graduate Class Day.

One of the pleasantest occasions of Commencement Week was Graduate Class Day, Wednesday afternoon, May 1.

Miss Mae Belle Names, the president, welcomed the guests in the name of the class. Miss Names, a worthy representative of a strong class, commanded the interest and admiration of the audience by her winning presence and the strength and charm of her discourse. She spoke of the joy of the classes of 1901 in that they were permitted to dedicate the new college home to such purposes. She briefly suggested something of the value that the graduate students had found in the separate departments of work in Emerson College, showing that adaptability for service had been the end of every course in every department. She spoke earnestly in advocacy of the high service of an Edison, a Michelangelo, a Beethoven, but emphasized the thought that "all service ranks the same with God."

Miss Edith A. Hadcock gave a reading, "From a Far Country," by Ina Brevoort Roberts, and Miss Gracia E. Bacon read "The Defence of Jocelyn Leigh," a cutting from "To Have and To Hold." Both numbers manifested a keen dramatic instinct and that facility that results from long and careful training.

A bright feature of the program was "A Class Analysis," by Miss Eleanor S. Collins. This "analysis" of the class was, in its phraseology, a humorous play upon the technical terms that have baffled the class in their struggles in Literary Analysis. But underneath the half-facetious allusions to "central thoughts," "working wholes," "main parts," "objective points," could be discerned a loving appreciation of that harmony which has been an element of power in the class of 1900, and which results from right relationships. Miss Collins suggested possibilities of new harmonies which the future will bring into each life through ever-widening relationships.

Miss Lydia Marie Selbach, pianist, and the Misses Wallenthin, soprano and contralto, supplied the music for the afternoon. Their numbers were received with cordial applause, and they graciously responded to encores. The Swedish singers, the Misses Wallenthin, have full, rich voices, and sing with spontaneity and good taste.

The Class Oration was delivered by Miss Edith L. Pecker, who will be remembered as the poet of the class of 1900. In the light of Miss Pecker's youth (she is not yet seventeen), her forceful, eloquent address and her weight of thought and spiritual discernment were remarkable. Her theme was "The Great Need." She said, in part:—

The results of the past century and the trend of the general activity of to-day point to the fact that in the fields of science, learning, and art there is a definite aim to adapt their particular offices to man. No longer may James or Joseph lock himself in his laboratory and devote himself to the study of the heavens alone; he must show the relation of his science to yonder laborer. By this, science has at last found its unit,—man; literature comprehends the reason of its own existence; art assumes its proper place.

What does this show? That the re-awakening of the idea of man's worth, beginning

in the fourteenth century, has developed into a realization of his needs in asserting that worth. . . .

The recognition of this spirit abroad has determined my subject,—the great need.

I believe that the numberless needs of man have a general source, which if recognized and supplied would determine the varying nature of all needs. . . . We believe that education gives man power, wisdom, and we send our student to institutes of learning, where he is taught to toy with the power of the ocean as a leaf in his hand; to gather the majesty of the lightnings and turn it to what he will; to rove through earth's most sacred treasure-chest and steal from it what he will for the satisfaction of his own desires;—to overcome everything but the greatest of all, himself. And the results? The headings of the newspapers answer, leaving a deeper scar on the heart of a mother, bringing a flush of shame to the cheek of a father. Competition batters at the door of commerce. Jealousy haunts the walks of the White House. Many a society is formed merely from the originator's hope that he might gain a name in the world, and many a person becomes a member for the same reason—who, I might say in passing, like fire-crackers, are apt to go to pieces with their own noise.

It is the same spirit which made Nero light his pathway with burning Christians,—a light which penetrated no farther than his optic nerve,—symbolical to us of the light which "shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not;" which has left our quiet hillsides dark with feeding vultures; matted our plains with blood. . . .

Should this be the result of man's actions? Man, the child of God?—in the potential, motions, living music; colorings, more exquisite than anything depicted on canvas; form, the unattainable ideal of marble!—with that creative power within, that still more wonderful thing, the soul. Where lies the root of the matter? In the human soul; the cause is in man himself.

In the centre of, and determining the complex convolutions, evolutions, and revolutions of man's nature, there is a balance which men call character, suspending scales: one of the weights called conscience, or the good; the other, the evil: the good, that which establishes man's identity; the evil, the inadequacies in fulfilling the demands of his evolution. Nor is this condition wrong; it is a law found in operation everywhere in

the universe,—the law of opposition necessary to equilibrium, and, in character, to spiritual poise. These are adjusted in infancy and the balancing begins, culminating in a struggle involving the entire being, as the scale tips on either side. In the first place, evil is a negative quality; but if the scale tip on this side, the evil being reinforced instead of the good, a chaotic state is established by which it becomes a positive condition. If the other, the destined course of man, is reinforced, all his being is brought into harmony.

This principle has not received due recognition in our home training, in our systems of education, and in the self-applied culture of the individual. For every one illustrates it in his own nature, this struggle between the good and the evil; the index of his thoughts points inward; it is easy for him to determine its nature. When we realize that the result of this struggle may be a soul lost or a soul saved, does it not stamp itself as the source of the great need?

"Know thyself," says Socrates; but it is not enough to know one's self—one must know how to deal wisely with himself. In so far as the great have done this has the world progressed beyond the darkness of the Middle Ages.

How is this need to be supplied? Must we tremble at every thought and feeling lest it be some new manifestation of our particular evil, constantly battling back each tendency lest it should grow into uncontrollable immensity? No; sunshine rifts the darkness. As God has taught each little seed to overcome the earth by reaching for the sunshine, so He has given to the human soul the power by which it may overcome,—Purpose. As His gift to the seed is its blossom, so His gift to the soul is its Ideal, which is the painting of Purpose. . . . Purpose grows by that which itself establishes, and the painting changes as the purpose grows—like vibrations of ether, which in slower waves produce sound, and, as the rate increases, heat, then color; while the essence of the vibration remains the same. . . . How shall Purpose be obtained . . . maintained? Dwell upon . . . the life of Christ until it becomes Love; love it until it becomes an ideal, your Ideal, Christ! . . .

Then, every human being is born to fulfil his destiny. All the circumstances of his life are pressing toward it. God commands it, and the laws of nature enforce it. . . .

He can fulfil it . . . positively . . . nega-

tively. In the one event all will be satisfied, and the individual will be in a state of healthy joy, which, born of pure faith, is the only natural attitude of man. In the other, entire creation will feel the lack. . . . In either case the revelation has been made . . . but, in the latter, not as God the Father had planned.

Let us consider, also, the consequences of a wrongly fulfilled destiny. Man is a network of close and complex relationships. Lives here twine and intertwine; there touch and go on never to meet again. The slightest jar to one thrills the entirety. The merest touching of two lives exerts an influence over both that never dies. In the wrongly fulfilled destiny, then, the individual has marred the general plan of God. He has prevented some from a clear perception of their destiny, and others from the possibility of rightly revealing it. This destiny is a new revelation of God; for, as Quick says, "A man can live but one thought peculiarly his own;" and this for what? For humanity, and, through humanity, for God. Here, then, we come to the true nature of the great need. . . .

. . . I have stated purpose as the means of redemption, and for its ideal, the life of Christ . . . because He is the divine example of natural and holy living. His life and His teachings were centrifugal: "He that is servant among you is greatest of all." Our living for centuries has been centripetal. The world bows before the great I, and the possessive case is its language. It is this which has brought about life's discords, and following Christ is the one thing that will restore the lost harmony. Nature cares little for her parts, as such; but she worships her relationships. The relationship determines the part. What is man but a part of nature? What is his soul but a part of God? If, then, this part be treated as the great whole in itself, have not all the laws of God been violated? What, then, is the clarion mission of man? Relate thyself to humanity—to thy whole. Perceive the signs of the times, and know that in so far as thy life is consciously given to the saving and uplifting of humanity, for humanity's sake, will thine own life be uplifted and saved; for the need of today is that man overcome himself in complete consecration to the welfare of humanity.

In the valedictory which closed Miss Pecker's address, she urged her classmates to an ever-increasing purpose and

a ceaseless following of the Great Ideal, "never forgetting that

" 'If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine!
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

" 'One stone the more swings to its place
In that great Temple of Thy Worth:
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.'

Always remembering that 'to him that overcometh I will give a white stone, and in that stone, a new name written which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it,' and 'I will give him the Morning Star,' which is Christ—is Christ."

Mrs. Southwick's Recital.

At Mrs. Southwick's annual appearance before the Southwick Literary Association, Thursday morning of Commencement Week, the following program was presented:—

Spring Songs:

"Day" (Pippa Passes)	<i>Browning</i>
"Oh, To Be in England"	<i>Browning</i>
"The Daffodils"	<i>Wordsworth</i>
"The Skylark"	<i>Shelley</i>

Mrs. Southwick

"The Lost Chord"	<i>Sullivan</i>
Mr. Kenney	

"Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii"	<i>Bulwer-Lytton</i>
Mrs. Southwick	

"Adagio Pathetique"	<i>Godard</i>
"Mazurka"	<i>Zarychi</i>
Miss Barker	

Humorous Sketch: "How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence"	<i>Mark Twain</i>
Court Scene from "Henry VIII."	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Mrs. Southwick	

"Gipsy Songs," Op. 55, Nos. 2, 4, 5	<i>Dvorak</i>
Mr. Kenney	

Life Poems:

"Life and Song"	<i>Lanier</i>
"He and She"	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>
"Epilogue"	<i>Browning</i>

Mrs. Southwick

The musical numbers, by Miss Kate Atherton Barker, violinist, and Mr.

Kenney, were enjoyable. Mr. Kenney's rich, powerful baritone seems adequate to whatever demands he may make upon it. Miss Barker played with good taste and feeling.

Mrs. Southwick was at her best. Never was her power displayed to better advantage before the school than in that morning's rendition of "Nydia." But to many of Mrs. Southwick's admirers her peculiar genius is best displayed in the lyrics which she is fond of introducing upon her programs. Both the nature and the dramatic lyrics were beautiful in their spontaneity, their sweep, their limitless reach. Especially in the closing group of "Life Poems" were we brought into the presence of spiritual realities.

Mr. Tripp, as president of the 'Southwick Literary Society, introduced Mrs. Southwick by saying that her recital was a fitting climax to a year of inspiration. Surely the uplift of that morning confirmed the judgment. ♣

Senior Class Day.

On the afternoon of May 2 the class of 1901, to the stirring strains of the Class March,—written by Miss Isabel C. Pollister and Mrs. Florence A. Garrett,—marched down the long corridor into Chickering Hall.

Miss Wilda Harper Wilson, in her capacity as president, greeted the large audience with gracious words of welcome. In her brief period of retrospect, she was eloquent in her justification of the three years of endeavor. She alluded to the "three R's" that have been the sum of the subject-matter studied in Emerson College: Reality, Royalty, and Righteousness. Miss Wilson presided during the exercises of the afternoon, introducing each speaker with unfailing grace and tact.

Miss Agnes Baker and Mr. Elbert Eugene Foland represented the class as

readers. Miss Baker read with excellent effect the story of "The Other Wise Man," as told by Henry Van Dyke. The story reflects that earnest spirit of consecration which is characteristic of the author; and Miss Baker's keen appreciation of the motive of the story impelled an authoritative, spiritual rendering. Mr. Foland, who has a genius for character work, presented a delicious bit of impersonation in the character of "Uncle Eb," relating the story of the horse trade and the race in "Eben Holden."

Miss Harriette M. Collins, whose charming verses often appear in these columns, gave the Class Poem. It embodied a pleasing conception of the class as pilgrims "climbing the mountain of Duty," in the light of the dawning century—over a pathway that never ends: "Each mountain-peak gained shows others in view."

"Oh, the lights that around us are breaking,
Dispelling Fear, Superstition, and Gloom!
Earth's darkest vale to Truth is awaking;
The clear-shining lights of Science illumine
To Earth's farthest corner with searching gleam;
Religion—Art—Reason, in unison beam!
"Shall we the century's luminous day
See breaking in glory and add no light?
Nay, each of us bears a torch whose ray
Was kindled at the sacred altar bright
Of our Alma Mater, where quenchless shine
Fires of Love—universal—divine!"

The Class Chorus, La Coma's "Estudiantina," directed by Mr. Kenney, made a happy variation in the program. The harmony of the blended voices symbolized that unity of motive and of interests which has governed the class of 1901, and which was further suggested by the Class Historian, Miss Evalena Thomas.

Miss Thomas's address was pronounced one of the brightest productions known in the history of Emerson Class Days. As a review of the obvious experi-

ences marking the evolution of a class, it was necessarily more or less personal in nature, and much of its charm was inseparable from the personality of the speaker; hence a full report of the address, even if space permitted presenting it, would not do justice to the eloquence displayed. Miss Thomas's wealth of being is the source of her oratorical power.

The witty allusions to crucial periods, to sloughs of despond and mountain-tops of elation, in the three years' progress, were fully appreciated by the class. A sincere realization of the true worth of the varied experiences as moulding influences spoke in beautiful words of tribute to the forces of Emerson College. Each department, with its head, received its share of homage; especially earnest was the reference to the two vacant chairs. Even the incoming forces were included in this general expression of appreciation, with a special word for "the most gifted of the children of the Alma Mater, Henry Lawrence Southwick, the man whose power seems unlimited because of his great and beautiful personality."

Miss Thomas brought forward a bouquet made up of sixty-three exquisite white roses, one from each member of the class; and, with deep feeling, closed her address with the presentation of the flowers to the absent one,—“one of the world's greatest teachers . . . the founder of a philosophy that will be recognized by coming ages, while he lives with Christ in that larger sphere. He has stood before us day after day with his great loving heart beating in sympathy with our feeble efforts. He has worked with us as patiently as a mother works to correct the faults of her child. . . . Like the hearts of these roses, filled with overflowing fragrance, our hearts are overflowing with love and gratitude for what he has given us out of his own life.

“Mrs. Southwick, will you bear these

roses to Dr. Emerson, and tell him that they represent the Senior class? Tell him to put his ear to each rose and listen to the sweetest messages of love ever breathed from the heart of any class. Roses, tell him how we have missed him; tell him we have done the best we could to-day without him—but, oh, how much better we could have done if he had been here! Tell him we cannot all meet again in the classroom, but our hearts will be with him as that *love-ship* leaves Boston Harbor; and all the time he is rocked in the cradle of the mighty deep, each one of us will sing a melody to the winds and skies:—

“O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou sendest some awrack
To nevermore come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But bring my love-ship home to me!”

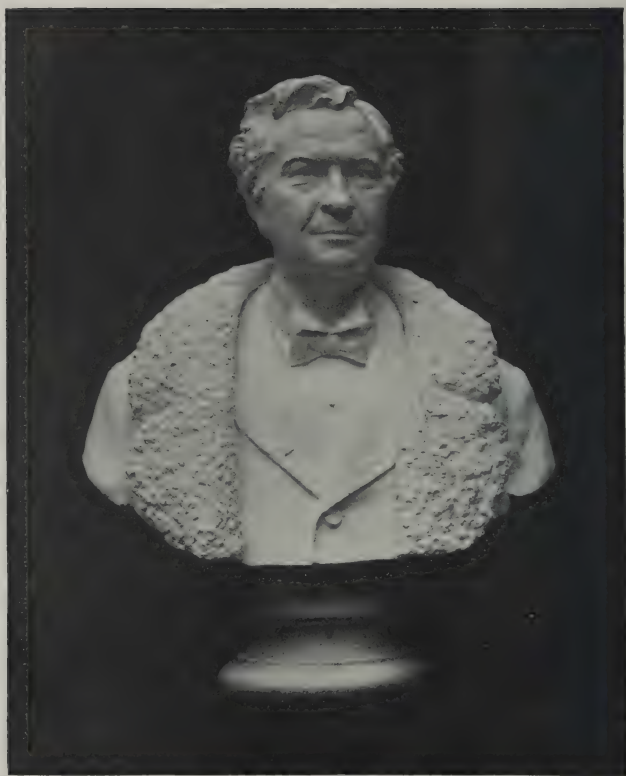
The Class Orator, Miss Fannie G. Nash, was an able representative of the class. Her address was a broad treatment of the educational influences that should be invited by the student leaving college for the larger school of life. She dwelt with especial emphasis upon the quickening and broadening potency of persistent association with masters in the realm of literature. She urged the importance of high ideals in literature.

The high esteem in which Miss Nash is held by her class is not unfounded. Those who heard her as the orator of the Class Day exercises of 1901 felt that they listened to the authoritative utterances of a teacher and a scholar.

The afternoon closed with the Class Song, written for the occasion by Miss Mary A. Stevens.

1903 Presents a Portrait.

At one of the latest meetings of the Freshman class with President Emerson in Chickering Hall, the usual routine of recitation was varied by an eloquent



THE GIFT OF 1900.

address by Mr. Ferguson, who spoke for the class in the presentation to the College of a beautiful portrait of President Emerson. Mr. Ferguson's address was simple and informal, and reflected in a great measure the overflowing love and reverence which this year's association with a great teacher has inspired in the class.

Mrs. Southwick responded, in her acceptance of the gift, in a spirit of appreciation of the love of which it was but one of many manifestations.

The Gift of 1900.

A pleasant event of the closing weeks of the year was the presentation to the College of a handsome bust of President Emerson, by the class of 1900.

The presentation was made at the close of the morning exercises, on a morning when Dean Southwick was present to receive the gift. Mr. Carpenter spoke for the class, as follows:—

Dean Southwick, members of the Faculty, and fellow-students: The class of 1900, having received largely from the wealth of the Alma Mater, would do honor to her noble president and at the same time leave a fitting memorial in the beautiful new college home.

Many of us have gone out into fields of usefulness; but although not all can be here in person to-day, the hearts of all are responding in loving gratitude for the influences which Emerson College, under the leadership of Dr. Emerson, has brought into their lives. The principles we have learned here are as enduring as eternal Truth, for they are Truth. Wishing that our humble gift might be as enduring throughout time, we have had produced from life a bust of President Emerson; and we leave it in these halls as an expression of our unswerving devotion to him, to this institution which he has founded, and to the great cause in education for which he stands.

When the applause following Mr. Carpenter's speech and the unveiling of the bust had subsided, the gift was formally

accepted in behalf of the College by Dean Southwick, who spoke as follows:—

Mr. Carpenter and members of the class of 1900: In behalf of the management I gratefully accept this gift to the College. And in thanking the class for this most appropriate of offerings, I wish to thank especially its spokesman, the man whose big heart throbbed this thought into his brain, a man who has worked quietly and unselfishly for the College in many times and places. In generous thought of common good to all, he does his work simply and is kind—and is kind. I say this, which he would be the last to wish me to say, because it is true, and because I cannot help saying it. I thank the class of 1900 and its spokesman, Arthur Carpenter.

The gift of a bust or statue of the living is unusual, for it is a recognition of accomplishment, of services rendered, and such tributes are justly paid only to those whose achievements may be seen of all men and are beyond dispute.

The man whom you honor has accomplished. He had accomplished even before he began the career which you recognize to-day. He entered upon the work when over forty years of age, and after fullest preparation. He had been a preacher, a teacher, a lecturer, and in each function was a success. He had achieved. He had acquired facts, breadth of observation, richness of experience, and these he brought to that career in which you know him. The story of the last twenty years is a household tale to you, and I shall not retell it. It is brilliant with achievement. His pathway has not been smooth. He has been often attacked, as have all men who have personal force and who have won any degree of prominence. On the other hand, he has in a way been fortunate beyond most men. Most souls meet recognition too late to know satisfaction in it, and find their sustaining only in the joy of the work itself and the sense that they build for those who shall come after them. This man has had loving recognition and acclaim along the pathway of his progress.

It is peculiarly appropriate that this tribute should be given in commemoration of the completion of twenty years of service to the cause of education, and to mark a milestone in the progress of his work, rather than to be withheld until that work has been closed.

That great-hearted Southerner, Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, who could light deep truth with the smile of mellow humor, said: "The world would be a sweeter place to live in if we had more taffy and less epiphany." We want the hand-clasp of encouragement, the warm word of Godspeed, the sense that there are those who see and understand, rather than the laurel wreath above the heart that does not know.

It is well that this time of anniversary has been celebrated not only by the beautiful personal gift at New Year's, but that a permanent recognition of work accomplished should be placed in the College which President Emerson founded.

Members of the class of 1900, again I thank you for this most appropriate of gifts and for the spirit that is behind it. You have done honor to your Alma Mater, to its founder, and to yourselves.

The bust, a picture of which we present, is an admirable work of art. It is larger than life, and reflects much of the strength and serenity and benevolence that are felt by every one who enters President Emerson's presence. The artist, G. Castagnoli, of Charlestown, merits great praise for the strength and truthfulness of his work.

The Closing Event of 1900-01.

The afternoon following Commencement morning was marked by a reception to the students and friends of the College.

The Dean and Mrs. Southwick, assisted by other members of the Faculty, received the guests in the college rooms. The occasion was an informal one—a time of relief from the strain of weeks of close application to study, and a time, too, in which the farewells were said. However, it was the brighter spirit that prevailed: a spirit of hope for the joys of a new year; for the declared prospect of a return in the fall was general throughout all the classes. The high tide of gaiety and of class spirit was marked by the interchange of class yells with a

vim and vociferousness that would put to shame an average college class—for the Emerson youth has not practised his *nares tone* in vain!

Delicious refreshments were served in Room I, on the second floor, and there proved to be time, in the intervals of the college yells and the music and the general expressions of social cheer, to do ample justice to the material part of the entertainment.

But the good-bys had to be said, eventually, and late in the afternoon the bright rooms were left empty, and another mile-stone in the progress of Emerson College was passed.

The Southwick Literary Society.

Miss Elvie Burnett, of the Temple Quartette Concert Company, appeared in Chickering Hall on the afternoon of April 18, under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society. Miss Burnett was warmly welcomed by her friends of Emerson College, who, remembering the inspiration afforded by Miss Burnett's former appearances in the College, had eagerly anticipated the return of this gifted daughter to the Alma Mater. Miss E. M. Becker, whose rich contralto voice is remarkable for beauty and power, added to the pleasure of the occasion with her artistic singing.

The numbers on the program, given below, were supplemented by numerous responses to encores.

PROGRAM.		
"The Major" (by request)	Miss Burnett	<i>Grebel</i>
"Oh, for a Burst of Song"	Miss Becker	<i>Allitson</i>
"A Sisterly Scheme"		<i>Bunner</i>
"The Story of Max"	Miss Burnett	<i>Packard</i>
Song (selected)	Miss Becker	
"The Soldier's Dog"	Miss Burnett	<i>Phelps-Ward</i>

Miss Burnett's work is marked by the same charm that we remember of old. It is strong, elevating, suggestive. Ease in force is manifested in everything. Miss Burnett possesses the artist's secret of reflecting the most vivid pictures by means of the fewest lines.

We look forward with pleasure to a continuation of Miss Burnett's association with the College by reason of her recent appointment as a member of the Faculty.

Professor Baker.

Prof. George P. Baker, of the English Department of Harvard University, has been added to the list of lecturers at Emerson College, and on a recent morning appeared before the student body in Chickering Hall.

Professor Baker's lecture, "The Theatre of Shakespeare's Time," was fully illustrated with stereopticon views. It was well adapted to engage the interest of a general audience, but was especially appreciated by the body of students of the drama who were privileged to hear it on this occasion. It treated of the evolution of the early English theatre, imparting much valuable information, the result of long and careful research, in regard to the theatres and actors of Shakespeare's time.

The same characteristics which make Mr. Baker a favorite lecturer in Harvard appealed to his Emerson audience. He is simple and sincere in his manner and address, and his discourse is broad and scholarly.

1902 Receives 1901.

On Monday evening, April 8, the class of 1902 gave a reception to the Seniors. This was the first formal social function to occur in the new college home. The guests were received in the pleasant rooms on the first floor, where a general good time was indulged in. Later, all

were invited to the upper rooms, and assembled in one of the smaller halls, where an excellent musical and literary program was rendered, consisting of the following numbers: Address of Welcome, Mr. N. B. Hammond, president of Junior class; Response, Miss Wilda Wilson, president of Senior class; Reading, Miss Marks, '02; Selection, Emerson College Mandolin Club; Reading, Miss Caroline Smith, '02; Baritone Solo, Mr. Whitney, '02; Remarks and Reading, Dean Southwick; Vocal Solo, Miss Kerr, of the New England Conservatory of Music. Each number on the program was heartily encored.

Later in the evening refreshments were served.

The members of the Faculty present were Dean Southwick, Mrs. Southwick, Miss Blalock, Miss Gatchell, Professor Kidder, Professor Ward, and Professor Tripp.

The occasion was pronounced by all to be most enjoyable. The unanimous wish was that such social gatherings might be of more frequent occurrence.

E. M. W.

The Summer Schools.

Emerson College will hold three summer sessions of four weeks each: one in Boston, one in Cottage City, and a third in Staunton, Va.

The Boston Summer School, which is opened this season for the first time, will be in the college rooms in Chickering Building. It will be conducted according to the same general plan that prevails in the other sessions. Mr. Tripp, Miss Smith, and Miss Gatchell will conduct the class work during the entire four weeks, and the Dean and Mrs. Southwick will also devote a part of their time to the work of this session. The courses offered are "The Evolution of Expression," reading, physical culture, voice culture, and Shakespeare. If desired,

classes may be formed for the purpose of studying the history and interpretation of literature. An advanced course will be given, that those who have already taken the introductory course may continue their study along advanced lines.

The Cottage City Summer School, opening July 9, in connection with the famous Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, at one of the loveliest summer resorts of the Eastern coast, will pursue the same general line of work as in the past. The Departments of Oratory, Voice Culture, and Visible Speech are in charge of Mr. Kidder and Miss Merritt, who have both been associated with the summer school in past seasons. Miss Claire de Lano, of the class of '98, teacher of oratory and physical culture in the Brockport (N. Y.) State Normal School, will conduct the work of the Physical Culture Department. Miss de Lano has met with unusual success in physical training, and is regarded as a valuable addition to the summer school Faculty. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the advantages of a season at Cottage City, where opportunity is afforded for study along various lines, or for ideal summer recreation and rest. Dean Southwick will give a course of lectures in the School of Methods, on the teaching of reading.

The session at Staunton, Va., which is under the auspices of the Virginia Summer School of Methods, and which has been in charge of the Dean and Mrs. Southwick for a number of seasons, will open July 1. Mr. and Mrs. Southwick will conduct the work as usual, offering practically the same advantages that are to be gained from the other sessions. Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley, surrounded by rugged mountains, is one of the most beautiful spots in the South, presenting many attractive features to the summer visitor.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot.

One of our most recent visitors was Mrs. Maude Howe Elliot, the gifted daughter of a woman who has been in years past one of our most honored lecturers, Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Elliot has recently returned from Italy, where she and her husband have lived for several years, and where Mr. Elliot's beautiful new addition to the art treasures of the Boston Public Library — the ceiling decoration in one of the reading-rooms for children — was created.

Mrs. Elliot talked to the students in an informal way, recounting pleasant reminiscences of famous actors she had known. She spoke especially of her personal acquaintance with Edwin Booth, William Warren, and Mme. Ristori. She commented upon the increase in extravagance that she found apparent in the American standards of living. We could well take a lesson in simplicity from the Old World, especially in our stage methods. She protested against the materialism, the tendency towards realism, that is manifested in our theatres. She cited an example of a recent production which was carried to the height of realism. In one scene, over a real fire, real fish were fried on the stage, the fumes of frying fish being wafted out over the audience! In contrast to this shocking realism, she told of a recent appearance of Duse in Rome, in a play attended by royalty, when the same simple, even shabby, furniture formed the stage setting for the entire play, and when the great artist wore one plain black gown and was guiltless of any of the "make-up" devices of the modern actor.

Mrs. Elliot spoke strongly against the principle of trusts as applied to the theatre. On her return from her long sojourn in Italy she was impressed by the dead level of mediocrity in the plays

on the stage and the absence of independent thought and of individuality among the actors. She soon attributed this to the fact that a few men govern the American stage of to-day, and that the actors are too often puppets, who dance as the man at the head of the gigantic trust pulls the strings.

Mrs. Elliot's gracious presence and bright discourse made the morning a pleasant one. We shall hope to see her again.

The James Wheelock Home Benefit.

On the evening of May 4 Mrs. Southwick, assisted by Mr. Kenney, gave an Interpretative Recital in Chickering Hall, as a benefit for the James Wheelock Home For Little Strangers.

Those who remember Mrs. Carrie N. Payson, of the class of '93, will be interested in the fact that the home was founded by Mr. and Mrs. Payson as a memorial to their little boy. Its object is the care and instruction of destitute children. It is located in Dorchester, and contains twenty-four rooms. It is the desire of the incorporators to have these rooms furnished as memorial rooms by parents who have lost little ones. The home is incorporated, and has a long and distinguished list of managers, of whom Lieut-Gov. John L. Bates is president. Dr. Emerson is first vice-president.

The benefit of May 4 was an unqualified success, of which the names of the patronesses and the announcement of the nature of the program gave assurance beforehand. The program was opened by brief introductory remarks by Lieut-Gov. Bates. Mrs. Southwick gave a number of her remarkable interpretations from Shakespeare, a humorous sketch by Bunner, "Un Beau Ideal," a group of lyrics, including "The Chase," from Scott, Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," and Browning's "Evelyn Hope." Her clos-

ing number was her famous "Chariot Race," which affords great scope for the exhibition of her dramatic power.

An informal reception by the managers and patronesses followed the program.

Recommended Reading for Vacation.

Several of the literature teachers have submitted suggestive outlines for summer reading, bearing upon courses which they are to offer next year. It has not been possible to communicate with many in time to secure such lists for this issue. However, a careful study of the courses as outlined in the catalogue will direct the reading of those who are to take advantage of any of the literature courses offered. Reading in preparation for Professor Ward's Junior and Senior courses: VII., 5:—

The minor poems of Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats.

For VII., 6:—

The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers; Defoe's "Journal of the Plague;" Pope's "Rape of the Lock," or "The Essay on Man;" Swift's "Tale of a Tub;" Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" Johnson's "Rasselas."

Miss Chamberlin recommends, by way of preparation for the Victorian Prose Course, VII., 8, the following:—

Disraeli, "Coningsby;" Bulwer-Lytton, "Harold;" "The Caxtons;" Charlotte Brontë, "Jane Eyre," "Shirley;" Emily Brontë, "Wuthering Heights;" Dickens, "David Copperfield," "Pickwick," "Domby and Son;" Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Book of Snobs;" George Eliot, "Middlemarch," "Romola;" Charles Kingsley, "Westward Ho!" Blackmore, "Lorna Doone;" Stevenson, "The Master of Ballantrae;" Meredith, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The essays considered in this course will be studied in class.

Books recommended by Mr. Tripp for the course in the History of English Literature, VII., 3:—

Stopford Brooke, "History of Early English Literature" (to 900 A.D.); Bernhard

Ten Brink, "English Literature" (to Chaucer); Henry Morley, "English Writers" (Chaucer to Shakespeare); Maude G. Phillips, "English Literature" (2 vols.); Taine, "History of English Literature" (Elizabethan Age); Edmund Gosse, "History of English Literature" (18th Century); Mrs. Oliphant, "Literary History of England" (18th and 19th Centuries); G. L. Craik, "English Literature and Language" (General).

Every student should own Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" and Frederick Ryland's "Chronological Outlines."

Course in History of English Drama,
VII., 7:—

A. W. Pollard, "English Miracle Plays;" J. Manly, "Specimens of Pre-Shakespearian Drama;" A. W. Ward, "History of English Dramatic Literature, Vol. I.;" J. A. Symonds, "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama;" Marlowe, Works; Lee, "Life of Shakespeare;" Henry Hudson, "Shakespeare's Life and Art."

Indexes to Our Text-books.

We are in receipt of a series of pamphlets, indexes to "The Evolution of Expression" and "The Perfective Laws of Art," compiled by Prof. Wm. J. H. Strong, of the University of Wooster, Wooster, O. Each one is carefully and accurately compiled. The titles of selections, authors' names, and volume, chapter, and page are indicated, and each contains a comprehensive tabular view of the volumes and chapters in their general significance.

Personals.

President and Mrs. Emerson and Miss Blalock are in their mountain home, in Rochester, Vt.

Mr. Kenney sailed May 25 for the Old World.

Miss King will spend a restful summer in the West.

Mr. E. E. Sherman, our former secretary, recently visited his college home.

Miss Powers, who returned to Boston for the Commencement season, will resume her class work in the fall.

Miss Chamberlin will sail from New York June 5, when she will have finished her Radcliffe courses. She will study at Oxford during the summer.

Dean Southwick, Mrs. Southwick, Miss Smith, Mr. Tripp, Mr. Kidder, and Miss Gatchell will engage in summer-school work during July.

Dean Southwick will return to Boston for a brief rest before he begins his work in the summer sessions. He will be in the college office June 8 and 10.

Miss Lamprell will teach oratory and physical culture in the Eastern Illinois State Normal School, at Charleston, Ill., during a six weeks' summer session.

Mrs. Southwick is making an extended tour of the South, as far as Texas, filling lecture and recital engagements. She will return home early in June.

At Mrs. Alexander Martin's reception to the Boston Browning Society, on Browning's birthday, May 7, Miss King read "Love Among the Ruins" and "Prosperity."

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Armstrong are in the Northwest Territories of Canada, where Mr. Armstrong is making pictures for his new picture play, "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Bertha Pettingill, '01, will teach oratory in Cottey College, Nevada, Mo.

Mrs. A. L. Stone (Florida Shepley, '97) is happy in her new home at Bucksport, Me.

Mr. Frederick Manning Hall, '98, is taking a course in the Boston University Law School.

Miss Florence M. Scott, '96, is teaching physical culture in the public schools of Uxbridge, Mass.

Mrs. William L. Norton (Maude Brown, '97) is still at her old home in Wellsville, N. Y.

Miss Leila Simon, '01, is teaching in the Everett schools. Miss Simon will enter Radcliffe College in the fall.

Mrs. Jennie Folsom Morrill, '99, of Boston, has issued attractive circulars, and is open to engagements as reader.

A recent recital by the Elocution Department in Scio College, Scio, O., brought much praise upon the head of the department, Miss Clara C. Adams, '00.

The visiting graduates spent a pleasant period with Miss Smith on the afternoon of Alumni Day. Many valuable ideas were gained by the interchange of experiences.

Miss Rachel Lewis Dithridge, '99, former editor of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, has accepted a position in the Tonawanda (N. Y.) High School for the coming year.

Miss Fanny C. Luscomb, '96, has classes in Lynn, Malden, and Newton, and private pupils in Boston. She has met with unusual success in her class work, especially as a teacher of physical culture.

Miss E. Estelle Barnes, '98, is a member of the Dixie Trio, a company doing successful concert work in the South. Miss Barnes will teach in Chicago this summer, beginning June 1.

Married.—On Saturday, Dec. 22, '00, in Providence, R. I., Miss Alice Florence Tourtellot, '95, and Mr. Arthur Jackson West. Mr. and Mrs. West will make their home in Milwaukee, Wis.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive M. Palmer, '97, to Mr. Hans R. Hansen, of New York City. The wedding will be a quiet one at Miss Palmer's home in Thompsonville, Conn.

"As You Like It" was presented by the Department of Oratory of Carroll College, in Waukesha, Wis., May 23, under the direction of Miss May Rankin, '00, the head of the department.

Miss Bertha J. Boynton, '99, who has spent two successful seasons with the Parker Concert Company, under the management of the Central Lyceum Bureau, will continue her concert work another season. She will spend the summer in Boston.

Miss Eleanor Gertrude Stephens, '88, is giving dramatic recitals in the West, where her work has commanded much favorable comment. She recently gave a course in Kirksville, Mo., consisting of "An Evening with Tennyson," "An Hour with the Humorists," and "Macbeth."

We are pleased to announce an event which will be of interest to all who attended the Class Day exercises of the class of 1901, and admired the grace and tact of its gifted president. Miss Wilda Harper Wilson and Mr. Albert B. Church were united in marriage Satur-

day evening, May 18, in the home of Dean Southwick, in The Ikley, on Huntington Avenue. The love and good wishes of Mrs. Church's college friends and classmates will follow her to her new home.

H. Toros Daghistanlian, '99, former business manager of THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, is recovering from a long illness. Early in March he succumbed to nervous prostration, due to overwork in the University of Michigan and to the press of pastoral duties. Mr. Daghistanlian has charge of a Baptist church in Milan, near Ann Arbor, where he is greatly beloved by his people.

The Frederickton (N. B.) *Herald* speaks as follows of a recent lecture presented by Miss Lucy Lefurgey, '97, on "Some of Shakespeare's Women:"—

"Miss Lucy Lefurgey entertained a large audience in the Opera House last evening with her presentation of some of the characters of Shakespeare. The Normal School students filled the gallery, and to them the entertainment must have been particularly instructive.

"The first part of Miss Lefurgey's discourse was devoted to the play of 'Othello.' The characters of Desdemona and the Moor were skilfully portrayed, and Miss Lefurgey's rendering of some of the choicest passages was very effective.

"But probably the most interesting feature of the evening was Miss Lefurgey's presentation of the court scene in the 'Merchant of Venice.' In this the grace with which she reverted from the character of Portia or of Antonio to assume that of Shylock, representing, as these do, extremes of human nature, was most pleasing and most artistic.

"At the close Miss Lefurgey rendered a few humorous selections which were very heartily applauded."

Many members of the Alumni were at the College during the Easter holidays. Many attended Dean Southwick's lecture on Saturday, and a goodly number helped to make the Alumni meeting a success, on the following Tuesday. Among these welcome visitors were the following: Miss Mabel Henderson, '97; Miss Adelaide Isabel Evans, '87; Miss Eleanor Louise Sullivan, '93; Miss Frances J. White, '95; Joseph Henry Crosby, '98; Miss S. Alice Hamilton, '89; Mrs. Leland T. Powers, '88; Mrs. M. M. Clark, '89; Mrs. Josephine Collins Beeman, '98; Miss Louise Downer, '98; Frederick Manning Hall, '98; Miss Ethelwyn Drew, '99; Miss Ida M. Page, '96; Mrs. Ida W. Karnan, '92; Mrs. Estella Dubia Marvin, '90; Miss Lottie A. Jones, '89; Mrs. A. H. Holton, '89; Miss Bertha L. Colburn, '88; Mrs. Della Mayhew-Smith, '91; Miss Helen M. S. Sanborn, '89; Mrs. Harriet E. Bolles, '97; Miss Flora Whittaker, '98; Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93; Katherine Sullivan Mitchell, '94; Mrs. Emma Boardman Finney; Miss Fanny C. Luscomb, '96; Marion Sherman, '97; Miss Bertha A. Raymond, '96; Miss Florence M. Scott, '96; Miss Elvie Everett Burnett, '92; Miss Clara Bancroft Woolson, '94; Miss Annie M. Anderson, '93; Dr. P. P. Field, '83; Miss Lena A. Curtis, '91; Miss Claire de Lano, '98; Miss Emily B. Cornish, '98; Mrs. Emma Tuttle James, '91; Mr. Harry Ross, '97; Mr. Charles Paul, '97; Miss Helen Sanborn, '90; Mrs. Frank Southwick, '86; Miss Edith Pinneo, '99; Miss Eleanor Brewster Barnes, '99.

The Alumni Banquet.

The Emerson College Alumni met at Young's Hotel, Thursday evening, May 2, for their annual banquet. The assembly was a brilliant one; every class, except two, since '85 was represented.

A reception preceded the banquet, marked by an hour of pleasant intercourse. At 6.30 the company gathered about the long tables, according to classes, and the evening of festivity and social cheer began.

The program for the evening was a variation from the usual one; readings and music formed an enjoyable part of the program, and the toasts were fewer than has been the custom heretofore.

A few introductory words, by way of cordial greeting, by the president, Mr. Charles Winslow Kidder, were followed by remarks from Dean Southwick, who was received with hearty applause and spoke with his accustomed earnestness and force:—

Mr. President and members of the Alumni Association: It is a special pleasure to be here to-night, for it is now several years since I have been privileged to sit with you at banquet and to recall memories of school days at the Emerson College of Oratory.

It is usually expected that an after-dinner speaker will draw upon a fund of anecdote, supposedly humorous and more or less modern; but, somehow, stories do not flow to-night, nor do my fancies take a humorous turn. It is also a canon in the unwritten law of postprandial procedure that one should not "talk shop;" but this convention, too, I must set aside, for what is our bond of union if not the Alma Mater, her past and her future? And why are we assembled if not to revive gracious memories of the past, to renew our love for our Alma Mater, and to draw yet closer the ties that unite us to her and to one another? And I want to express my heartiest concurrence with the idea originated a year ago, and I think, in the Executive Committee, of having monthly meetings of this association for consideration of such topics as are of personal and immediate interest in the daily work of its members, and of converting those gatherings into practical experience meetings for discussion, question, and answer. And the management of the College will co-operate to the utmost in making these monthly assemblies educational and useful by providing free classes for our members and, especially, by bringing them into touch with the new work and the

new developments in the old work that may come from time to time.

And this brings me at once to the heart of the matter of which I am to speak to-night,—the educational policy of the management. We glory in our past—its achievements, successes, investigations, discoveries, formulations. We love to do honor to the Macgregor, whose seat is ever the head of the table, who brought this school into existence, and whose spirit has permeated it for more than twenty years. We love to dwell on the past in reminiscence and congratulation and grateful acknowledgment. But we realize that neither a man nor an institution can live upon a past reputation. The success of the future must be won again and again by excelling the past. Such is the law. Such has been the conception and the history of the man whose name the College justly bears, and that is the reason why it has grown, despite the fact that it has steadily and at every point had to compete with its greatest rival,—the success of its own past. The example of the founder is the inspiration of the management to-day. First, our policy is one of thorough conservation. Of the present forces of the College as represented by its faculty of instruction, all those whom you have known and loved, all are with us for the future, save only the noble two whom the Great Master has called to a higher service. We have added many new forces who will bring their inspiration, great experience, and the authority of their high professional standing to reinforce our old band of workers, but of that old band not one has been displaced. In the unique work of the College, the philosophy, formulations, and methods of the founder and president, there is, of course, no change, and there will be none except such as he may make. That he will be likely to make changes those who have known him as long as I have known him will think highly probable; for evolution, enlargement, and new application has been the history of his entire teaching career. In a word, then, whatever in personality, in curriculum, theory, or practice that has been your staff and comfort and guide in your own student work, whatever has been your pride and enthusiasm, remains unimpaired and undimmed. "All that was is yet."

But now upon us comes the command to move forward, also, to follow the example of the leader who has ever moved forward. This we must do, or perish. This we should

do or be unworthy the opportunity and the call of the hour.

What the purpose of the management is you find embodied in the new catalogue. The intention is unmistakable. The catalogue tells its own story. It leaves no room for questions. The various lines of enlargement and the reasons therefor I have outlined in an article in the April Magazine and shall not repeat to-night; but I want you to read the article if you have not done so. That shows in part the intention of the management toward the student. The new home of the College shows another part of that intention. There is yet a third, but that will be withheld until we are in a position to give more. You will hail it when the time is ripe, but we move as fast as is possible. It is enough to say that we are full of unsatisfied longings for possibilities that should and may come, longings which will be spurs to exertion.

There is one point which we cannot emphasize too strongly. Our *teachers* are moving forward in the line of a specialized preparation and study. We want some day to own our college home. It is the dream and hope of all, and will be their endeavor, also; but the first duty of a college is to think and discover, not to build and to beg. And in obedience to that duty our staff are working and following the example of our founder, who has succeeded precisely because he has investigated and formulated instead of doling out year by year what was taught him. We must keep the Emerson College the leader in research, in discovery and application, among all the bright men and women all over the land who are devoting themselves to this special work. We must set the pace here. Advance, discovery, and growth should be the only claim to permanence in any academic institution. We must have an eager, stimulating intellectual atmosphere here, and set the pace for our graduates — nay, for all who come as workers into this great field of usefulness. We must give both training and impulse that shall elevate their standards and quicken their intellectual life. If we give our pupils the right work and the right workers endowments and building will follow. If we supply enough brain and spirit we won't wait overlong for brick and mortar.

Well, we have provided a beautiful new home in an ideal situation. We have given a splendid and very costly course. We have done this largely on *faith* — faith that the

conservation of all the treasures of the old with the added opportunities of the new will be recognized by pupils, graduates, and the public — that public which doesn't care much for what you say, but is mightily interested in what you do. We have raised the standards. We must adhere to them through dark fortune and through bright. To be true to your ideals in the face of loss, disappointment, open criticism, covert attack, or the studied ignoring of the work of years tests mental and moral fibre. It is not difficult to put up your standard if you have ideas and know what you want. The difficulty is in standing by it when it looks as if, instead of the people flocking to your standard, you would have to flock all by yourself.

But I am happy to report a richer promise. Since the catalogue has been going out to our alumni and magazine readers my mail has been a large one. I have over forty letters already, from many of our leading graduates, most of them teachers, too, graduates from 1886 to 1900. They hail the advance with glad acclaim and promise heartiest support. That warms the cockles of my heart. It is a Godspeed I value.

Well, fellow graduates, we are all children together of the Alma Mater. In her name we meet and for her welfare we work. We ask your earnest and active co-operation, and ask it unabashed. Why should we not? Her growth in influence is your growth in opportunity. Her advance in the world of education and scholarship is your recognition and that of the profession it is our common duty to exalt. "With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," we win, and win gloriously.

And now, —

"With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do to show his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack."

Dean Southwick was not left in doubt as to the willingness of the alumni to pledge themselves anew to earnest, faithful co-operation and support. His appeal found an instant response in the hearts of the alumni body, as represented by those present.

Miss Wilda Harper Wilson responded to the toast "The Class of 1901." Miss Wilson, the gracious and efficient presi-

dent of the class, spoke, with a pleasing commingling of wit and wisdom, of the relations of the class to the organization of which it was the newest adjunct.

Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp gave one of the bits of French dialect for which he is famous, — "No. 5 Collect St.," — and convulsed the company. Miss Edith Coburn Noyes gave a little character sketch from Eugene Fields, — "The Bear Story," — which betrayed Miss Noyes's power in child impersonation. Charming songs by Mr. William Howland Kenney and Mrs. Florence Archer Garrett completed the inspiration of the evening.

The guests lingered, reluctant to put an end to a reunion that is all too infrequent; but at last the good-bys were said again, and again these sons and daughters of the Alma Mater, from so many widely separated homes and so many distinct provinces of labor, went their several ways, strengthened by these brief hours of mutual cheer and uplift.

It has been the custom in past years to exchange greetings with the Western Chapter of the Association on the occasion of the annual banquet; but this year, on account of the recent death of its beloved vice-president, Mrs. Ida Morey Riley, the meeting of the Western Chapter was postponed. A telegram was read by the president which brought greetings to the class of '99 from one of its absent members, Miss Grace Delle Davis.

Our Relation to the Public Schools.

The Alumni Association was represented by many experienced teachers at its meeting of Tuesday, April 9. The attendance was very large. The topic of the afternoon was "Reading in Our Public Schools."

The president, Mr. Kidder, opened the meeting at 2.30 with a word of welcome. After the presentation of the sec-

retary's and the treasurer's report, the president introduced as the first speaker of the afternoon Mrs. Alice Emerson. Mrs. Emerson spoke as follows: —

Never was there a time when the question of teaching reading in the public schools could more justly claim our attention than now. There are many reasons why this is true. In the first place, reading needs our attention because it is now a conceded fact that training in reading not only affords fine mental discipline, but also tends to proficiency in every branch of study. It is the language of our problem in mathematics that troubles us more than the numbers. The same thing is true of the sciences. In short, we find that the ability to read, i. e., "to think the author's thought after him," is essential to an intelligent understanding of any subject, and the reproduction of that thought by the human voice is an invaluable method of imparting that understanding to others.

As graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory, we have responsibilities and privileges, for what could be more inspiring than to be bearers of the glad tidings that we have a system which will bring good results in our public schools as surely as the day follows the night?

"Purpose" is a word indelibly stamped on the pages of our memory; we have from the first determined aims; so our lessons are made to trend in harmony therewith. These aims are to make our pupils get the thought and give it to others intelligently.

The difficulties that present themselves in the way of carrying out these aims, whether with country or city environment, depend on the attitude of our superior officials, on the kind of reading-matter provided for use in the schools, and on the amount of time allowed for this branch in the course of study.

There is no chance for an argument over the fact that reading is not receiving its proper attention. Different teachers assign different reasons for its neglect, but many agree that it is because examinations in this subject are less frequent, so there is a temptation to slight the study. Teachers and parents feel that pupils are now taxed alarmingly in mind and body. Some teachers complain of the poor quality of reading-books, which we all recognize; but with the supplementary reading usually allowed in our schools there is little excuse for poor work.

Our aims always determine our methods. These vary with the individuality of the teacher and the age of the pupils. I have not applied the principles of our system to the needs of primary pupils, but I have observed results in those grades when taught by our graduates and found them eminently satisfactory.

I have taught in every grade, from the lowest primary through the graduating classes of the grammar school, but it was not till the last two years of my teaching, in the day schools of this city, that I tried to apply the principles of our College to reading. At that time I was asked by the principal and supervisor to try the experiment of starting a class of children, and training them, if possible, so that three years' work could be done in two. With permission to adopt my own methods of work, I seized the opportunity to introduce Emersonian principles, and applied our work as seemed best. The results were such that when I left the class to enter here as a regular student the principal handed me a written testimonial which made me blush as I read it.

My pupils ranged from eight years to fourteen, the older ones being the duller ones, as is common in our graded schools. When they came to my room they were supposed to be pupils of the second year in a grammar school. Our prescribed reader was one of the Franklin series, and those of you who know the books know what a field of labor they furnish for a teacher desiring the best results; but I had imbibed enough of the Emersonian spirit, by being a Saturday and Summer School pupil, not to be disheartened. I first directed my attention to changing public sentiment in the class toward the reading-lesson period.

They started with the idea that the use of a reading-book called for no study on their part, especially if they could pronounce the words; so I disabused them of that idea by informal talks. I also tried to inspire them with a sense of courtesy in the treatment of classmates, as the oldest pupil in the room was a confirmed stammerer. He had been such a sufferer through their laughing at him that it seemed absolutely necessary to change the spirit in the room without appearing to have him in view. I deliberately worked to make those children feel that the reading-hour was to be the hardest but the pleasantest hour of the whole day; for though it by no means holds

true that there is no profit without pleasure, pleasure always enhances profit.

We read that earnestness is potential success. Those children saw that I was thoroughly alive, and they began to grow enthusiastic. A glimmer of activity in the child's mind will spur any teacher on, and hold her to her best work.

My method with the book was to help the children understand the subject-matter and the hard words, and if there were any pictures, to make them as full of meaning as possible, for children respond quickly to what appeals to the eye. Then I would ask some one to read the first sentence. Perhaps several would read the same, and finally some one would electrify us by making a thought very clear. That would please the class, and then we would go on to see if the next thought was as interesting; and before they realized it they would be as eager in hunting for thoughts in a paragraph as though engaged in a game. Some days we called ourselves "hunters." I varied my devices for securing interest till I had every child in sympathy and love with the hour. The development was not a speedy growth, but a sure and permanent one. During the last year they would plead to be permitted to read oftener than the schedule allowed. Much to my surprise, their interest in reading aided in discipline; for no matter how listless or indifferent the class might be, if I suggested taking a book for reading they seemed like new beings. I always began the regular lesson with a few of the physical exercises and a few of the voice exercises. I want to testify to the practical value of the latter. I started with less faith in this part of the experiment than in any other. I had in my room several newsboys whose voices were noted for harshness. To my amazement these voices softened wonderfully, and finally the boys excelled the girls in giving sweet tones. They enjoyed the triumph, for we had many visitors to listen to them.

My crowning test of the value of our system came at the close of the second year, when the final examinations were given to every one of the grammar grades. The principal of the school conducted the examinations, carrying the same book of poems to every room and requiring all to read from the book. Neither teachers nor pupils had seen the volume before. All honor to Dr. Emerson!—the class taught by his method gained the highest per cent of any in the building, going far beyond the graduating

class in rank that year. The stammerer seemed perfectly cured, and received as high a rank as the others. My work with him was at first after school, for I wanted to make him feel perfectly at ease, and learn to talk freely with me. I did not allude to his infirmity, but began with some sentence calculated to arouse his interest; after a while he could take a paragraph with ease. By the time I decided to try his work before the school the sentiment of helpfulness was apparent, and he gained quite rapidly.

Now that the aims and methods of teaching reading in the public schools have been touched upon,—even though it has been but lightly, because of the shortness of the time,—I want to say a word about the future of the work. We shall see great reforms in our public schools when teachers have conscientiously applied themselves to learn the laws of psychology and pedagogy; when they have mastered the principles of the subject to be taught; when they have sympathetically related themselves to the pupils and so far as possible looked on the world from their point of view.

We must make the child believe that he can tell his classmates something they need to know, for even small children are attracted by loving service. They like to be made to think, and the process is an interesting one to them, even if they have no conception of the teacher's methods. They like also to show their own originality and individuality, which reading helps them to do. I have learned to have respect for the power of childish spontaneity.

The Emerson system of oratory applied in our public schools will make children self-reliant, and what kinder thing can teachers do for the young than to show them how they may help themselves?

When those who supervise our schools think more of ability to form character than to obtain high grades our courses of study will be changed, and teachers will be able to consecrate their best efforts to training the young so that thought may be concentrated, purposes made high, and actions noble. High perceptions can be made practical and visions of ideals grow into conduct by listening to the Divine Voice whose faintest accents are always calling onward and upward!

Mrs. Emerson was followed by Miss Edith Noyes, who made a "plea for simplicity":—

Omitting all hearsay knowledge, I will

confine myself to a narrow personal experience.

It was my pleasure about five years ago to have some twenty-five or thirty primary and grammar school teachers and their principals place themselves under my instruction for a bit of normal work in reading. Their purpose was improvement for themselves and their aims in reading. Their time and purses were limited. Here was an experiment for me. The work had to be developed much faster than with ordinary elocution pupils. There was some very poor material to deal with, in spite of their intelligence. Old habits had to be broken up and old ideas discounted.

It may be of benefit to some here if I briefly state my plan of work. I limited my classes to ten pupils each, holding three a week, with lessons of an hour and a half. I took up the Evolution just as we do here with the Freshmen. Each teacher memorized a paragraph and recited before the class. And so we studied every selection from cover to cover. While teaching the one on the floor for personal development and fulfilment of the chapter, I tried to illustrate a clear, simple method of teaching. The members of the class took notes, and the last fifteen minutes of each lesson was devoted to a mutual quizz.

Once in every ten lessons I called on each teacher in her schoolroom and heard her teach reading. I took notes then, and when I could see the teacher alone would make suggestions that would help her. If a common error among them all was found, I brought the suggestion before the class. I was somewhat amused on my first visit to hear reproductions of my phrases right and left. On my second round of visits I asked the teacher to take up a selection new to herself and scholars, that I might see her work under no advantages. I found that which delighted my heart,—originality, confidence, sympathy, encouragement, the school monotone gone, the scholars feeling that reading was only "talking sensibly." Every one of these men and women got a good working insight into our system and is now working with a method that is showing results.

I would like to run over the subject hastily under these heads: "Condition and Cause," "Remedy and Result."

The average condition of the reading in the public schools under my notice is poor. The causes are plenty: the teachers are

hampered on all sides; the committees crowd so many studies into the grammar and high schools that only a short period can be given to each, from twenty to thirty minutes a day divided among the average school of fifty or sixty scholars. Complaint comes in if each scholar does not read every day. Another disadvantage is the difficult literature in the reading-books. The teachers complain of the inability of their scholars to grasp it. They often spend the whole period teaching pronunciation and meaning of words. The readers in the primary grades are the only ones I have found adapted to the comprehension of the scholar. Many of our training-schools have no teacher of reading. The only normal school with which I am acquainted has a teacher of reading who classes her work like this: spiritual education and mechanical education. She believes in the former, and yet her scholars are carefully taught inflection, etc., and are called upon to criticise each other. For example, "The Bells of Shandon." "How did you think Miss A. did that, Miss B?" "I don't think Miss A. should drop her voice so often. I think it should be read in a more minor tone." "You read it, Miss B." Miss B. reads in a "more minor tone," and so the lesson goes on.

Now for the remedy. Until such nonsense is done away with in the normal schools there will be no teachers capable of teaching reading to the incoming scholars of our public schools. The remedy is found in any good system of reading. A system is good only when it shows satisfactory results, and there are systems in this country to-day that are doing that. The results of this remedy will be realized when people at last recognize that true simplicity counts; that ostentatious things can't travel under the name of truth; and when people realize that the greatest oratory is the simplest—just as Emerson realized that the greatest masterpieces in painting are simple. He said, "I remember when, in my younger days, I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied that the great pictures would be strangers; some surprising combination of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spontoons and standards of the militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of schoolboys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true;

that it was familiar and sincere; that it was the old, eternal fact I had met already in so many forms; unto which I lived; that it was the plain *you and me* I knew so well—had left at home in so many conversations."

Following Miss Noyes, Miss Ida M. Page spoke briefly of her present field of work in the Brockton (Mass.) High School. Miss Page finds that the chief difficulty confronting the special teacher is that of limited periods at infrequent intervals. She meets forty pupils, but once a week. She gives a few of the physical exercises at the beginning of each lesson.

Miss Frances Tobey, the next speaker, suggested something of the wider significance of the Emerson philosophy of expression in its bearing upon the public schools. The substance of her remarks was as follows:—

I count it a privilege to speak a word, out of a somewhat limited experience in public-school work, upon a theme which I deem of vital importance in education. I have been confronted by the problems which demand solution by the average public-school teacher. I believe that the teacher in the primary schools, in the intermediate and grammar grades, needs an infinite wisdom and a boundless sympathy. I know that the thousands of public-school teachers all over our land are striving earnestly to meet the same responsibility that we are shouldering in Emerson College,—that of making the most out of the material entrusted to them. I know, too, something of the ideals and of the shortcomings of the prevailing systems in our schools. And it is because I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that Dr. Emerson has found the leaven that will leaven the whole system, when once it becomes a working force in our schools, that I welcome every opportunity to say a word for the needs of the public schools.

It is not alone of the teaching of reading that I would speak this afternoon. I would suggest, in a general way, a broader application of the principles upon which the Emerson philosophy is based to the correlated branches taught in our public schools, believing that the observance of those principles may be made a unifying and vitalizing power throughout the entire curriculum.

In the first place, we readily recognize

the fact that the reading-exercise too often fails of its highest results because the reading-lesson is regarded as a performance, a certain something to be done, rather than an endeavor to direct the thinking of other minds. Two principles we are agreed upon; the first is this: we must never teach symbols, signs, before things; a word must not be taught before the idea of which the word is but the representative be awakened by the presence of the object before the mind. That is the first great commandment in education—and the second is like unto the first in importance: we must lead the pupil, in recitation, to direct his thought towards other minds.

Now, in order to be able to help our fellow workers in the public schools, we must know how far these basic principles have been recognized already in our most advanced methods of education as operative in our normal schools and most progressive public schools.

You will observe, first, that we hear much of "objective methods" in our schools of to-day. And you will find, upon observation, that advanced methods have taken cognizance of our first principle. The public-school teacher, in every grade, is striving to bring objects, as wholes, before the mind of the pupil before he leads him to talk about those objects. We have indeed taken great strides since the days of our "A, B, C" methods.

Have, then, our teachers succeeded in making their methods truly "objective"? Or must they eventually come to realize that there is another *objective point* which is quite as potent in the development of the child as is the object which will awaken the idea? Must they come to recognize the necessity of emphasizing our second principle, as well as the first?

Suppose we apply the test of practical results. What do we find as the average product, or at least the common product, of our public schools? Too often we find that the free, poised, spontaneous little creature of five, who entered the primary school quite unconscious of self (I am supposing that the self-centring process has not already been begun in the home, which, I grant, is hardly probable), comes from the grammar school, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, restricted, constrained, awkward, ungainly, painfully conscious of her physical members—either shrinking from the observance of all with whom she comes in contact, or seeking to attract the attention

of all to herself. And there is little choice between the child who poses and the child who shrinks; if the former is more offensive, the latter suffers more keenly. The two are but varying manifestations of the same malady,—that disease of *self-consciousness* which is the bane of public-school systems. It is a sad comment upon our schools that our young folks must be sent to a special school in order to *learn to be natural!*—to *learn to be themselves!*—to have the barriers removed, that we have imposed upon them, that they may be free to suggest by their presence something of the infinite possibilities of the soul within! In view of these results, can we claim for our public schools *objective* methods? Can that be *objective* teaching which turns the child's mind back upon itself, making him habitually introspective and self-centred—and, alas too often halting and stammering?

We want an objective teaching for our little ones that will lead them continually out of self toward others; an objective teaching that has men and women for its objective point; an objective teaching that will leave the child no time to feel his pulse, no time to be conscious of the existence of his hands or feet, no time to know whether the eyes of the world have singled him out from the rest of humanity;—an objective teaching that will lead the child to escape from self in the service of his fellow creatures!

I have said that these principles may be definitely applied in the teaching of every branch presented in our schools. Whatever the lesson may be, whether it be reading, or history, or grammar, or arithmetic, or geography, the child must never be allowed to repeat words by rote. Any child, with a little guidance, can learn *things* more readily than he can learn words about things. Suppose the class is a history class. Mary rises to describe the battle of Gettysburg. Mary fastens her eyes upon a point in space and proceeds to recite a few sentences that she has learned from the text. Then she sits down, with the consciousness of having acquitted herself creditably, although her imagination has not touched upon the course or significance of the battle. And the teacher excuses Mary and gives her a good mark, conscientiously satisfied that Mary has got through her recitation, although down in her heart she knows that one week from to-day Mary will not be able to tell one fact concerning the episode about which she has talked so glibly.

The discerning teacher can detect very

readily whether Mary is talking about realities, or repeating words. If the latter be the case, she will stop Mary at once, and direct her mind to the central point of the lesson by a question or two. Or she will herself supply the setting and atmosphere of the battle, if battle it be, by a few simple, well-directed comments. She will then lead Mary to describe the battle so that her classmates can see it. I would make every recitation in every class an exercise in directing the thinking of the classmates. And this is the ground, I believe, where we may bring real help to our brothers and sisters in the public schools.

Not many years ago, in New York City, a number of earnest men and women, at a teachers' meeting, decided to determine, by a simple test, whether they were succeeding in holding the highest ideals before their children. Accordingly, the next day, this question was put to three thousand public-school children: "Why do you go to school?" Of the three thousand, fifty per cent said, in substance, that they went to school in order to learn *to make money*; twenty-five per cent, not knowing why they went, spoke in vague generalities, all to the effect that they went to school because it was the proper thing to do; twenty per cent said — which was better — that they went because they liked to go; and the remainder gave miscellaneous answers. Not one child out of the three thousand who knew that he was sent to school in order to learn *to be of use in the world* — to be fitted for the highest service!

Such a condition of affairs will not be possible fifty years from to-day, when our educators shall have learned that service is not only the highest *end* of education, but that it is also the most potent, the indispensable *means* of education.

Dean Southwick, following Miss Tobey, suggested the value of an interchange of ideas at the Alumni meetings by means of a question-box. In consideration of the question of the afternoon, the Dean touched briefly upon a number of vital points:—

Our first question, as teachers of reading, must be, What are we aiming for? We must aim for two things, creative impulse and form. Too often attention is paid to one, while the other is ignored. The teaching of any art must have reference to both the spirit that creates and the form of expres-

sion. Many volumes full of valuable thought lie unopened upon their shelves because the thought is buried under a labored form. Literature may be roughly divided into two classes. We find one class, including a great array of men of power, from Byron down to Browning, who are possessed by a burning thought, and whose chief concern seems to be to get it said, as directly as possible, with little regard to the form of expression. These are the men of great creative energy, the writers of power. On the other hand, we find another class, of which Keats is representative, whose main desire seems to be to say the thing as exquisitely as possible, with the highest degree of perfection of finish. These are the writers of beauty rather than of power. Of course these two characteristics are combined in every great writer; but either the one or the other is always predominant. We read Walt Whitman, and we get a blast from the prairies, a breath from the Rocky Mountains, a bracing salt breeze from the ocean; but this breath of the spirit is so regardless of form that it finds its way to comparatively few appreciative minds. On the other hand, much of our magazine verse of to-day is beautiful in form, but when you come to look beneath the web of fine words you find nothing there.

All true teaching must be based upon the necessary laws of learning. Many people, in endeavoring to teach an art, deem it sufficient to awaken within the child a *desire to express* through that particular form of art — sufficient to make him *want* to do. This is not enough. I may have an ardent desire to draw a circle, but it does not follow that I can draw it. The desire to express is not enough. There are three necessary steps in art culture: first, you must make the pupil *want* to express; secondly, you must give him an *ideal*, a model; and thirdly, you must give him *training* in expression.

Under the first head comes much that has been already said to-day in regard to objective teaching. What about the second, the matter of giving the child models? Should you ever read for your pupils? Yes — if you can read better than they can. Do not be afraid of giving the child the highest models in his art. Imitation is bad only when it is abused. Much of the child's growth comes through unconscious imitation. Again, shall we ever make use of concert drill? I regard it as a profitable occasional exercise, used with discretion. Of course it may be abused, but its judicious use as a medicine may be beneficial. If you have a pupil whose voice

is habitually high-pitched and unmanageable the average pitch of the class will tend to bring it down to a normal interval. If a student lacks the sense of time, of rhythm, he may come to feel the rhythmic impulse of the class recitation. Vary your methods; try your medicine, and observe results.

The third head, training, covers all that pertains to discipline of the muscles, technique. This includes physical culture, voice culture, all drill which has for its end skill and facility in the technical performance of the thing to be done.

Dean Southwick's talk was followed by a brief discussion, in which several took part. An interesting question was

raised in regard to the use of the paraphrase. Mr. Southwick said that he had found that there are limitations to its value as an exercise. In cases where the beauty of the literary composition is inseparable from the form there is danger of hindering the child's appreciation of the literary value of the composition by rude handling of the text. One should not, for example, take liberties with Tennyson's "Brook" by paraphrasing it.

A pleasant interchange of greetings followed adjournment.

JULIA KING, *Secretary.*

The Voice of the Alumni.

Extracts from Letters from Graduates Regarding the New Catalogue.

SINCE the new catalogue was sent out to our magazine readers, some two or three weeks ago, Dean Southwick has received over fifty letters from leading graduates, most of whom are now teaching in various parts of the country, hailing the advance with glad acclaim and pledging heartiest support. We are permitted to make extracts from these letters for the benefit of our readers. The cuttings have been so arranged as to show how different features have appealed to different minds, and to avoid repetitions so far as possible, while at the same time being faithful to the spirit and intent of each writer. As all writers have praised the form and artistic beauty of the catalogue, mention of this feature has been omitted in nearly every case, as have also the pledges of support contained in almost every letter.

MR. ALBERT ARMSTRONG, Boston, Lecturer and Interpreter, Class of '96.

The finest thing of the kind I have ever seen! It certainly must be gratifying to the large number of graduates who are interested in the welfare of the College to learn

of this advance. There is an increasing demand for teachers of oratory, men and women who are well grounded in the classics. I believe you are able to meet this demand.

The broadening of the work along the line of Platform Art and Dramatic Interpretation means much to the College. It will meet a long-felt want. It will do much for real students of oratory, and is a very necessary thing for any student's full development.

With new building, new teachers, new courses, and broadening of the work in general, I shall be greatly disappointed if there does not come a much larger enrolment of students.

MR. WM. E. ATWATER, Johnson, Vt., Class of '93.

The general uplift throughout will place the Emerson instruction higher than ever before.

MISS E. ESTELLE BARNES, Alabama Girls' Industrial School, Montevallo, Ala., Class of '98.

I am absolutely delighted! I admire everything about it, from the artistic design on the first cover to the beautiful seal on the back. Am with the educational advance in every way. We all will put our shoulders to the wheel.

MRS. ALTA M. BROWN, Indianapolis, Ind., Class of '00.

Such storehouses of good things! The changes are all for the better, and I am sure success will attend them.

CLINTON BROOKS BURGESS, Principal of Baltimore School of Oratory, Class of '95.

The general impression is one of the great breadth and scope of the work, its adaptation to general and special needs, and a distinct feeling that the policy and purpose of the directors is to consider the student first, —to give him all that he can reasonably expect and a little more. I hope that this will so react upon the grateful students that within two years Chickering Hall will need to be enlarged. The change in location is a change for the better, and I cannot think of a more ideal situation. I look to see the College take a higher and more significant place in the educational world.

MISS LILLIAN MAE CAIRNS, State Normal School, Edinboro, Penn., Class of '97.

I am *very desirous* of taking up the work of the Graduate Department next year.

MISS CHARLOTTE CARNE, Director of Physical Culture in the Schools of Detroit, Mich.

If the prospectus is an outward and visible sign of inward grace, it leaves little to be desired.

MISS GRACE CHAMBERLIN, Cambridge, Mass., Class of '90.

I am greatly pleased with the courses under "Platform Art and Dramatic Interpretation," to be given by the ablest members of the Faculty and the most brilliant artists of the profession and the platform. To have the benefit of the experience of men like Leland T. Powers and George Riddle will be of the greatest value to the student.

To have private drill supplement class work is an excellent addition, as each is essential to the best development of the student's powers.

MISS BERTHA L. COLBURN, Teacher of Elocution and Physical Training in Private Schools, New York City, Class of '88.

I am glad that the school year has been lengthened. I am especially pleased that the Physical Culture Department is gradually enlarging and includes fencing.

MR. H. TOROS DAGHISTANLIAN, University of Michigan, Formerly Business Manager of EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Class of '99.

Allow me to congratulate you and Emer-

son College and all concerned upon the new order of things. I am glad to see that three important steps have been taken in the right direction,—scholarship, specialization, and stricter requirements.

MISS GRACE DELLE DAVIS, North Adams, Mass., Class of '99.

As I look backward, the past is sweeter and more beautiful in the light of the present. I believe the graduate courses will recall many students who were there four years and have since been engaged in active work. And the twenty-five private lessons are in themselves worth half the tuition for the graduate year.

MISS CLAIRE M. DE LANO, State Normal School, Brockport, N. Y., Class of '98.

A wonderful prospectus; will do much toward establishing a higher grade of scholarship. With love and reverence we remember that Dr. Emerson has made these things possible; but we thank Dean Southwick for continuing the advance onward and upward.

MISS HELEN PERNAL DEWEY, Salisbury, Mo., Class of '98.

I am glad you are to have entrance requirements.

MISS LOUISE DOWNER, Miss Kimball's School, Worcester, Mass., Class of '98.

When I think of the splendid opportunities offered the students of the future I say, "The lines are fallen unto them in pleasant places." Indeed, certain advantages appeal to me so strongly it seems almost a necessity for me to become a member of the graduate class once more.

MISS BESSIE CATHARINE EDICK, Salt Springville, N. S., Class of '00.

I am delighted with the improvements. I was very much disappointed because I could not return for graduate work this year, but now I am very glad I could not, for I now know the graduate work will be of double value.

MISS MAY J. FORD, New York City, Class of '00.

Am delighted with it. My heartiest cooperation for future success.

MR. CLAYTON D. GILBERT, Johnson School of Music, Minneapolis, Minn.

With its beautiful new buildings, its splendid Faculty, its raised standards, its advancement in every direction, the future of Emerson is brilliant. There are glorious days in store.

MISS AUGUSTA GILMORE, Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Penn., Class of '98.

It is a great inspiration to those of us who are doing our best to prepare pupils for dear old E. C. O. Raising the standard of admission, lengthened term, elective Senior work, cannot help but raise the standard of our College.

PROF. A. M. HARRIS, Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia., Class of '93.

It is glorious! You have grasped the situation and realize modern needs and modern methods of meeting them. I am especially delighted at the enlargement of the Platform, Oratory, and English Departments. I cannot tell you how glad I am for the news of growth and progress. May God bless you in your work!

MISS MABEL HENDERSON, Cambridge, Mass., Vice-President of the Emerson Alumni Association, Class of '97.

It is all I ever hoped for, and is a delight in every way. I am so glad that the College, which we all love, is to be continued on the splendid foundation which Dr. Emerson has made. The English Department is especially interesting to me. The work is going on as it should, aiming to be the progressive technical school which our art demands. The future success is assured.

MISS HARRIETTE JESSUP, Normal School, Edmond, Oklahoma, Class of '99.

I have heard so much of the great step that has been taken that I cannot resist the temptation to write and tell you how very glad all loyal sons and daughters of Emerson are. I am expressing the sentiments especially of part of the class of '99; for by means of a circulating letter we are kept in touch with each other, and every one has had a joyful comment to make. I shall send every student that I possibly can to E. C. O.

MRS. THERESA L. KIDDER, Arlington, Mass., Class of '98.

The first involuntary satisfaction expands until, as one lays down the catalogue, the feeling is supreme that never in the history of the College has the student been offered such advantages.

MISS ADA EVELYN LEWIS, Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., President of Class of '99.

All that could be desired! I am delighted with the many additional advantages to students, new and old. You will make all the old students most anxious to go back again.

I, for one, hope to go to Emerson next fall or the year following. Success to you!

MISS VIRGINIA LYONS, Instructor in Boston Public Schools, Class of '99.

It is certainly artistic; but, far better than this, it shows an advance has been made along solid lines. The whole thing delights me, and I wonder to think you did so much in so short a time.

MRS. BLANCHE C. MARTIN, Department of Oratory and Physical Culture, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., Class of '93.

I feel a thrill of sympathy with the students who are to enjoy such comprehensive opportunities.

MRS. FANNY MAXWELL, Philadelphia, Penn., Class of '95.

Admirable in every respect! The grand opportunities now open make one wish that school days might begin again and last forever.

PROF. FREDRIC A. METCALF, State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan., Formerly of the Teaching Staff of Emerson College, Class of '89.

You are keeping all the good in the old work, preserving the peculiar work of Dr. Emerson, which is the foundation of the success of the College, and broadening and deepening along the lines where it is most needed. I am pleased to see so many strong names on the Faculty. It adds dignity and strength to the College, and will strongly appeal to those who wish to pursue advanced work along professional lines. The idea of private lessons in the regular course is a fine one. The additions along the lines of pedagogy and related subjects will especially appeal to those intending to teach. The added amount of electives is strictly in accord with other institutions devoted to higher learning, and will surely enable the College to send out graduates better equipped artistically and professionally. Each has a better chance to cultivate his own genius. But the good things are too numerous to mention. The College ought to grow rapidly.

MR. GEORGE MCKIE, English Department, University of North Carolina, Class of '98.

Do you remember Mr. Dooley's observation on the Thanksgiving proclamation? He said that Mr. McKinley, not knowing how the election would turn out, made the proclamation mild; but if he could have written it after election it would have been: "Hur-roo! hurroo!! hurroo!!! — Wm. McKinley."

So I feel as if a definite expression were impossible in the flood of "hurroos" which fill me. . . . The great aim of an education is the ability to speak and write one's own language. Emerson College has more than doubled the number of courses in English. A member of a modern faculty must understand the place of his department in the whole fabric. To do this he must know teaching, its history, and the men who made it. This demand you meet by offering three new courses under the head of "Pedagogy." The entire group of courses under the head of "Oratory" is especially suited to the needs of men preparing for any sort of public work, whether religion, law, or politics. You give the very training required for men who would be leaders.

MISS EDA L. NICHOLS, Somerville High School, Class of '92.

There can surely be but one opinion as to its excellence. Many graduates will desire, as I do, to return and avail themselves of some of the fine courses.

MISS CORA E. NORTHROP, Newark, N. J., Class of '93.

It is a matter of gratification to an alumnus of Emerson College to note not alone the progress but the progressiveness of that institution. One has only to note the curriculum, specifying new departments, broader lines of work, a larger staff of capable instructors, to be convinced that the College aims to be in the van of the great educational movement. Emerson College has sound principles, scientific methods, and strong and magnetic personalities to apply them.

MISS E. LOWRY NUNN, Teacher of Physical Culture in Baltimore Schools, Class of '96.

The summer course in Boston is especially attractive to me. Then, too, the fencing and military drill; all schools with departments of physical education are demanding these, and we must meet the demands. . . . How did you ever secure Mr. Edward Howard Griggs? One lecture a year from him is considered a treat. If Emerson College has blessed the lives of hundreds of students in the past, the new force can only add greater lustre and finer truth.

MRS. JENNIE RAY ORMSBY, Teacher and Lecturer, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Class of '92.

The catalogue is beautiful, dignified, and wholesome. The new impulse is toward better scholarship, as it should be; heart and

head must ever go together in the attainment of great ends. I like the new courses, the broader opportunities, the elective idea—indeed, I like it all, from cover to cover. I congratulate you upon your beautiful new home. Surely we are with you, heart and soul. With our beloved founder standing in the midst, like a patriarch of old, the burden of his work resting on strong young shoulders, every Emersonian heart must cry aloud, "Excelsior!"

MISS IDA M. PAGE, Brockton (Mass.) High School, Class of '96.

The need of a new building was great. I am inspired anew. It seems to me that thought in expression must take an added clearness and potency from such surroundings. The new course reaches the needs of the individual students, and Emerson will send out representatives of such finished work that they can conquer with greater ease than ever before.

MISS CAROLINE M. PAIGE, Teacher in Brooklyn (N. Y.) High School, Class of '90.

My joy on its perusal was unbounded. Any criticism that I might offer would be that of hearty and unmitigated approval. May success unlimited crown your efforts.

MR. CHARLES W. PAUL, Instructor in Boston Public Schools, Class of '97.

The new curriculum suggests at this season a flower new in variety, sprung from a plant which has kept vital and hardy through a score of winters. The Freshman course is the flower-stalk, strengthened and lengthened to support the Junior course; this, the calyx, thickened and expanded; the Senior course, the corolla, glorying in ring upon ring of new petals, rich in the hues of literature, history, and art; the graduate course, the brilliant interior crown of the flower. Here, as differentiated organs, the art and philosophy of public work take specialized and unusually attractive forms. To earnest, alert Emersonians the flower breathes this message: "Success lies in thoroughness of preparation for a higher specialized career."

MISS LUELLA PHILLIPS, Miss Rounds's School, Brooklyn, N. Y., Formerly Editor of EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Class of '98.

Hurrah for the new catalogue! Congratulations must be simply pouring in. I hear nothing but approbation for the changes at E. C. O., and prophecies of greater things to be done.

MISS EDITH C. PINNEO, Private School, Brookline, Mass., Class of '99.

Splendid! I am delighted with the explicitness with which its work and aims are stated, the high standards, and the new and excellent names on the Faculty. The private lessons, too, must prove a great attraction.

MRS. LELAND POWERS, Lexington, Mass., Formerly of the Teaching Staff of Emerson College, Class of '88.

How attractive it is! It must bring you pupils.

MISS MARGARET RANDAL, Boston, Mass., Class of '97.

I cannot adequately express my pleasure in the eighteen thoroughly fine courses in English literature. The College Preparatory English is at once thoroughly delightful and practical — practical especially to bread-winners; for the supply of good teachers in that line of work is not equal to the demand.

MRS. MARY PAMELA RICE, Lecturer and Teacher, Boston, Mass.

We have accepted the truth of the axiom, "There is no royal road to learning;" but surely here we are royally supplied with the means to the end. I cannot neglect this opportunity to congratulate all friends of the College.

MR. H. S. ROSS, English Department, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass., Class of '97.

The school is most fortunate in its situation and beautiful in its furnishings. The new catalogue shows a decided advance along the lines of entrance requirements and scholarship standards. The increased literature courses, especially that catalogued "English Literature, No. 17," ought to appeal to every student, especially those who teach college requirements. To become successful teachers and obtain good positions graduates must lay broad and deep foundations in English literature and be equipped in other lines beyond elocutionary drill-work; this need you meet. The courses in pedagogy seem especially valuable.

MRS. HARRIET COLBURN SANDERSON, Ripon College, Wisconsin, Class of '86.

I am *glad* to see the changes, and I take pride in handing such a catalogue to my friends.

MISS MARION SHERMAN, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., Class of '97.

Splendid and scholarly — nothing to cen-

sure — *very* much to admire! I particularly like the elective work and the three-diploma plan; for it specializes one's work and at the same time keeps that work broader than under the old plan. The new courses under "Oratory" and "Platform Art and Dramatic Interpretation" make me absolutely greedy.

MRS. MARY L. SHERMAN, Somerville, Mass., Class of '93.

It is a delight. All the changes were needed and will advance the work in every way. The only wonder is how you can give so much. Each department has a fuller line of work. The raising of the standard for admission to the graduating classes and the free private lessons will make our graduates stronger in all their outside work. There is a feeling of pride in the advance our Alma Mater has taken, and you will have the deep gratitude of every graduate, and most loyal support.

MISS FLORENCE C. SHERWOOD, Syracuse University, Class of '95.

How fine it is! I should think it would make any one crazy to go to Emerson if he had never been there; and, if it impresses the other *graduates* as it does me, it gives that little touch of something we call homesickness to get back.

MR. W. PALMER SMITH, State Normal School, Edinboro', Penn., Class of '93.

Attractive, comprehensive, and practical! The Teachers' Course in the Graduate Department especially interests me. Emerson College holds out greater inducements to college men than ever before. There is abundant room in the front ranks of our profession, and not till more college-bred men realize this will the Departments of Oratory in colleges and universities reach the standard they should attain.

MISS JUNE SOUTHWELL, Higbee School, Memphis, Tenn., President of Class of '00.

I hardly know what appeals to me most strongly in the new plans, and yet it seems to me it is the spirit of up-to-date, straightforward, businesslike sincerity that pervades them all. I am glad to see that the standard for admission to the graduating classes is to be raised. This cannot fail to give the institution and its graduates better standing in the educational world. I am more delighted than I can say to see how the work is to be broadened and developed along every line.

MISS M. ELIZABETH STACE, Grand Rapids, Mich., Class of '97.

It meets my heartiest approval. The "Artistic Course" especially is a splendid addition, as is also the course of private lessons. Your old students will every one welcome you back to E. C. O.

ELEANOR G. STEPHENS, Kirkville, Mo., Class of '88.

There seems to be a new departure in the matter of private lessons, and I have no words to say how much I value this as an added opportunity. . . . I most heartily approve of the theatric and fencing and stage studies announced. The theatrical profession is a great one, and daily growing more noble and valuable, and our graduates should not be obliged to take additional courses elsewhere in order to fit themselves for this profession. . . . You will be our safe pilot and a comfort to our Blessed Captain through the years that remain to him. He needs you, and we all need you; and I feel sure that if you could get a response from all the absent alumni, you would realize a great wave of reinforcing loyal spirit coming to support and bless you in your new position and in the work of the Greater Emerson.

PROF. WILLIAM J. H. STRONG, University of Wooster, O., Formerly of the Teaching Staff of Emerson College, Class of '99.

It is wonderfully complete and scholarly; and while the hearts of graduates are full of regret that they cannot enter into the enjoyment of all the good things, they are rejoiced that the standard of their Alma Mater has been so raised. It is a pleasure to think what the students who come after us will enjoy, and to realize how much the value of our own diplomas will be increased by the admirable reconstruction of the course, — a fitting completion of what was so well begun.

Let me give you my heartiest commendation and congratulations on your wisdom and ability in planning so happily and adequately for the development of the College.

MISS ELEANOR L. SULLIVAN, Washington-Allston School, Boston, Class of '93.

It is indeed an evolution! Every alumnus will wish to keep step in spirit in the royal march of its progress.

MISS EDEN TATEM, Rockville, Conn., Public Schools, Class of '96.

Having read the new catalogue of the E. C. O., I will extend to you my heartiest congratulations. As the success of any in-

stitution lies in progress, in keeping abreast with the times, the College is to be congratulated for its marked advancement. We of the alumni, who gained so much inspiration and help from your teaching, feel that your return brings new impetus, fresh vigor, and added power to the College, for which, in past years, you labored so tirelessly, and to whose success your earnest efforts, both as teacher and as artist, gave added prestige.

MISS MARY FRANCES TICE, Auburn, N. Y., Class of '98.

It will certainly be welcomed by every member of the alumni with both pleasure and pride. The many eminent names which appear in the faculty of lecturers and instructors, the new courses, and the magnificent new college home are sufficient evidence that grand old E. C. O. is advancing toward a standard unparalleled in the history of special colleges.

MISS CATHARINE TINKER, Wollaston (Mass.) High School, Formerly of the Teaching Staff of Emerson College, Class of '97.

The new course promises to be so complete, so varied, so scholarly, and so attractive withal, that I am right glad to be in the vicinity of Boston, where I can now and again come in and see the "new splendor." It seems to me that your corps of able and distinguished workers cannot fail to bring students of first-class ability and high ambition. The opportunities for literary studies *alone* there are certainly very fine, and with all my heart I congratulate the E. C. O. students.

MISS SYLPHIE B. WALTON, The John Prendergast School, New York City, Class of '96.

I must congratulate you on the catalogue, the excellence of the Faculty, and all the arrangements. The graduate course especially calls forth my most emphatic approval.

MISS EMMA ELISE WEST, Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, New York City, Class of '96.

I am delighted. You have done the right thing, and will make a big success or I do not understand my fellow beings as well as I hope I do. It will probably cost you a lot of money to carry out your plan, but it will surely pay in the end.

MR. W. HINTON WHITE, Boston, Lecturer, Class of '96.

What an army of teachers! You seem to have captured the cream of the country.

Alphabetical Index.

VOLUME IX.

	No. Page		No. Page
American Girl in the German University, The. <i>Bertha Callanan-Squires</i>	1 8	Inspiration.	
Beauty of Living.		<i>Helena Maynard Richardson</i>	6 169
<i>Prof. Wm. G. Ward</i>	7 191	My Star. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	5 149
Catalogue, Dean Southwick Presents the New	6 162	Psychic Voice, The.	
Character. <i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	7 185	<i>George Reginald Lourde</i>	2 61
Character, Life Expressed Through.		Sailing and Drifting.	
<i>Frances A. Ross</i>	5 138	<i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	4 127
College Home, Our New	2 35, 61	Silent Children, To Our.	
	4 125	<i>Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor</i>	4 112
	5 131	Summons. <i>George McDonald</i>	4 103
	6 174	Poets, Studies from the —	
	7 183	Browning's "Love Among the Ruins."	
Co-ordination of Studies in Emerson College, The. <i>Frances Tobey</i>	7 195	<i>Frances Tobey</i>	2 59
Demand, Is There a, for You?		"Uriel," Mr. Malloy's Interpretation of. <i>Rachel Lewis Dithridge</i>	6 167
<i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	3 71	"Read Creatively." <i>Charles Malloy</i>	5 148
Devon, A Coaching-Tour in North.		Reading in Our Public Schools.	7 223
<i>Gertrude Chamberlin</i>	6 170	Scandinavia, A Trip Through.	
Dramatic Study, Remarks on.		<i>Charles Winslow Kidder.</i> I.	1 14
<i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	5 145	II.	3 87
Education, Concentric.		III.	4 112
<i>Eva Olney Farnsworth</i>	4 121	Shakespearian Comedy (The Steinert Hall Course in)	1 26
Hebrew Scriptures, Spiritual Value of the Study of. <i>Frederick Towers, A.M.</i>	3 78		2 36, 64
Henry, Patrick.		Speech-Culture and Literature.	
<i>Henry Lawrence Southwick</i>	3 76	<i>Bliss Carman</i>	5 141
Magnanimity of Atmosphere, The Relation of, to Oratory.		Success. <i>Henry Lawrence Southwick</i>	2 50
<i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	1 3	Teachers and Teaching of Oratory.	
Obituary —		<i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	4 107
Dickinson, Hon. John W.	4 122	Testimonial to President Emerson (A Twentieth Anniversary)	3 92
Hamlet, Lucile	1 34	Visitors —	
Kidder, Mrs. Annie Winslow	1 27	Anderson, John	5 150
Riley, Mrs. Ida Morey	6 179	Baker, Prof. George P.	7 215
Sherman, Dr. Sarah E.	3 69, 98	Burnett, Miss Elvie	7 214
"Old Bottles." <i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	6 157	Cameron, The Rev. Mr.	4 126
Philosopher and the Vision, The.		Edwards, Mr.	3 97
<i>Frances Tobey</i>	4 110	Elliot, Mrs. Maud Howe	7 216
Physical Culture in Its Relation to the Spiritual Life.		Frissell, Dr. (and Hampton Quartette)	5 151
<i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	5 133	Grilley, Messrs., and Rogers	4 126
Poetry —		Koehne, Dr.	3 97
Autumn Woods. <i>Lilia E. Smith</i>	1 18	Lewis, The Rev. J. J.	4 126
Cold Moon's Service, The.		Livermore, Mrs. Mary A.	5 151
<i>Harry W. Bugbee</i>	3 77	Stevenson, Mrs.	5 152
C. W. E., To.		Towers, The Rev. Mr.	2 65
<i>Emily Louise Macintosh</i>	3 101	White, Mr. Hinton	4 126
Dominion. <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	5 152	Vocal Expression.	
		<i>Jessie Eldridge Southwick</i>	6 166
		Webster, Daniel.	
		<i>Charles Wesley Emerson</i>	2 38

